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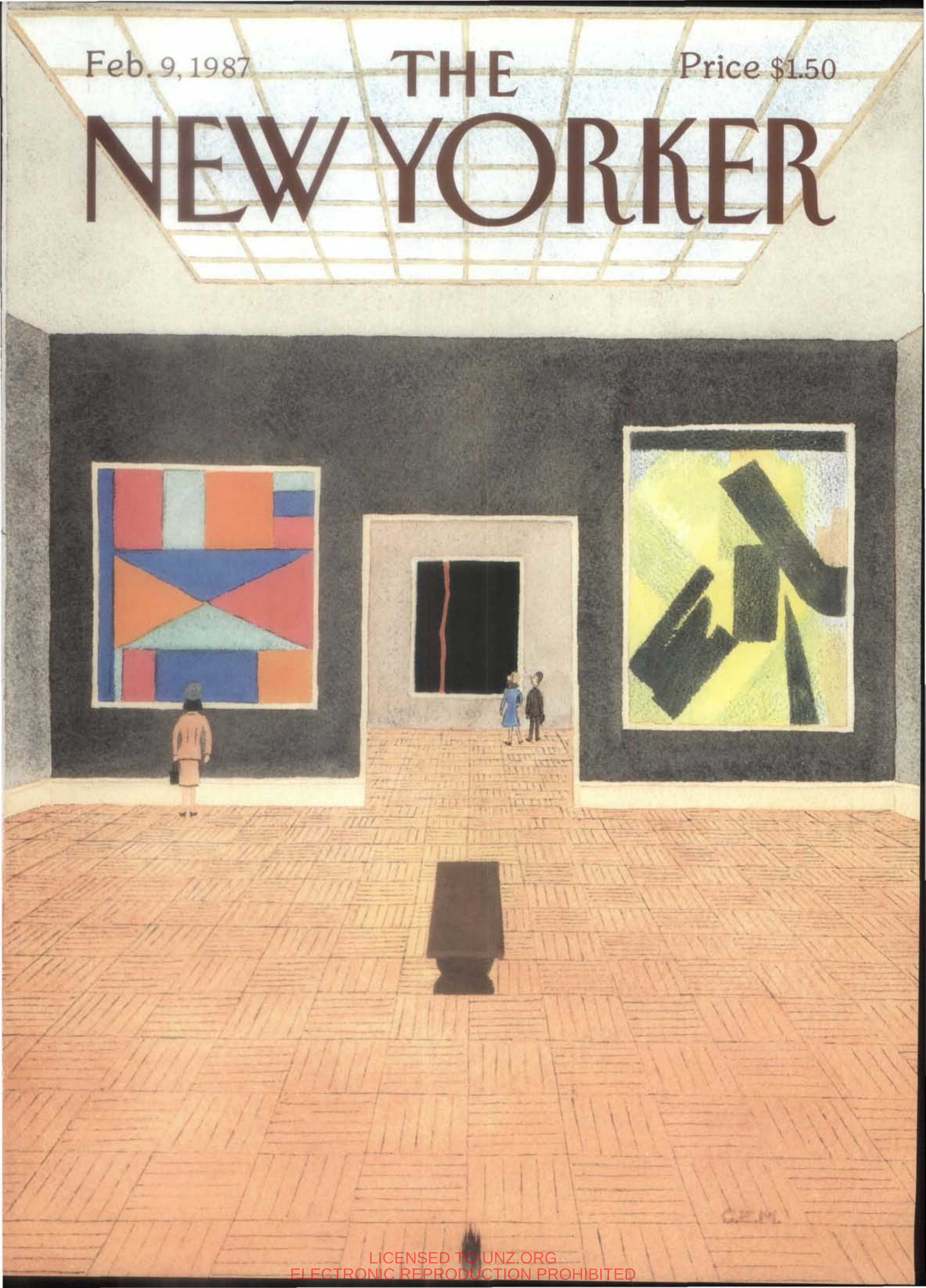

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PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Broadway Bound—In the third of his trilogy of autobiographical plays, Neil Simon takes us from Brooklyn to Manhattan, from ignominy *to the promise of fame. Linda Lavin heads* the excellent cast, which has been directed by Gene Saks. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/15/86.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A comedy whodunit by John Bishop, **THE MUSICAL COMEDY MURDERS OF 1940**, is the third in this season's series. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters, which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. *Simon Gray's play, while not especially* original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed, under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Division Street—A revised version of a 1980 comedy by Steve Tesich. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Fragments of a Greek Trilogy—A revival of an Andrei Serban–Elizabeth Swados collaboration—distillations of "Medea," "Electra," and "The Trojan Women"—directed by Mr. Serban, with music by Miss Swados. The three works are performed in ancient Greek and Latin. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St., has performances of "Medea" Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6. . . . La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St., has double-bill performances of "Electra" and "The Trojan Women" Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 475-7710.)

A Girl's Guide to Chaos—A comedy by Cynthia Heimel. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Groucho: A Life in Revue—A surprisingly lively and touching show about the great comedian/humorist. Frank Ferrante's dedicated impersonation becomes a true performance; Les Marsden, doubling, comes close to Chico and seems inspired as Harpo; and Faith Prince deftly acts the women in their lives, among them, of course, Margaret Dumont. Arthur Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fisher were the playwrights; Mr. Marx directed. (10/20/86) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason is a classic standup Jewish comedian, the George Washington of the Borscht Belt. His material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. (Only the Irish escape unscathed, and who knows why? Perhaps they are being offered the greatest insult of all.) For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious, for reasons that might well cause Freud himself to break down and sob as he sought to explain them. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill—A play of *sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last* engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia, well sung and performed by the personable Lonette McKee, who bears no resemblance—vocal, physical, or temperamental—to the late Miss Holiday. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lily Dale—This play is one of Horton Foote's chronicles of Texas before the First World War. Don Bloomfield is Horace Robedaux, a young man who pays a visit to his mother and sister in Houston. Mary Stuart Masterson is the sister and Greg Zittel is their abrasive stepfather. (12/1/86) (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)

A Man for All Seasons—A deliberate, not to say plodding, production of Robert Bolt's play, with Philip Bosco as Sir Thomas More, Charles Keating as the Common Man, and with Maria Tucci giving a first-rate performance as More's wife. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 8.)

Me and My Girl—An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, with a superb performance by Robert Lindsay in the starring role. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broad-

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way at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Gene—Colleen Dewhurst in a one-woman show about Carlotta Monterey, Eugene O'Neill's third wife. Written by Barbara Gelb, and directed by André Ernotte. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

North Shore Fish—A play by Israel Horovitz set in a frozen-fish-packing plant. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)

Sex Tips for Modern Girls—A musical with a book by Peter Eliot Weiss and score and lyrics by John Sereda. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Stardust—A revue featuring songs by lyricist Mitchell Parish and his many collaborators, including Hoagy Carmichael, Duke Ellington, and Glenn Miller. Conceived and directed by Albert Harris. Recently seen downtown at the Theatre Off Park, it will begin performances on Broadway on Thursday, Feb. 5. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

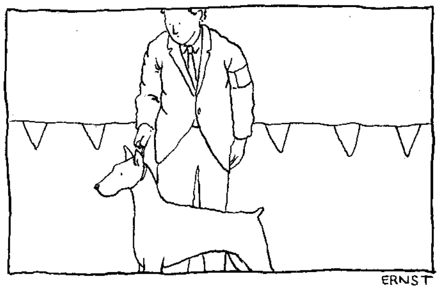
Stepping Out—An agreeable little play by Richard Harris, about a group of lonelyhearts in North London who find happiness through learning to tap-dance. A big and skillful cast is well directed by Tommy Tune. (1/26/87) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Sue—A failed comedy by A. R. Gurney, Jr., about a divorced artist in middle age and a young man who is her son's roommate at college. Four actors (Mary Tyler Moore, Lynn Redgrave, Barry Tubb, and John K. Linton) portray this woebegone couple, who love neither wisely nor too well. (1/19/87) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Widow Claire—Horton Foote continues to explore the lives of the citizens of Harrison, Texas. The principal characters here are a racy, nervous widow and young Horace Robedaux (two years post-"Lily Dale"—see above), and they are played to perfection by Hallie Foote and Matthew Broderick. (12/29/86) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)

York Theatre Company—A new production of **MARRY ME A LITTLE,** a 1981 two-character show with songs by Stephen Sondheim. (York Theatre, 2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Final performances Friday, Feb. 6, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 7, at 3.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn a pleasantly sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DROOD:** Dickens' unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," has been turned into a splendidly nonsensical musical by Rupert Holmes. The big cast is headed by George Rose, and the direction is by Wilford Leach. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,144 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES:** A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz and John Mahoney, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the director. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linden and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 11, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOCIAL SECURITY:** With his first Broadway comedy, Andrew Bergman proves a worthy successor to the Neil Simon of "Barefoot in the Park." (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SWEET CHARITY:** A musical that, with very little alteration, has mysteriously improved with age. Directed and choreographed by Bob Fosse, it has a book by Neil Simon, songs by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, and sets by Robert Randolph. Ann Reinking is the star. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Beehive—A musical revue, featuring girl-group songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Feb. 4: "The Four Temperaments," "Moves," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 5: "Histoire du Soldat Suite," "Sinfonia Mistica" (première), and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 6: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 7: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 7: "Mozartiana," "Moves," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 10: "Prodigal Son," "Moves," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 11: "Prodigal Son," "Moves," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 12: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 13: "Prodigal Son," "Piccolo Balletto," "Sonatine," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 14: "Sinfonia Mistica," "Moves," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 14: "Coppélia." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Through Sunday, Feb. 22.)

Twyla Tharp Dance—Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 4-6, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2; and Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8: "As Time Goes By," with the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble; and a new production (the third) of "The Catherine Wheel." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 8, at 2; Tuesday, Feb. 10, and Friday, Feb. 13, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2: "Baker's Dozen," with Miles Fusco, jazz piano; and "In the Upper Room." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 11-12, at 8: "Ballare" (New York première), with Mr. Fusco and Jeananne Albee, duo piano; "Fugue;" and "Nine Sinatra Songs." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Through Sunday, March 1.)

Pilobolus—Wednesdays, Feb. 4 and 11, and Friday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Bonsai," a solo from "The Empty Suitor," "Nonce," "What Grows in Huygen's Window," "Pseudopodia," and "Land's Edge." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 5-6, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 8, at 2; and Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8: "Monkshood's Farewell," "Televisitation," "Ocellus," "Can't Get Started," and "Carmina Burana, Side Two." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 8, at 7:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 10, and Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Ciona," "Lure" (New York première), "Walklyndon," "Return to Maria La Baja," and "Day Two." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, Feb. 22.)

Ballet Rambert—A contemporary-dance company from England—Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 4-6, at 8: "Night with Waning Moon," "Dangerous Liaisons," "Dutiful Ducks," and "Java." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2 and 8, and Sunday, Feb. 8, at 3: "Swamp," "Carmen Arcadiae," "Soda Lake," and "Zansa." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Don Redlich Dance Company—"Pierrot Lunaire" (première) and "Set of Five Dances." (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Thurs-

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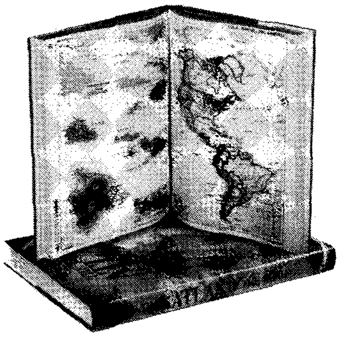

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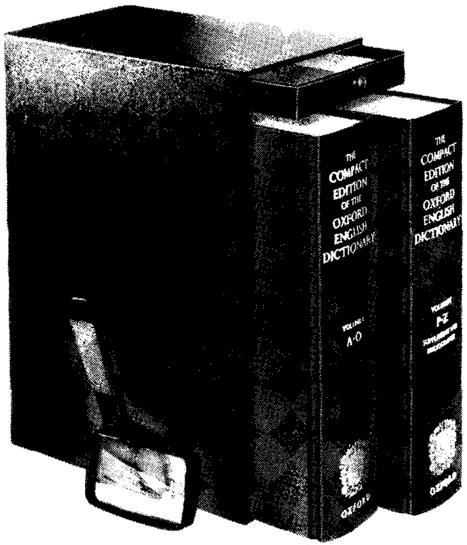
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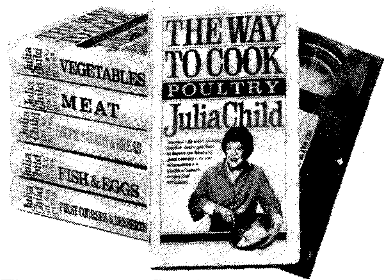
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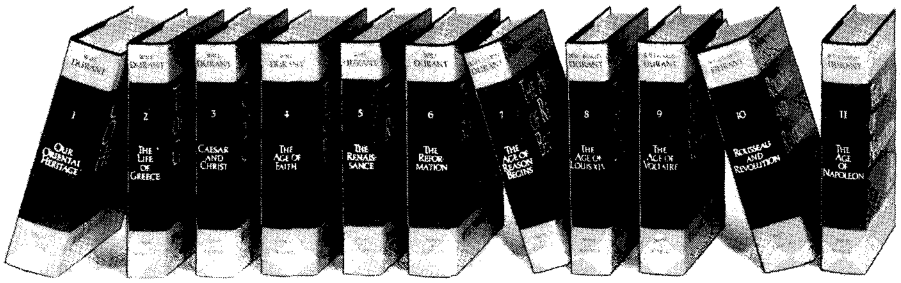
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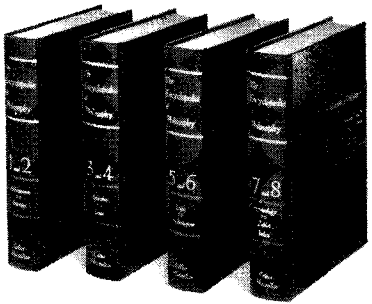

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day through Saturday, Feb. 5-7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

Ralph Lemon and Company—The première of "Nightingales and Fishermen" and the New York premières of "Flock" and "Boundary Water." Musical accompaniment by the Allendale String Quartet. (Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 6-8, at 8.)

Steve Krieckhaus—Presenting a program of solo dances, including "Missouri Driver's License." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 9-10, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Abilene Café, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-8908)—A white-brick-faced bar and restaurant that's next door to a yellow-brick-faced funeral parlor. Blues and blues-based jazz are the specialties of the house. **ROSCO GORDON,** the Memphis-born piano thumper and singer whose first record ("Rosco's Boogie") was produced by Sam Phillips in 1951, will be here on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, the piano will be in **SAMMY PRICE'S** nimble and venerable hands. Music from about nine.

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**MICHAEL FEINSTEIN,** the thirty-year-old singer, pianist, and show-music scholar whom George Shearing calls "a very hip lad," is performing in the Oak Room. The lad's current program includes "Makin' Whoopee," "A Fine Romance," "Rhode Island Is *Famous for You,*" several Irving Berlin songs, and a little Gershwin. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow bar and restaurant that features nautical impedimenta and jazz musicians of every stripe. Pianist Richard Shulman's trio is aboard on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, pianist Peter Malinverni will be flanked by bassist **DENNIS IRWIN** and drummer **MEL LEWIS.** Other groups can be heard during the rest of the week. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin music room on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets, where, Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty, you will find the meticulous, tiny-voiced **BLOSSOM DEARIE** singing funny Dave Frishberg songs, delicately pitched love songs by Jack Segal and herself, and Rodgers and Hart's "Ev'rything I've Got." Broadway star Laurie Beechman sings at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The big blue banner that flies above the entrance to this club may not be modest ("Jazz Capital of the World," it says), but it looks nice flapping in the breeze. A mini-festival of Latin jazz is under way. Cuban-born percussionist **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his band trade sets with Dominican-born pianist **MICHEL CAMILO** and his trio through Sunday, Feb. 8; on Monday, Feb. 9, **CHICO MENDOZA** brings in his twenty-piece orchestra; and starting Tuesday, Feb. 10, conga master **RAY BARRETTO** and his band share the bill with alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his quintet. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A vast pillared emporium that caters to various musical tastes. Wednesdays, **BUSTER POINDEXTER** (former New York Doll David Johansen in a monkey suit) **& HIS BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Thursday, Feb. 5, **DICKEY BETTS** and the Surreal McCoys; Friday, Feb. 6, singer-pianist-hitmaker **ALLEN TOUSSAINT** and the **DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND,** a high-stepping New Orleans octet (two trumpets, two saxophones, trombone, tuba, snare drum, and bass drum) that began as a traditional parade band and that converts whatever it plays (Ellington, Parker, Monk, old marches) into dance music; Saturday, Feb. 7, Jonathan Edwards; Monday, Feb. 9, Main Ingredient; Tuesday, Feb. 10, the Linda Tillery band and the Theresa Trull band; and Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 12-15, folk-rocker **DAVID BROMBERG** and his big band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a barstool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. The dashing and versatile **ROGER KELLAWAY** works with **RED MITCHELL** through Saturday, Feb. 7, and on Monday, Feb. 9, fellow-Memphians **JAMES WILLIAMS** and **JAMIL NASSER** will take charge. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

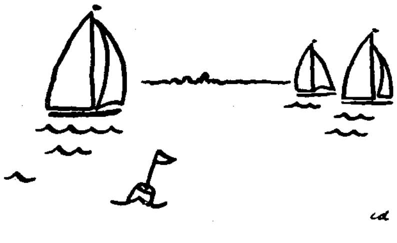
Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. Gloria Lynne sings from it through Sunday, Feb. 8, and on Tuesday, Feb. 10, **ARTHUR PRYSOCK,** a deep-as-the-river-runs pop and blues crooner, steps forward. Mondays are reserved for the father-and-son guitar team of **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI.** Music from nine every night but Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The figures on the walls of the Café Carlyle—a nude at her easel; a leaping poodle; a guitarist in a harlequin outfit; a Gypsy violinist; an unpedigreed dog with a bonnet in its mouth—are by Marcel Vertès, and the music is by **GEORGE SHEARING** (piano and vocals) and **DON THOMPSON** (bass). The other night, Mr. Shearing played "Scrapple from the Apple" (introduced as a composition by Dorothy Parker's husband, Charlie, a joke that led him to imagine other farfetched mergers: George and Dinah Washington, Harry and Con Edison), a lilting "Shadow of Your Smile," and an eerie "Mack the Knife," and sang "I Can't Get Started," Noël Coward's "I've Been to a Marvellous Party," and a Harry Warren–Ira Gershwin song dug out of the archives by Michael Feinstein. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is presiding at the piano. Music from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make out-of-body travel possible. Pianist **AHMAD JAMAL** directs his quartet through Sunday, Feb. 8, and on Tuesday, Feb. 10, vibraharpist **GARY BURTON** moves in with his group. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight every night but Monday, when it begins at nine. Dining.

Freddy's, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—**MAUREEN MC GOVERN** is singing in this cozy Turtle Bay supper club at eight-thirty on Thursdays and at eight-thirty and eleven on Fridays and Saturdays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. The schedule: through Saturday, Feb. 7, **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV;** Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 10-12, **HAL SCHAEFER;** and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, Marc Cohen (with bassist **STAFFORD JAMES**). Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.



Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark bar, with ancient marching-band instruments on the walls, Art Tatum and Earl Hines on the jukebox, and an upright piano that seats four (not counting the pianist). Wednesdays through Saturdays belong to singer Kitt Moran, pianist Mike Moran, and bassist Andy Eulau; Sunday and Monday, Feb. 8-9, are claimed by pianist-singer Howard Barry and bassist Bill Moring; and Tuesdays are set aside for guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE,** pianist **WARREN CHIASSON,** and bassist **MICHAEL FLEMING.** Music from ten.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the center of things. The buoyant **ROLAND HANNA** operates on it (with bassist **CLINT HOUSTON** next to him) through Saturday, Feb. 7, and on Tuesday, Feb. 10, **BILL MAYS** and **MICHAEL FORMANEK** swing into action. Music from nine-thirty.

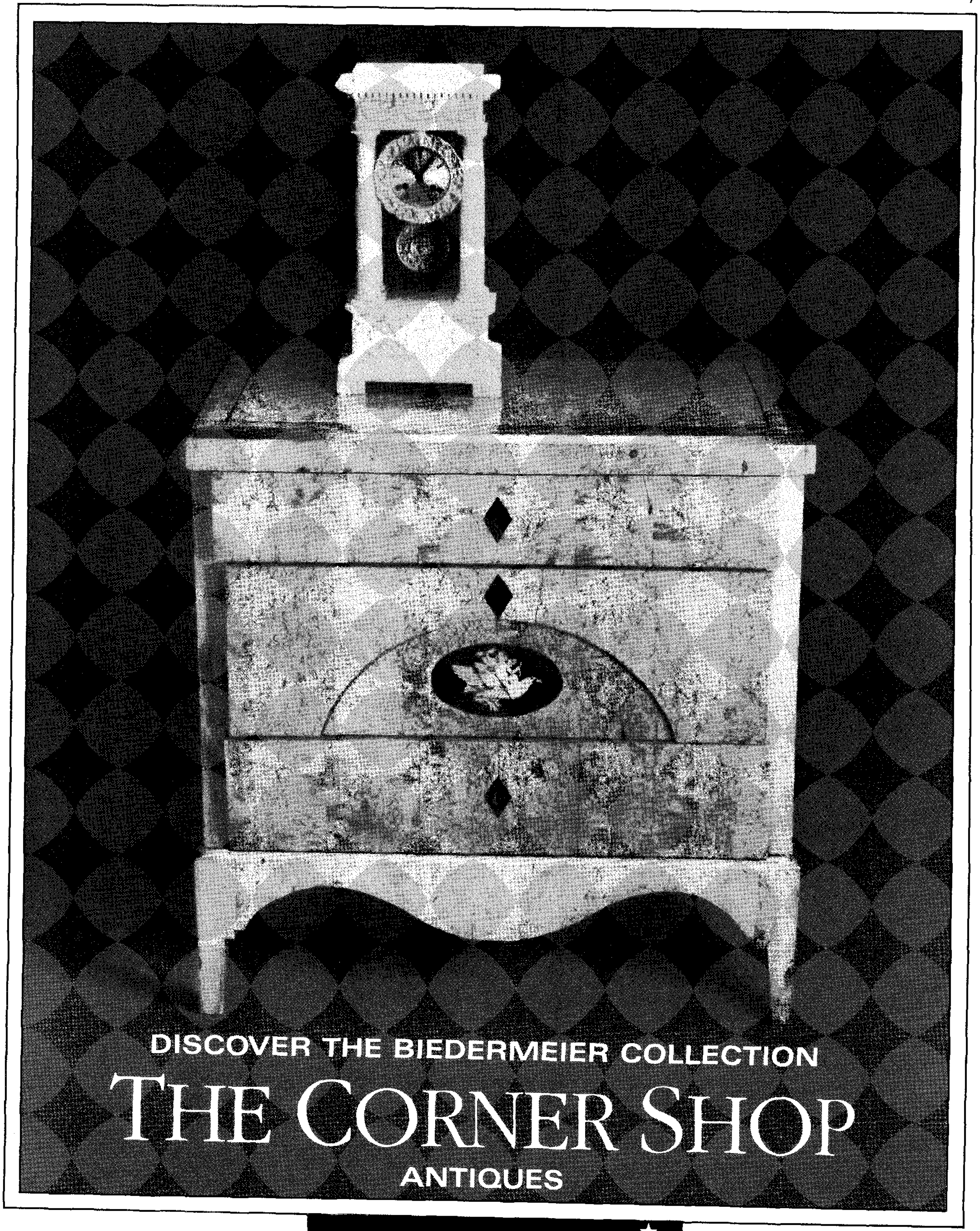
Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans, French tourists, and others in search of *les bons temps.* Wednesday, Feb. 4, the **FLESHTONES;** Thursday, Feb. 5, pompadoured rockabilly singer **ROBERT GORDON;** Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, **BIG TWIST & THE MELLOW FELLOWS,** a Chicago R. & B. band; Monday, Feb. 9, the **WEATHER GIRLS,** a pop-soul vocal duo; and Saturday, Feb. 14, the **SUN RHYTHM SECTION,** Elvis-era rock and rollers from Memphis. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and a jolly septet called the New York Jazz Repertory Ensemble on the bandstand. The Ensemble, which is directed by the banjo player Eddy Davis, is re-creating the cartoonish, whoopee-cushion music of Spike Jones. Cap guns, slide whistles, duck calls, ratchets, sirens, and brake drums are among the featured instruments. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play clarinet with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra, of which Mr. Davis is also a member. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A lively uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. On Fridays and Saturdays, drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his spiffy, winged crew of **JAZZ MESSENGERS** deliver hard bop. The rest of the lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 4, Second Sight; Thursday, Feb. 5, **TOP SHELF;** Tuesday, Feb. 10, Rock Wilk; and Thursday, Feb. 12, **ROLAND VAZQUEZ.** Music from about ten until two.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock (hard-core rock, soft-core rock, no-core rock) and sometimes practice a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 5-7, the Human League; Friday, Feb. 13, A.P.B.; and Saturday, Feb. 14, Peter Murphy. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African all-percussion ensembles, reggae outfits, out-there American jazz bands, and salsa groups all pass through this former luncheonette. Wednesday, Feb. 4, pianist Frank Ferrucci and his Latin Jazz Ensemble, with Brazilian trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI;** Thursday, Feb. 5, hot and humorous cornettist **OLU DARA** and his **NATCHEZSIPPI** dance band; Friday, Feb. 6, **RAS MICHAEL** & the Sons of Negus and the **MEDITATIONS;** Saturday, Feb. 7, **MIKATA;** Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 10-11, percussionist **DUDUCA FONSECA** and his Brazilian All-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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Stars, with trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER** and his wife, keyboardist **ELIANE ELIAS**; Friday, Feb. 13, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; and Saturday, Feb. 14, **LOREMIL MACHADO & SARAVA.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A crowded and convivial jazz room. Tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS**, who sounds fervent whether he's playing an incantatory Coltrane tune, Nigerian juju music, or a swing number, leads his quartet through Sunday, Feb. 8. Starting Tuesday, Feb. 10, an all-star sextet known as the Leaders—trumpeter **LESTER BOWIE**, alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE**, tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN**, pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY**, bassist **CECIL MC BEE**, and drummer **DON MOYE**—performs tunes ranging from Mr. Blythe's jumping, riff-based "Miss Nancy" to Sam Cooke's "Cupid." On Monday, Feb. 9, **DAKOTA STATON** will sing the blues. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but rock and roll is what the performers in the back room mainly do. Wednesday, Feb. 4, the **ELLIOTT MURPHY** band; Thursday, Feb. 5, the Magnolias and Gut Bank; Fridays, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & HIS BANSHEES OF BLUE**; Saturday, Feb. 7, Optic Nerve, the Creatures, and the Freak; Sunday, Feb. 8, Tijuana Bible and Corn Flakes; Monday, Feb. 9, Soma Holiday and Chemical Wedding; Tuesday, Feb. 10, Bullet Proof and Bonnie & the Lads; and Wednesday, Feb. 11, Steppin' Razor. Shows after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Longtime partners **JUNIOR MANCE** (piano) and **MARTY RIVERA** (bass) perform nightly in the Terrace Bar. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio, whose repertoire encompasses Bach, Scott Joplin, Charlie Parker, and Miles Davis. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. **CHARLES MC PHERSON**, a warm-toned, bop-rooted alto saxophonist, is here with his quartet through Sunday, Feb. 8, and on Tuesday, Feb. 10, flamboyant Texas-born guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** enters with his foursome. Mondays remain prime time for the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA**. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a noninstitutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and live jazz. The schedule: through Sunday, Feb. 8, pianist Roy Meriwether's trio; Tuesday, Feb. 10, tenor saxophonist Percy France and his band; and starting Wednesday, Feb. 11, trumpeter and flugelhornist **JIMMY OWENS'** quartet. On Mondays, comedians stand up and fall down. Shows from about nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. **KENNY BARRON** and **RON CARTER**, a dazzling piano-bass team, hold sway through Saturday, Feb. 7, and on Monday, Feb. 9, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** go to work. (Mr. Holley, who has a voice that begins down around his knees, sometimes sings in unison with his bowing, but in this room he will probably limit himself to a little polite humming.) On Sunday, Feb. 8, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** collaborate. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JOHNNY MATHIS AND HENRY MANCINI—Five performances, at which Mr. Mancini will direct an orchestra and a seven-member chorus. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 4-8, at 8.)

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BOBBY WATSON QUINTET—Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, at 9 and 11.

JAKI BYARD & THE APOLLO STOMPERS—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, at 10 and midnight.

VALERIE CAPERS TRIO—With the City College Gospel Choir and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 722-8223.)

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY CONCERT—With Al Cohn, Bucky Pizzarelli, Joe Newman, Major Holley, Carrie Smith, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 598-2027.)

BOYS OF THE LOUGH—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.

HAMIET BLUIETT AND ED BLACKWELL—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the night of the performances.

BENEFIT CONCERT—With the Cadillacs, the Drifters, and Status. (Symphony Space. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 7 and 9:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

MARIANNE ENGBERG / MARION KENYON JONES—Pinhole photographs of China. / Abstractions on paper mounted on canvas. Through Feb. 28. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

ADOLPH GOTTLIEB (1903-74)—Fourteen pictographic paintings. Through March 5. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

IRVING KRIESBERG / CARMEN CICERO—Paintings on paper. / Figurative watercolors. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

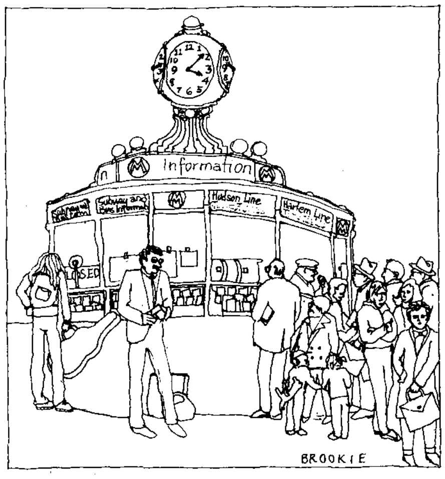
DAVID PARK (1911-60)—Paintings, mostly from the fifties. Through Feb. 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

BILL SPIRA—Abstract wood-and-stoneware sculptures. Through March 7. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

MARINA STERN—Pastels of still-lifes and of landscapes seen through windows. Through Feb. 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GREGORY WILLIAMS—Landscapes with a surreal character. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **KOUROS**, 23 E. 73rd St.: John Bernard Myers has chosen an exhibit of paintings and sculptures, mostly abstract works, by eleven contemporary artists. Through Feb. 28. . . . **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Prints by both Bauhaus members (Feininger, Albers, Klee) and artists published by the Bauhaus (Léger, de Chirico). Through March 21. (Opens at noon.)



GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

LOTHAR BAUMGARTEN—Conceptual work combining photographs of Indians in Venezuelan rain forests with text. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

JAMES BOHARY—Abstract monoprints that the artist did in Barcelona. Through Feb. 17. (Prats, 24 W. 57th St.)

ALAN COTE—Recent abstract paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 28. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

ENRICO DONATI—Surrealist paintings and objects from the forties, most of them on exhibition for the first time. Through Feb. 28. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MARCEL DUCHAMP (1887-1968)—A small retrospective that includes ready-mades (four Mona Lisas), posters, and prints. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Luhring Augustine & Hodes, 41 E. 57th St.)

JANET FISH—New paintings. Through Feb. 28. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

STEPHEN GREENE—Recent abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

NANCY HAGIN / MAURICE GROSSER (1903-86)—Realist still-lifes. / Maine landscapes and still-lifes painted in the artist's last two years. Through Feb. 25. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—Portraits of friends, still-lifes, and interiors, including his studio. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

RICK HORTON—Oil-and-pigment paintings on paper which look as though they were in flux—the effect of all-over scratch marks and flecks of contrasting colors. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ROBERT LAHOTAN—Impressionist still-lifes, interiors, and landscapes. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

HENRI LAURENS (1885-1954)—A dozen figurative bronzes. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

JAMES B. MOORE—Representational still-lifes painted in muted colors. Through Feb. 28. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

NABIL NAHAS / ALAIN KIRILI—Nonobjective paintings whose gold tones were achieved without the benefit of gold leaf, though it is hard to tell. / Abstract sculptures in cast aluminum that was heated in a way that makes it look like painted wood. Also, works in terra-cotta and wood. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

HARVEY QUAYTMAN—Abstract paintings in an acrylic medium to which rust or steel filings have been added. Through Feb. 18. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

ODILON REDON (1840-1916)—About thirty prints. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

ELAINE REICHEK—Large-scale black-and-white photographs of South American Indians juxtaposed with hand-knitted versions of the figures (also large-scale). Through Feb. 28. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

JOSÉ MARÍA SICILIA—New abstract paintings. Through Feb. 28. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

CARL NICHOLAS TITOLO—Small works in mixed mediums reflecting his travels in Italy. Through Feb. 28. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT WARRENS—Large-scale fantasy landscapes, plus two painted-wood constructions related to the paintings. Through Feb. 26. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

LYNTON WELLS / DOUG OHLSON—Large canvases in which figures or objects are well defined even though they are seen through a barrage of cross-hatching. / Geometric paintings in

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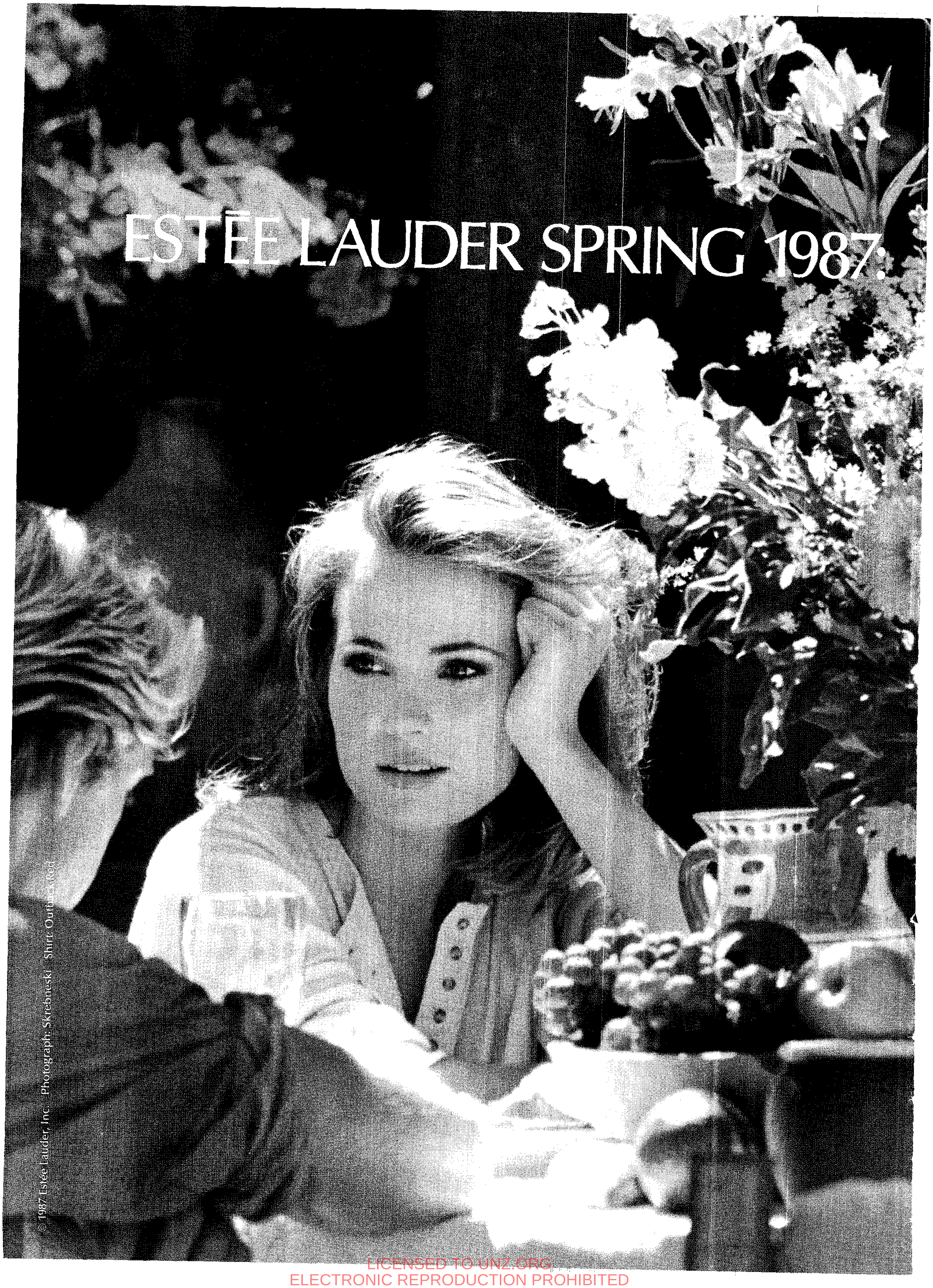
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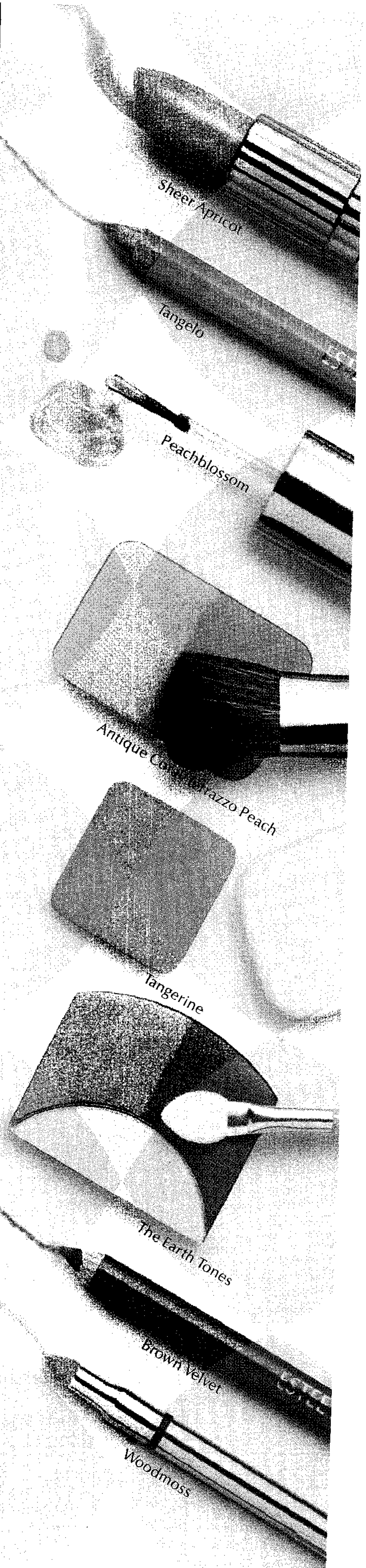
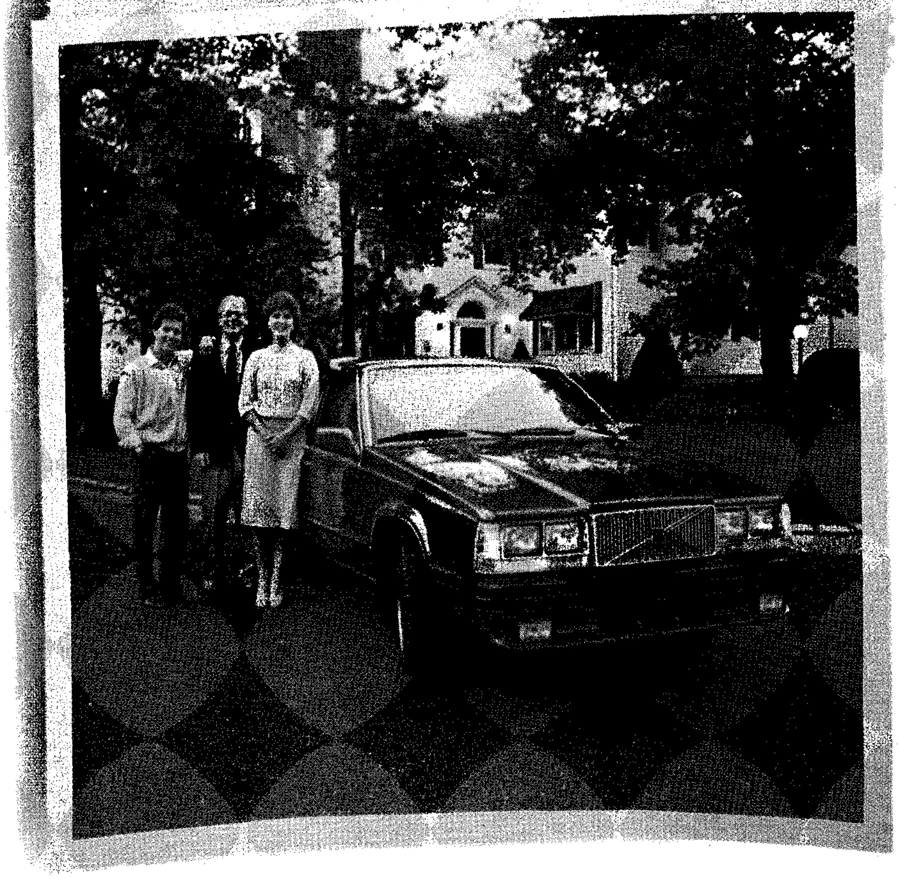

Sheer Apricot
Tangelo
Peachblossom
Antique Co
azzo Peach
Tangerine
The Earth Tones
Brown Velvet
Woodmoss

Here, a selection from Al Fresco Colors (as close to Estée Lauder's originals as printing allows.)

THE CAR FOR PEOPLE WHOSE MEANS HAVE CHANGED BUT WHOSE VALUES HAVEN'T.



Back when you had precious little in the way of means at all, you may have been one of those pioneering souls who bought a Volvo.

It was the perfect family car. Spartan? Perhaps. But also very sensible. A Sherman tank with room for six. And a growing reputation for durability and safety.

Both of us have come a long way since then.

You, for example, may have reached that point in life where you view a car not as a necessity so much as a reward.

And we have reached a point where we can create a car like the Volvo 760 Turbo.

A car that surrounds you with every comfort a person of means could want in a car. A turbo-charged phenomenon capable of embarrassing cars much more famous for performance.

Admittedly, the Volvo 760 Turbo is an indulgence.

But underneath you'll discover it's still a Volvo. A totally sensible car with an enviable reputation for durability and safety.

A car that lets you indulge your senses.

Without taking leave of your sense.

VOLVO

A car you can believe in.

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hot colors. Through Feb. 21. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Andrea Belag—Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 28. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Nancy Chunn—Paintings in which chains, gears, and other machine parts are juxtaposed with maps of politically unstable countries such as South Africa, Nicaragua, and Lebanon. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Ed Clark—Recent abstract paintings. Through Sunday, Feb. 8. (Art 54, at 54 Greene St. Open Sundays.)

Vernon Fisher—New works, including a large sheet of slate on which the artist has sketched (in chalk) anatomical views of muscles and painted (in oil) a parachute dropping into the sea. Through Feb. 28. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Thomas Gruenebaum—Collage paintings by the art dealer. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Willy Heeks—Recent abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Feb. 28. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

Jasper Johns—Four paintings from a series entitled "The Seasons," and related drawings. Through March 7. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Jannis Kounellis—Canvases and constructions with stinging content and understated form—in one work, a concentration camp is evoked with several open gas jets. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Gerald Laing—New bronze figures. Through Feb. 21. (Totah, 152 Wooster St.)

Louise Lawler—A goblet with gold lettering that reads "It cost $590,000 a day to operate an aircraft carrier. 1986." Also, other glasses with messages, and photographs. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Jackie Lipton—Abstract paintings in oil and wax. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Maud Morgan—Handmade-paper works whose multicolored abstract patterns were created during the papermaking process. Through Feb. 28. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Olivier Mosset—Four large abstract geometric paintings. Through Wednesday, Feb. 11. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Franc Palaia—Trompe-l'oeil polystyrene frescoes and three-dimensional photographs. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Bryers, 111 Greene St.)

Faith Ringgold—Quilts with texts and painted illustrations that detail life in Harlem today. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Jack Tworkov (1900-82)—Works on paper. Through Feb. 18. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Mary Joan Waid—Landscapes and still-lifes that incorporate self-portraits—the artist's face seen in a hand mirror, for instance. Through Feb. 21. (Einstein, 591 Broadway.)

Robert Wilson—Drawings, furniture, and props from his recent theatrical productions. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Group Shows—At **castelli,** 142 Greene St.: Leo Castelli is marking his thirtieth year in the art business with some of the paintings and sculptures—by Cy Twombly, Lee Bontecou, Ellsworth Kelly, Richard Artschwager, and others—he put on exhibit in his first fifteen years. Through March 7. . . . **the drawing center,** 35 Wooster St.: Works by nine artists. Through Wednesday, Feb. 11. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **exit art,** 578 Broadway: Juan Downey, Shelagh Keeley, Komar and Melamid, and others have each contributed a work expressing the experiences of an artist living in a new country. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. . . . **green,** 152 Wooster St.: Drawings by sculptors Heide Fasnacht, Alain Kirili, Michael Gitlin, Carol Hepper, and Erik Levine. Through Feb. 28.

OTHER GALLERIES

Rosemarie Castoro / Russell Sharon—Charcoal drawings, plus a few small sculptures. / Bright-colored figurative wood sculptures. Through Sunday, Feb. 8. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

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Buster Cleveland—Iconlike mosaics—images of Mao abound—made with fake pearls, rhinestones, photographs, and so forth, encapsulated in clear plastic. Through Feb. 22. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Ralph Humphrey—Abstractions from all phases of his career. Through Sunday, Feb. 8. (Gorney, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

C. S. H. Jhabvala—Detailed cityscapes of New York and New Delhi done in watercolor or pencil by an architect and city planner who lives here part of the time and there the rest. Through Sunday, Feb. 8. (Humphrey, 242 E. 5th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Dennis Pohl—Paintings in mixed mediums. Through Feb. 26. (Roerich, 319 W. 107th St. Open daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Susan Rothenberg—Some of the horse paintings (1974-80) that attracted so much attention when they were first introduced. Through Feb. 28. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.)

Maura Sheehan—A sculptural installation consisting of pairs of fragmented feet (some with sandals) reminiscent of classical statuary. Through Feb. 28. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Sandy Skoglund—An installation entitled "Neo Auto," consisting of a wrecked car that the artist has reclaimed, painted, and filled with hundreds of twisted forks. Through Sunday, Feb. 8. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

John Torreano—The Wolff Gallery has been transformed by the artist into a showplace for his many diamond-shaped, often jewel-encrusted works. Through Feb. 15. (Wolff, 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **loeb student center,** New York University, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: The eleventh annual "Small Works" exhibition, selected by Barbara Toll. Through Feb. 27. . . . **master eagle gallery,** sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St.: "Cartoon '87," drawings by approximately forty artists, including Liza Donnelly, Tim Haggerty, Ed Arno, Sam Gross, and Lou Myers. Through March 20. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **p.p.o.w,** 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C.: Prints with political themes by contemporary artists and by artists from the thirties. Through Sunday, Feb. 8. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **p.s. 1,** at 46-01 21st St., Long Island City: "Art with Community" is the title of an exhibit of all kinds of works produced, on the one hand, by artists in collaboration with others (Deborah Ossoff worked with senior citizens in Far Rockaway) or, on the other, by artists who use a community as their subject (Agnes Zellin photographed shoppers in malls and celebrators at religious festivals in Astoria, Queens). Through March 22. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Constantin Brancusi (1876-1957)—Vintage prints by a sculptor. Through Feb. 28. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Alvin Langdon Coburn (1882-1966) / **René Burri**—Among the hundred or so prints are portraits of Henry James, Auguste Rodin, and others, made for the artist's 1913 book called "Men of Mark." / Color prints documenting the American space program. Through Feb. 22. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

William Eggleston—Color photographs, almost all of which were in a show at the Modern in 1976. Through March 7. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Jacques Henri Lartigue (1894-1986)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show devoted to this photographer, entitled "Panoramas of the Twenties." See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Helmut Newton—Photographs from the late seventies and early eighties. Through Feb. 28. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Richard Ross—Large color prints of museum interiors around the world. Through Feb. 28. (Lieberman & Saul, 411 West Broadway, entrance on Spring St.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—Photographs from the thirties. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

Val Telberg / Ed Burtynsky—Photo-collages using vintage prints, photocopies of the prints, and drawings. / Color prints of British Columbia and the Western United States. Through Feb. 28. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The museum's collection of twentieth-century art (paintings, sculptures, photographs, and objects by industrial and decorative designers), a great deal of it acquired in the past five years, has gone on permanent exhibition in the new Lila Acheson Wallace Wing, a string of twenty-two galleries on three levels (a fourth—a sculpture garden—will open in June) in the southwest corner of the museum. . . . ¶ "Van Gogh in Saint-Rémy and Auvers," a show of paintings and drawings covering the artist's last fifteen months. Through March 22. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of scale models, photographs, and drawings by the Swiss architect Mario Botta. Through Tuesday, Feb. 10. . . . **photography:** Prints by Jacques Henri Lartigue. Through March 24. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A monumental sculpture of a ship in the form of a Swiss Army knife, which was conceived by Claes Oldenburg, Coosje van Bruggen, and Frank O. Gehry. The sculpture has moving parts, including eight "oars." . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by Oskar Kokoschka. Both shows through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of paintings by David Salle, spanning the past eight years. Through March 29. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by John Storrs, an early modernist sculptor, containing, in addition to sculptures, his paintings, drawings, and prints. Through March 22. . . . ¶ Portraits of carnival performers by Walt Kuhn (1877-1949). Through April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Ma-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

chine Age in America 1918-1941," an entertaining display of decorative objects, appliances, and photographs, plus a few paintings, prints, and sculptures, all reflecting the fascination the machine held for American artists and designers during the period of the great industrial leaps between the World Wars. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works on paper by abstractionist Cleve Gray. *Some of the early work is figurative.* Through Feb. 23. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—Handmade fine- and applied-art objects in a blazing show that befits the opening of a new home for this museum. Through March 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Art of Japan: Selections from the Burke Collection, Part II," scroll paintings, folding screens, calligraphy, and lacquerware. Through Feb. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of folding fans (pleated and *brisé*) which documents their design and function at the height of their popularity (late seventeenth century to early twentieth) and also uncovers some amusing nuggets of social history. For instance, if in 1901 you had been the owner of the most fashionable of fans, a Duvelleroy from Paris (seen in the exhibit), you would have had to be prepared to encounter the owner of a ripoff facsimile of that fan (also seen here). (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A display elucidating the European tradition of mounting rare Japanese and Chinese porcelains with gold, silver, and gilt bronze. Through March 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Etchings and lithographs by Jakob Steinhardt (1887-1968), a German Expressionist whose themes included Jewish religious life. Through April 19. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Age of Bruegel: Netherlandish Drawings of the Sixteenth Century," a selection built around the work of Pieter Bruegel the Elder. Eight of the drawings are by him, the others by artists who influenced him (Bosch, for instance) and whom he influenced (Roelandt Savery). Through April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A show of installations that Hans Haacke has done during the past fifteen years, criticizing policies of the Reagan Administration, corporate sponsorship of the arts, and the influences of the advertising world upon our culture. A painted portrait of Ronald Reagan, for instance, is juxtaposed with a large photomural of anti-nuclear demonstrations. Through Feb. 15. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Clovr Chango (performance), Thursday and Friday, Feb. 12-13, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Music programs. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 9: The Horvitz, Morris, and Previte Trio; and Evan Lurie, with Alfredo Pedenera; Thursday, Feb. 12, at 9: Boris Policeband; and Fred Frith and Christian Marclay; Friday, Feb. 13, at 9: Don King and the Sonny Sharrock Group; Saturday, Feb. 14, at 9 and 11: Little Jimmy Scott.

Note—*Charles Moulton will wear electronically* amplified tap shoes in his performance, "Tapnology." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Fridays and Saturdays, Feb. 6-7 and 13-14, at 11.) . . . ¶ A performance work by Alien Comic (Tom Murrin). (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Monday, Feb. 9, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.) . . . ¶ A music-performance work by William Hellermann. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St. 966-4444. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Diana Montague, Ariel Bybee, and John Alexander; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 5, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Gail Gilmore, William Johns, and Håkan Hagegård; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 6, at 8: A new production of Massenet's "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Neil Shicoff, David Holloway, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 1:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elisabeth Söderström, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Jorma Hynninen, and José van Dam; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Tatiana Troyanos, Diana Montague, and David Rendall; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 9, at 8: "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Neil Shicoff, David Holloway, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Tatiana Troyanos, Diana Montague, and David Rendall; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Gail Gilmore, William Johns, and Håkan Hagegård; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Carmen," with Agnes Baltsa, Leona Mitchell, José Carreras, and Samuel Ramey; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 13, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Söderström, Barbara Hendricks, Brigitte Fassbaender, and Artur Korn; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Tatiana Troyanos, Diana Montague, and David Rendall; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8: "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Neil Shicoff, David Holloway, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; Manuel Rosenthal. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Bel Canto Opera—Mara Waldman conducting William Henry Fry's 1845 opera "Leonora." The production, staged by Stuart Heyman, is the first of this work in more than a hundred years. (Fashion Institute of Technology Auditorium, 227 W. 27th St. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 3. For information about tickets, call 279-4200.)

After Dinner Opera Company—Three short American operas that will be introduced by their composers: "Gift of the Magi," by Susan Bingham; "Pot of Broth," by Herbert Haufrecht; and "War Scenes," by Ned Rorem. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Monday, Feb. 9, at 4. For information about free tickets, call 477-6212.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Kurt Masur conducting a Siegfried Matthus–Brahms–Schumann program on Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8; Friday, Feb. 6, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 7:30 (all with Glenn Dicterow, violin, and Lorne Munroe, cello). . . . ¶ Krzysztof Penderecki conducting two of his own works and the Shostakovich Symphony No. 14 on Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8; Friday, Feb. 13, at 2; Satur-

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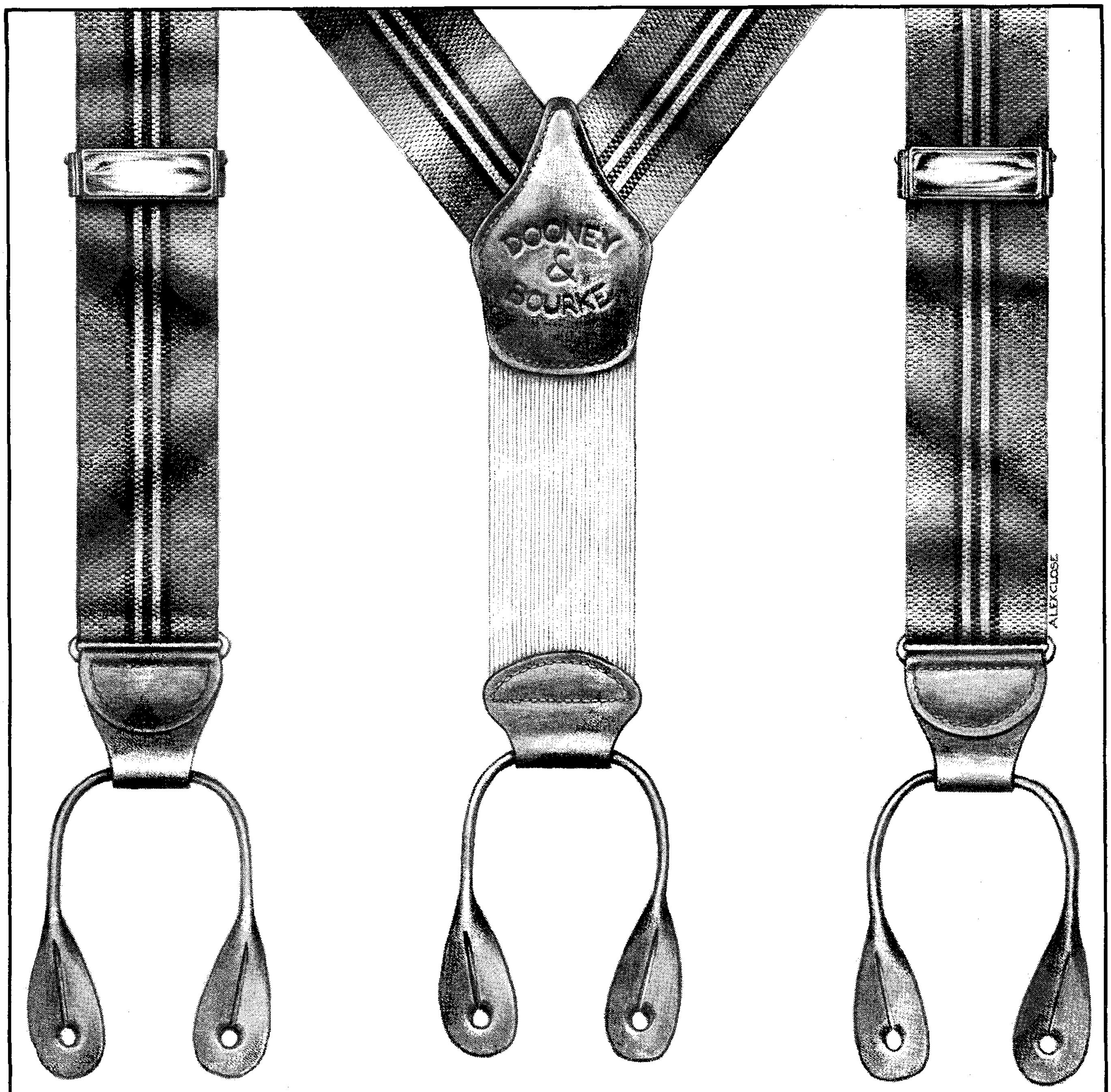

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day, Feb. 14, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 7:30 (all with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Simon Estes, bass-baritone; and Paul Neubauer, viola).

Franz Liszt Chamber Orchestra—A Hungarian group that performs without a conductor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

National Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8: Mstislav Rostropovich conducting a Haydn-Shostakovich program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8: Hugh Wolff conducting a Dutilleux-Schumann-Bloch program, with Mr. Rostropovich as cello soloist.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Klaus Tennstedt conducting Mahler's Symphony No. 7. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Christoph von Dohnányi conducting. **carnegie hall:** Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8, a Sibelius-Prokofiev-Janáček program, with Kyung-Wha Chung, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8, Zemlinsky's "The Mermaid" (New York première) and Mahler's Sixth Symphony. . . . **avery fisher hall:** Friday, Feb. 13, at 8, a Berg-Beethoven program.

San Francisco Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Herbert Blomstedt conducting. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8: A Bartók-Bruckner program, with Andras Schiff, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 13, at 8: Works by Wuorinen (première), Stravinsky, and Brahms; no soloists.

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting the second in a "Meet the Moderns" series of programs, this one of works by six East Coast composers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8. . . . ¶ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8.) For information about tickets, call 1-718 636-4120.

New York Chamber Symphony of the 92nd Street Y—Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 8, at 3: Yoav Talmi conducting, with David Bar-Illan, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8: Anthony Newman conducting and acting as harpsichord soloist for a program of baroque music. With Randall Ellis, oboe, and Jean Dane, viola.

Orpheus—A program of works by Bach, Copland, Barber, and Mozart. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 2. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Musica Sacra Chorus—Richard Westenburg directing Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana," with piano, organ, and percussion accompaniment; and an a-cappella Mass, by Vincent Persichetti. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Mozart's Great Mass in C Minor, with soloists and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a varied program in tribute to Louise Talma and Miriam Gideon. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 874-2990. Both composers will be present at a post-concert reception.)

RECITALS

Ivo Pogorelich—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Nikita Magaloff, piano, and the Emerson String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8.) . . . ¶ With Steven Tenenbom, viola, and Peter Wiley, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Jessye Norman—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Robert McDuffie—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Galimir String Quartet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—With Elaine Comparone, harpsichord, and Robert Stallman, flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 8, at 5.)

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Paul Badura-Skoda—Piano, in an all-Schubert concert. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

New Zurich Quartet—With James Kreger, cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Continuum—An all-Ives program, with the Florilegium Chamber Choir. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Spoleto Festival Chamber Music at BAM—A Haydn-Prokofiev-Brahms program, with Kathryn Selby, piano, and the Meliora Quartet. The third in a series of seven concerts. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Amsterdam Guitar Trio—Three classical guitarists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

New York Camerata—A vocal-and-instrumental ensemble. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 2:30. Admission by contribution.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy and Elisabeth Söderström—Piano and soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 3.)

André Watts—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 3.)

Gerald Ranck—Harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sundays at 3:30; through Feb. 22. No tickets necessary.)

An die Musik—With Christian Altenburger, violin, in a program that includes Jerzy Sapieyevski's "Aria for An die Musik." (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 4.)

Leona Mitchell—Soprano. Miss Mitchell will conclude the recital with a suite of spirituals, in tribute to Martin Luther King, Jr. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Music of William Thomas McKinley—Performed by Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; Walter Trampler, viola; Fred Sherry, cello; and others. Mr. McKinley will be present. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

New York Cornet & Sacbut Ensemble—With vocalist Peter Becker. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert. At 7:15, the ensemble's director, Ben Peck, will give a lecture about the Renaissance band.)

Lazar Berman—A program of piano works by Liszt, Shostakovich, and Mussorgsky. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

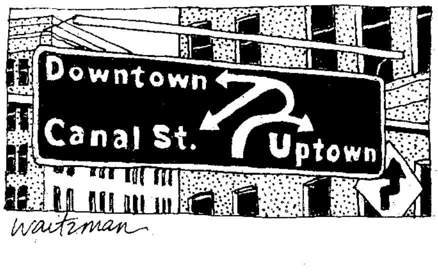
On Original Instruments—Daniel Stepner, violin, and Seth Carlin, fortepiano, in a Mendelssohn-Beethoven-Schumann program. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Andrés Díaz—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Paul Shaw—Piano. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Arleen Augér—Soprano, with Dalton Baldwin, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Rolf Schulte and Ursula Oppens—Violin and piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)



New York Woodwind Quintet—With Daniel Phillips, violin. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Trio Musica Hispana—With jazz performer Paquito d'Rivera as clarinet soloist for a new concerto by Carlos Franzetti. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. 249-8950. Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Aurora String Quartet—Sharon Grebanier and Amy Lozano, violin; Basil Vendryes, viola; and Margaret Tait, cello. (Weill Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Goliard Chamber Soloists—With Judith Mendenhall, flute. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Music Spectrum—The Prague String Quartet and others, in a program of Czechoslovakian music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—With John Graham, viola. The first of three concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

New York Vocal Arts Ensemble—In a program called "A Musical Valentine." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

"Luisa Fernanda"—A twentieth-century Spanish zarzuela, composed by Federico Moreno Torroba. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 3, and Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Philadelphia 76ers, Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 7:30, and Houston Rockets, Thursday, Feb. 12, at 7:30. . . . **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Nets, Thursday, Feb. 5, at 7:30; Milwaukee Bucks, Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 7:30; and Chicago Bulls, Saturday, Feb. 14, at 7:30.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 7:35, and Toronto Maple Leafs, Sunday, Feb. 8, at 8:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Feb. 7, at 1:35, and Pittsburgh Penguins, Sunday, Feb. 8, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Feb. 14, at 7:05.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30.

Track Meet—Vitalis/United States Olympic Invitational. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 5:45.)

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Sue Miller, Arthur Kopit, Justin Kaplan, Phyllis Rose, and Judith Thurman reading letters by nineteenth-century authors. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 472-4410. Monday, Feb. 9, at 8.) . . . ¶ Deborah Digges, Chris Llewellyn, and Peter Sacks reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Anne-Marie Levine, Susan Minot, Robert Phillips, and William Jay Smith reading depictions of family life in their own poetry and prose. (Murphy Center, 555 E. 90th St. Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8. Tickets at the door.) . . . ¶ Tandy Cronyn, E. G. Marshall, Helen-Jean Arthur, and Tovah Feldshuh reading from the short stories of Saki, Isidoro Blaisten, Tommaso Landolfi, and Norma Rosen. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 6:30.)

Lecture—Jaroslav Pelikan, the first author in a series of six who will speak about writing and religion. (New York Public Library, Room 206, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 6. Tickets at the door on the evening of the lecture.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 9-10, starting at 8:30 a.m.)

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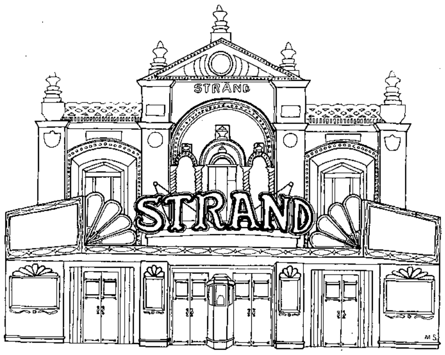
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through Feb. 5: At 6, "The Crazy Family" (1986; directed by Sogo Ishii; in Japanese); at 8, "Mes Petites Amoureuses" (1974; Jean Eustache; in French); and, at 10, "Every Man for Himself" (1980; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Jacques Dutronc, and Nathalie Baye.

Feb. 6: At 6, "Painters Painting" (1973; Emile de Antonio), a documentary; at 8, "Amulet of Ogum" (1975; Nelson Pereira Dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and, at 10, "Une Femme Douce" (1969; Robert Bresson; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Guy Frangin.

Feb. 7-8: At 4, "Les Carabiniers" (†); at 6, "Painters Painting;" at 8, "Amulet of Ogum;" and, at 10, "Une Femme Douce."

Feb. 10-12: At 6, "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (†); at 8, "Amulet of Ogum;" and, at 10, "Beware of a Holy Whore" (1970; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Lou Castel, Werner Schroeter, and Eddie Constantine.

From Feb. 13: At 6, "Dossier 51" (1978; Michel Deville; in English and French); at 8, "No Man's Land" (1985; Alain Tanner; in French); and, at 10, "Tokyo Story" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 5: "Brighton Beach Memoirs" (†). From Feb. 6: "The Decline of the American Empire" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Feb. 5: "The Color Purple" (†). From Feb. 6: "Light of Day" (Paul Schrader), with Michael J. Fox, Gena Rowlands and Joan Jett.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through Feb. 12: "Little Shop of Horrors" (†).

From Feb. 13: "Mannequin" (Michael Gottlieb), with Andrew McCarthy and Kim Cattrall.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Outrageous Fortune" (Arthur Hiller), with Bette Midler, Shelley Long, Peter Coyote, and George Carlin.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 5: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (†). From Feb. 6: "From the Hip" (Bob Clark), with Judd Nelson and Elizabeth Perkins.

Theatre 2: "Radio Days" (Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow.

Theatre 3: "Platoon" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through Feb. 5: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).

From Feb. 6: "Black Widow" (Bob Rafelson), with Debra Winger and Theresa Russell.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Blue Velvet" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through Feb. 5: "Allan Quatermain and the Lost City of Gold" (Gary Nelson), with Richard Chamberlain and Sharon Stone.

From Feb. 6: "Black Widow" (Bob Rafelson), with Debra Winger and Theresa Russell.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through Feb. 12: "The Morning After" (†).

From Feb. 13: "Mannequin" (Michael Gottlieb), with Andrew McCarthy and Kim Cattrall.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 5: "Crimes of the Heart" (†). From Feb. 6: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 5: "The Mosquito Coast" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford. From Feb. 6: To be announced.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 5: "The Fringe Dwellers" (Bruce Beresford), with Justine Saunders, Kristina Nehm, and Bob Maza. Feb. 6-12: "Blue Velvet" (†). From Feb. 13: "84 Charing Cross Road" (David Jones), with Anne Bancroft and Anthony Hopkins.

Theatre 2: "Outrageous Fortune" (Arthur Hiller), with Bette Midler, Shelley Long, Peter Coyote, and George Carlin.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Round Midnight" (Bertrand Tavernier), with Dexter Gordon.

Cinema 1 and 11, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 12: "Defense of the Realm" (David Drury), with Gabriel Byrne. From Feb. 13: "Duet for One" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Julie Andrews, Alan Bates, and Max von Sydow.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 5: "Betty Blue" (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle. From Feb. 6: "The Assault" (Fons Rademakers; in Dutch).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 5: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†). From Feb. 6: "Light of Day" (Paul Schrader), with Michael J. Fox, Gena Rowlands, and Joan Jett.

Theatre 2: "The Bedroom Window" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Little Shop of Horrors" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Radio Days" (Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow.

Theatre 2: "Platoon" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"My Sweet Little Village" (Jiří Menzel; a Czech film).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

Through Feb. 5: "Brighton Beach Memoirs" (†).

From Feb. 6: "Dead of Winter" (Arthur Penn), with Mary Steenburgen, Roddy McDowall, and Jan Rubes.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"The Bedroom Window" (†).

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 5: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan. From Feb. 6: "Light of Day" (Paul Schrader), with Michael J. Fox, Gena Rowlands, and Joan Jett.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 12: "Allan Quatermain and the Lost City of Gold" (Gary Nelson), with Richard Chamberlain and Sharon Stone. From Feb. 13: "Over the Top" (Menahem Golan), with Sylvester Stallone.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Critical Condition" (Michael Apted), with Richard Pryor.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 5: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy. From Feb. 6: "From the Hip" (Bob Clark), with Judd Nelson and Elizabeth Perkins.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through Feb. 12: "The Morning After" (†).

From Feb. 13: "Mannequin" (Michael Gottlieb), with Andrew McCarthy and Kim Cattrall.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "Filming Othello" (1978; directed by Orson Welles), a documentary.

Theatre 2: Feb. 4: "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman, Liv Ullmann, Lena Nyman, and Halvar Björk; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan. Feb. 5: "Kwaidan" (1965; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese). Feb. 6-7: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud. Feb. 8-9: "Sanjuro" (1963; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Dersu Uzala" (1978; Akira Kurosawa; a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian). Feb. 10-11: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "Fitzcarraldo" (1982; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale. Feb. 12: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent. Feb. 13-14: "Throne of Blood" (1957) and "Yojimbo" (1961), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 5: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan. From Feb. 6: "Come and See" (Elem Klimov; in Russian).

Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "Men . . ." (†); and "Sherman's March" (Ross McElwee).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Morning After" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Feb. 5: The New York Gay Film Festival.

From Feb. 6: "Brighton Beach Memoirs" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 12: "Marlene" (Maximilian Schell), a documentary. From Feb. 13: "Little Shop of Horrors" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Down by Law" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Hour of the Star" (Suzana Amaral; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Theatre 3: "A Room with a View" (†).

Theatre 4: "Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox), with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Outrageous Fortune" (Arthur Hiller), with Bette Midler, Shelley Long, Peter Coyote, and George Carlin.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 5: "Something Wild" (†). From Feb. 6: "Black Widow" (Bob Rafelson), with Debra Winger and Theresa Russell.

Theatre 3: "The Bedroom Window" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through Feb. 5: "Mona Lisa" (Neil Jordan), with Bob Hoskins, Cathy Tyson, and Michael Caine.

Feb. 6-12: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).

From Feb. 13: "The Color of Money" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Outrageous Fortune" (Arthur Hiller), with Bette Midler, Shelley Long, Peter Coyote, and George Carlin.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through Feb. 10: "Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox), with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb.

From Feb. 11: "The Good Father" (Mike Newell), with Anthony Hopkins.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

"Something Wild" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Feb. 5: "The Decline of the American Empire" (†).
From Feb. 6: "One Woman or Two" (Daniel Vigne; in English and French), with Gérard Depardieu, Sigourney Weaver, and Ruth Westheimer.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Feb. 5: "Sweet Country" (Michael Cacoyannis), with Jane Alexander and John Cullum.
From Feb. 6: "The Decline of the American Empire" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Feb. 5: "Brighton Beach Memoirs" (†).
From Feb. 6: "Dead of Winter" (Arthur Penn), with Mary Steenburgen, Roddy McDowall, and Jan Rudes.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Scene of the Crime" (André Téchiné; in French), with Catherine Deneuve.
Theatre 2: "Thérèse" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 12: "Ménage" (†). From Feb. 13: "Faces of Women" (Désiré Ecaré).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 12: "El Amor Brujo" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish). From Feb. 13: "Ménage" (†).
Theatre 2: "Malandro" (Ruy Guerra; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 5: "The Morning After" (†). From Feb. 6: "Black Widow" (Bob Rafelson), with Debra Winger and Theresa Russell.
Theatre 2: "A Room with a View" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Little Shop of Horrors" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 5: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (†). From Feb. 6: "From the Hip" (Bob Clark), with Judd Nelson and Elizabeth Perkins.
Theatre 3: "Radio Days" (Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow.
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 5: "Crimes of the Heart" (†). From Feb. 6: "Light of Day" (Paul Schrader), with Michael J. Fox, Gena Rowlands, and Joan Jett.
Theatre 5: "Platoon" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Bedroom Window" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 5: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons. From Feb. 6: "The Decline of the American Empire" (†).
Theatre 2: "Comic Magazine" (Yojiro Takita; in Japanese).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 5: "Critical Condition" (Michael Apted), with Richard Pryor. From Feb. 6: "Light of Day" (Paul Schrader), with Michael J. Fox, Gena Rowlands, and Joan Jett.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 12: "Blue Velvet" (†). From Feb. 13: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 5: "Allan Quatermain and the Lost City of Gold" (Gary Nelson), with Richard Chamberlain and Sharon Stone. From Feb. 6: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 5: "Down by Law" (†). Feb. 6-12: "The Fringe Dwellers" (Bruce Beresford), with Justine Saunders, Kristina Nehm, and Bob Maza. From Feb. 13: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 5: "The Mosquito Coast" (directed by Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford. From Feb. 6: "Black Widow" (Bob Rafelson), with Debra Winger and Theresa Russell.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 5: "She's Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee), with Tracy Camila Johns, Tommy Redmond Hicks, and Lee. From Feb. 6: To be announced.
Theatre 4: "Heartbreak Ridge" (†).
Theatre 5: "Little Shop of Horrors" (†).
Theatre 6: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 12: "Native Son" (Jerrold Freedman), with Oprah Winfrey, Elizabeth McGovern, and Victor Love. From Feb. 13: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 12: "The Color of Money" (†). From Feb. 13: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Platoon" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Critical Condition" (Michael Apted), with Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Color Purple" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, 49th St. near Seventh Ave. (757-7003)
"Lady and the Tramp" (1955), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (No performances Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 9-10.)

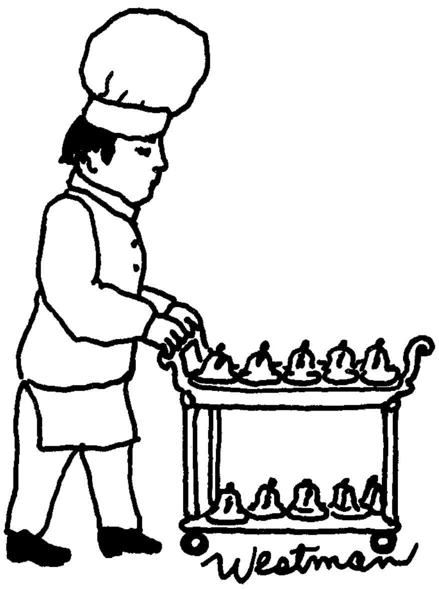
R.K.O. National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 12: "Wanted: Dead or Alive" (Gary Sherman), with Rutger Hauer. From Feb. 13: "Mannequin" (Michael Gottlieb), with Anthony McCarthy and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 5: "The Morning After" (†). From Feb. 6: "Light of Day" (Paul Schrader), with Michael J. Fox, Gena Rowlands, and Joan Jett.

R.K.O. Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)
Theatre 1: "Deadtime Stories" (Jeffrey Delman).
Theatre 2: "Allan Quatermain and the Lost City of Gold" (Gary Nelson), with Richard Chamberlain and Sharon Stone.

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 5: "Assassination" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland. From Feb. 6: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "The Bedroom Window" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 5: "Blood Simple" (1985; directed by Joel Coen), with John Getz, Dan Hedaya, Frances McDormand, and M. Emmet Walsh; and "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.
Feb. 6-7: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Monkey Business" (1952; Howard Hawks), with Cary Grant, Ginger Rogers, Charles Coburn, and Marilyn Monroe.
Feb. 8-10: "Yojimbo" (1961) and "Throne of Blood" (1957), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
Feb. 11-12: "When Father Was Away on Business" (1985; Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav); and "Closely Watched Trains" (1966; Jiří Menzel; a Czech film).
Feb. 13-14: "Fool for Love" (1985; Robert Altman), with Sam Shepard, Kim Basinger, Randy Quaid, and Harry Dean Stanton; and "Paris, Texas" (1984; Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.



Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Feb. 5: "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry" (1937; Alfred E. Green), with Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, and Sophie Tucker; and "Love Finds Andy Hardy" (1938; George B. Seitz), with Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Lana Turner, Lewis Stone, and Fay Holden.
Feb. 6-7: "The Harvey Girls" (1946; George Sidney), with Judy Garland, John Hodiak, and Angela Lansbury; and "Summer Stock" (1950; Charles Walters), with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, Phil Silvers, Gloria De Haven, and Eddie Bracken.
Feb. 8-9: "The Sterile Cuckoo" (†) and "Cabaret" (†).
Feb. 10-11: "Little Nellie Kelly" (†); and "In the Good Old Summer Time" (1949; Robert Z. Leonard), with Judy Garland and Van Johnson.
Feb. 12: "Judgment at Nuremberg" (†).
Feb. 13-14: "Presenting Lily Mars" (†) and "Babes on Broadway" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Feb. 4: "The Man Who Envied Women" (1985; Yvonne Rainer); and "A Film About a Woman Who . . ." (1982; Yvonne Rainer).
Feb. 5: "Broadway Danny Rose" (1984; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, and Nick Apollo Forte; and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972; Woody Allen), with Allen.
Feb 6: "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon; and "Don't Bother to Knock" (1952; Roy Baker), with Richard Widmark, Marilyn Monroe, and Anne Bancroft.
Feb 7: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (1983; Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins, Janet Suzman, and Anne Louise Lambert; and "Brimstone and Treacle" (1982; Richard Loncraine), with Sting, Joan Plowright, and Denholm Elliott.
Feb. 8: "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "In a Lonely Place" (1950; Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame.
Feb. 9: "Simone de Beauvoir" (1978; Josée Dayan and Malka Ribowska; in French), a documentary; and "Piaf—The Early Years" (1974; Guy Casaril; in French), with Brigitte Ariel.
Feb. 10: "Edge of the City" (†); and "All By Myself" (1983; Christian Blackwood), with Eartha Kitt.
Feb. 11: "Shame" (1968; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Hour of the Wolf" (1968; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann.
Feb. 12: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Play It Again, Sam" (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen.
Feb. 13-14: "The Awful Truth" (1937; Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "The Talk of the Town" (1942; George Stevens), with Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, and Ronald Colman.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Feb. 4: "Ballad of a Soldier" (1959; Grigori Chukhrai; in Russian); and "The Cranes Are Flying" (1957; Mikhail Kalatozov; in Russian).
Feb. 5: "At Long Last Love" (1975; Peter Bogdanovich), with Burt Reynolds, Cybill Shepherd, Eileen Brennan, and John Hillerman; and "Can-Can" (1960; Walter Lang), with Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier, and Louis Jourdan.
Feb. 6-7: "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff; and "Bongo Man" (1982; Stefan Paul), with Jimmy Cliff.
Feb. 8: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.
Feb. 9: "Twice in a Lifetime" (1985; Bud

Yorkin), with Gene Hackman, Ann-Margret, and Ellen Burstyn; and "Divorce American Style" (1967; Bud Yorkin), with Dick Van Dyke and Debbie Reynolds.

Feb. 10: "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles.

Feb. 11: "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano; and "Enormous Changes at the Last Minute" (1983; Ellen Hovde and Mirra Bank).

Feb. 12: "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus;" and "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975; Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones).

Feb. 13-14: "Sincerely Charlotte" (1986; Caroline Huppert; in French), with Isabelle Huppert; and "La Truite" (1983; Joseph Losey; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 4: "Tin Pan Alley" (1940; Walter Lang), with Alice Faye, Jack Oakie, and Betty Grable; and "The Great American Broadcast" (1941; Archie Mayo), with Alice Faye, Jack Oakie, and John Payne.

Feb. 5: "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" (1939; Alfred L. Werker), the second in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes-Dr. Watson series; and "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (1939), the first of the Rathbone-Bruce Holmes-Watson series.

Feb. 6-7: "The Guardsman" (1931; Sidney Franklin), with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt; and "Private Lives" (1931; Sidney Franklin), with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Reginald Denny.

Feb. 8-9: "Les Enfants Terribles" ("The Strange Ones;" 1949; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French); and "La Faute de L'Abbé Mouret" (1970; Georges Franju; in French).

Feb. 10: "Hell's Angels" (†) and "Wings" (†).

Feb. 11: "Performance" (1970; Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg), with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland.

Feb. 12: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933; Lowell Sherman) and "I'm No Angel" (1933; Wesley Ruggles), both with Mae West and Cary Grant.

Feb. 13-14: "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Feb. 5 at 2:30 and 6: "Notorious" (1946; directed by Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 2:30: "Walkabout" (1970; Nicolas Roeg), with Jenny Agutter. . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 6: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (1982; Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 2: "Walkabout." . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 5: "Frenzy" (1972; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jon Finch, Barry Foster, Barbara Leigh-Hunt, and Anna Massey. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 2: "Radio On" (1979; Chris Petit), with David Beames, Lisa Kreuzer, and Sting. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 5 and Feb. 9 at 2:30: "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam), with Phil Daniels, Mark Wingett, Sting, and Philip Davis. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 6: "Radio On." . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 2:30: "The Draughtsman's Contract." . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 6: "Odd Man Out" (1947; Carol Reed), with James Mason, Kathleen Ryan, Robert Beatty, Cyril Cusack, and Fay Compton. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 2:30: "Good Time Girl" (1948; David MacDonald), with Jean Kent, Flora Robson, and Dennis Price. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 6: "The Brothers" (1948; David MacDonald), with Patricia Roc, Will Fyffe, and Maxwell Reed. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 2:30: "Dusty Ermine" ("Hideout in the Alps;" 1936; Bernard Vorhaus), with Ronald Squire, Anthony Bushell, Jane Baxter, and Margaret Rutherford. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 6 and Feb. 14 at 2: "The Last Journey" (1935; Bernard Vorhaus), with Hugh Williams, Godfrey Tearle, and Judy Gunn. Mr. Vorhaus will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 5: "Dusty Ermine."

Theatre 2: Feb. 6 at 3 and 6:30, Feb. 7 at 2:30 and 5:30, Feb. 8 at 2:30 and 5:30, and Feb. 9 at 3: Five different programs of films by Rudy Burckhardt. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 6:30: "Slow Moves" (1983; Jon Jost). Mr. Jost will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 3 and 6:30: Two different programs of films by Rudy Burckhardt. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 3 and 6:30: "Argentina, the Broken Silence" (1986; Victor Fridman), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 3 and 6:30 and Feb. 14 at 2:30 and 5:30: Four different programs of films by Rudy Burckhardt.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Before Hollywood: Turn-of-the-Century Film from American Archives," a program of sixty-nine pristine 35-mm. prints, from 1894 to 1915, arranged in six programs. Through Feb. 7: Program II, "Pleasures and Pitfalls," contains twelve films from 1904-08, with showings Wednesday through Saturday at 11:30 and 2. . . . ¶ Feb. 8-14: Program III, "America in Transition," contains nine films from 1909-12, with showings Sunday at 3; Tuesday at 1:30, 3:45, and 6; and Wednesday through Saturday at 11:30 and 2:30. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Babes on Broadway (1941)—The third of the three Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney M-G-M musicals directed by Busby Berkeley. The plot is something forgettable about Judy and Mickey and other youngsters putting on a musical as a benefit for a settlement house for poor children. But Garland and Rooney dancing together are a happy sight. He, Richard Quine, and Ray McDonald are three young hoofers billed as "The Three Balls of Fire," and he gets to do some terrific rowdy dancing. He also has a wild impersonation of Carmen Miranda, the "Bombshell from Brazil," as well as somewhat more subdued takeoffs on George M. Cohan, Walter Hampden's Cyrano de Bergerac, and Harry Lauder. Garland's impressions (of Sarah Bernhardt, Fay Templeton, and Blanche Ring) are less vivid but pleasant enough. With James Gleason, Virginia Weidler, Fay Bainter, and Donald Meek. (Regency; Feb. 13-14.)

The Bedroom Window—With Steve Guttenberg, Elizabeth McGovern, and Isabelle Huppert; directed by Curtis Hanson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gemini, U. A. East, 23rd St. West Triplex, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and U. A. Twin.)

Blue Velvet—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/22/86.) (Eastside Cinema, Waverly, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Baronet; Feb. 6-12.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—The 1982 play—the first in Neil Simon's semi-autobiographical trilogy—was acclaimed as a deepening of Simon's talent, a move beyond wisecracking Broadway entertainment to something true. The film is a faithful version, adapted by Simon himself and directed by Gene Saks, who staged the play for L.A. and Broadway, and it features such celebrated performers as Blythe Danner, Bob Dishy, and Judith Ivey. They certainly help, but the whole experience of this lower-middle-class-family drama set in 1937 is so drab that even these performers finally fade into the dark wallpaper. The material doesn't have the noisy abrasiveness of many of Simon's earlier plays-into-films; you're not subjected to verbal exchanges that beat a tattoo on your skull. However, it's not exactly an improvement to get near-realistic misery: his life as a horny fifteen-year-old (Jonathan Silverman) with a closed-minded, suspicious mother (Danner). This woman who kills any possibility of domestic pleasures—it's like living with a hanging judge—would breed rage. But Simon doesn't seem to know what to do with her (or with the boy's responses to her). The film's tone is jokey nostalgia. The boy sees the lunacy in his mother's behavior, but he sees it humorously, as if it gave him no pain. Simon instinctively makes things easy and palatable, and there's a penalty: it's the retrograde, pepless snooziness of the picture. You come out feeling half dead. (1/26/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount; through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 6.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical. Taking its form from political cabaret, it's a satire of temptations. In a prodigious balancing act, Bob Fosse, the choreographer-director, keeps the period—Berlin, 1931—at a cool distance. We see the decadence as garish and sleazy; yet we also see the animal energy in it—everything seems to become sexualized. With Joel Grey as our devil-doll host—the master of ceremonies—and Liza Minnelli (in her first singing role on the screen) as exuberant, corruptible Sally Bowles, chasing after the life of a headliner no matter what; Minnelli has such gaiety and electricity that she becomes a star before our eyes. Also with Michael York, Helmut Griem, Marisa Berenson, and Fritz Wepper. (Regency; Feb. 8-9.)

Les Carabiniers (1963)—Jean-Luc Godard's film about two blank-faced conscripts who go off to war thinking it a great opportunity to get rich is oddly distanced and pedagogical, and it stumbles along—in a deliberately uninvolving style—for its first hour. But when the men return with their loot, in the form of picture postcards, the sequence is conceived with great wit and is brilliantly prolonged; this huge joke seems to be what everything else was heading toward. From a script by Godard, Jean Gruault, and Roberto Rossellini. In French. (Public Theatre; Feb. 7-8, at 4.)

The Color of Money—This Martin Scorsese film takes up Paul Newman as Fast Eddie Felson twenty-five years after the close of the 1961 Robert Rossen film "The Hustler," in which Eddie, the new poolroom champion, quit the game. Now he's a silver-haired Chicago liquor salesman, a likable cynical sharpie who himself stakes young hustlers (for sixty per cent of their winnings). When he sees the raw, cocky upstart Vincent (Tom Cruise), he makes a deal to train the kid. Newman brings off some beautiful smiling deviltry. The kick he gets out of acting is inseparable from Eddie's con artistry, and, with the help of pungent low-life dialogue by Richard Price, who wrote the script, he carries the action along. But about midway the joy goes out of Newman's performance, which (despite the efforts of a lot of good actors) is the only life in the movie. With Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Helen Shaver, Forest Whitaker, John Turturro, and Bill Cobbs. (11/3/86) (Embassy; through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Guild; starting Feb. 13.)

The Color Purple (1985)—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. The women are generous, hardworking, artistically gifted, and understanding; the men are lazy, lecherous oppressors. Probably the book gets by with its rampant female chauvinism because the story is put in the mouth of the battered fourteen-year-old heroine Celie; it's written in a raw, cadenced dialect and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might—the picture seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover as Celie's brute of a husband, Willard Pugh as her stepson, Margaret Avery as the woman she falls in love with, and Oprah Winfrey as the powerhouse Sofia. The gooey score is by Quincy Jones. (12/30/85) (Movieland. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through Feb. 5.)

Crimes of the Heart—Diane Keaton, Jessica Lange, and Sissy Spacek playing sisters and sparking off each other are something to see. The play, by Beth Henley—a comedy about wacked-out normality, set in Hazlehurst, Mississippi—has its goofy charm; it's thin material, though, and her screen adaptation is just the usual "opening out." But the three actresses put so much faith in their roles that they carry the movie, triumphantly. They take the play's borderline pathos about heartbreakingly screwed-up lives—it's a mixture of looniness and lyricism—and give it real vitality. These are inspired performances. With Sam Shepard, Tess Harper, David Carpenter, and Hurd Hatfield. Directed (without much flair) by Bruce Beresford. (12/15/86) (R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, Manhattan, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Feb. 6.)

The Decline of the American Empire—The French-Canadian writer-director Denys Arcand takes on the subject of sex in a period of social change, without the binding ties of family and religion or strong commitment to the future—sex in a period when the eight principal characters (aging middle-class intellectuals connected with the History Department of a Montreal university) no longer believe in postponing pleasure. On this Friday afternoon in autumn, the women work out together at a gym in the city while the men, gathered at a lakeside cottage, prepare a festive dinner. Both groups talk about sex, and when they're together in the long evening they go on talking about sex, but more discreetly—with less bawdiness and bravura. Arcand isn't out to expose these people as spiritually empty; he's trying to present a truthful look at how they live. There's nothing weighty in his approach; it's a lovely, very unassuming picture, yet there is enough drama so that by the end a subtle shift in all the relationships is necessary. And the foreground action and the flashbacks that had been providing the background begin to merge. In French. (12/15/86) (Paris. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Cinema 3, and Metro Cinema; starting Feb. 6.)

Down by Law—Jim Jarmusch's low-key minimalist comedy about American anomie, shot in black-and-white. The setting is New Orleans, where two deadbeats—Jack, an ineffectual pimp (John Lurie), and Zack, an itinerant disk jockey (Tom Waits)—become the victims of frameups and are put in the same prison cell, where they vegetate in hostile silence. Everything changes when a little, life-loving Italian, Roberto (Roberto Benigni), is put in with them; the three become pals, grinning and talking together. And, eventually, Roberto devises an escape plan. Jarmusch's passive style has its wit, but the style is deadening here until he brings in Roberto—a character out of folk humor. With Ellen Barkin, Billie Neal, Nicoletta Braschi, Rockets Redglare, and Vernel Bagneris. (10/20/86) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Feb. 5.)

Edge of the City (1957)—Sidney Poitier is startlingly good as an intelligent, easygoing foreman on the docks who is destroyed by his friendship with a weak, unstable white man (John Cassavetes). Martin Ritt, directing his first movie, sustains the tension with great skill but cannot resist clinching the case with gratuitous violence. However, it's a solid, often powerful movie. With Jack Warden and Ruby Dee. (Thalia; Feb. 10.)

Heartbreak Ridge—Clint Eastwood, who directed, plays (so to speak) a Marine gunnery sergeant—a Medal of Honor winner from the Korean War and a decorated Vietnam vet—whose abhorrence of being put in a passive sexual position seems to be what makes him super-tough and manly. The marines in his platoon stand waiting while Old Gunny wraps his jowls around witless scurrilous insults, all involving what he's going to shove up their orifices. In the last half hour, the film presents proof of what Gunny's training does for his platoon: it celebrates Grenada as a victory that evens the score, after a tie in Korea and a loss in Vietnam. This movie is offensive on just about every level. Written by James Carabatsos; with Marsha Mason, Mario Van Peebles, Everett McGill, Moses Gunn, Eileen Heckart, Bo Svenson, Boyd Gaines, and Arlen Dean Snyder. (12/29/86) (Criterion Center.)

Hell's Angels (1930)—Howard Hughes financed, produced, and directed this First World War story when he was only in his early twenties. The aviation footage is still something to see, with great shots of zeppelin warfare; toward the end of the first half, a zeppelin looms through the clouds, which part at moments to show London below. And the dogfight sequences, with a camera mounted on the front of a plane, still have a kinetic immediacy. There are experts who believe that this spectacular footage, which Hughes worked out on blackboards and with model planes before he staged it, contains scenes that have never been surpassed. But the story, involving two brothers, Oxford men who join the Royal Flying Corps (Ben Lyon and James Hall), and the smoldering woman they both love (Jean Harlow), is plain awful. The film was planned as a silent, but after it was previewed Hughes decided to add sound. That's when Harlow was hired (replacing Greta Nissen, who had a Norwegian accent). When it opened, after thirty-one months in production, audiences howled at the corny story and at Harlow's ludicrous wriggling and slinking. Reactions to the film have always been divided—it inspires both admiration and laughter. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 10.)

Judgment at Nuremberg (1961)—Stanley Kramer's version of the meaning of the Nuremberg trials, from a script by Abby Mann. Spencer Tracy is the simple, humane super-judge, and the cast includes Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Maximilian Schell, Marlene Dietrich, William Shatner, Werner Klemperer, and Alan Baxter. When Mann's screenplay won the Academy Award, he accepted it not only for himself "but for all intellectuals." (Regency; Feb. 12.)

Little Nellie Kelly (1940)—Judy Garland plays a dual role (in the early sequences, she impersonates an adult) in this cornball musical from M-G-M. She does a rousing job on "It's a Great Day for the Irish," but you have to be a real fan to put up with this one. With George Murphy and Charles Winninger; Norman Taurog directed. (Regency; Feb. 10-11.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Jivey, senseless fun. This musical is taken from the Off Broadway show that was based on Roger Corman's 1960 quickie—a junky travesty of sci-fi genetic-mutation pictures. Rick Moranis plays Seymour, the assistant in a skid-row flower shop, circa 1960, who tends the ravenous little flowering cactus that he names after the sexpot clerk Audrey (Ellen Greene). Her steady date is a sadistic biker-dentist (Steve Martin), and Bill Murray plays this brute's pain-freak patient. The Martin-Murray sequence is a classic encounter: a piece of transcendent slapstick. The movie is nothing but blown-up cartoon-style friskiness, but it makes you feel as inexplicably sappy and contented as a kid used to feel on Sunday morning lying on his stomach reading the funnies. The script and the lyrics are by Howard Ashman; the music is by Alan Menken. Directed by Frank Oz. (1/12/87) (Beekman, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ New Gramercy; through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin; starting Feb. 13.)

Men . . .—When the handsome, self-centered Julius (Heiner Lauterbach), a Munich advertising executive, discovers that his wife (Ul-

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rike Kriener) has been having an affair with the oafish Stefan (Uwe Ochsenknecht), a long-haired bohemian, he wants to know what Stefan's attraction is, so he assumes a false name and moves in with him. Julius takes some kind of revenge by turning Stefan into an orderly bourgeois with a regular job; while that happens, whimsical gags are tossed together with a jocular feminist exposé of men's attitudes toward women. The picture is harmless and insipid, in the mode of French farces such as "Cousin, Cousine;" it sags in the middle and then collapses in an absurdist ending. Written and directed by Doris Dörrie. In German. (9/8/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Ménage—The first half hour of this sex farce is wonderfully brisk and slam-bang provocative: the writer-director Bertrand Blier violates old formulas and experiments with ideas of subversion and chaos. Gérard Depardieu is the burglar who, one night in a café, overhears the callous bitchy wife, Miou-Miou, bawling out her loving husband, Michel Blanc, because he can't make enough money to please her. Enamored of the mousy husband, Depardieu takes the two along on his surreally easy burglaries, waiting for his chance to bed the man. By the time that Miou-Miou has been sold to a pimp and the two men are in drag, working as prostitutes, Blier is trying so hard to be outrageous that he loses the beat; the outrageousness comes to seem another kind of bondage to formula. In French. (Lincoln Plaza; through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; starting Feb. 13.)

The Morning After—Jane Fonda gives a raucous-voiced, down-in-the-dirty performance that has some of the charge of her Bree in "Klute," back in 1971. As Alex, a former screen actress whose career blew up in scandal, she still has her face and her figure, but she has a hard, tortured look under her fluffy blond hair, and she drinks so much she has blackouts. In the opening scene, she wakes up in bed Thanksgiving morning with a man she can't remember ever meeting; he has a knife sticking out of his heart. The director, Sidney Lumet, keeps things efficiently paced, but he doesn't build the thriller elements that would give the film the kick it needs, and he fails to establish a couple of the important characters (played by Raul Julia and Diane Salinger, both miscast). The solid Jeff Bridges, who plays opposite Fonda, could be a good foil for her flare-ups, and if their relationship had been developed maybe they would be more vivid and resonate a little. But all the forced, phony elements come together at the end and bring the picture down. (12/29/86) (Waverly. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St., and R.K.O. National Twin; through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema, and 86th St. East; through Feb. 12.)

Peggy Sue Got Married—Distressed by her marital troubles, Peggy Sue (Kathleen Turner), the mother of two grownup children, collapses at the twenty-fifth reunion of her high-school class, and when she wakes up she discovers that she has gone back in time to the spring of 1960. Directed by Francis Coppola, this is a dream movie that asks whether Peggy Sue, knowing what she does at forty-three, should marry the same boy—passionate Charlie (Nicolas Cage), the only man she ever dated—knowing that he'll turn into the man who introduces himself on television as Crazy Charlie, the Appliance King. The underlying question is: Should Peggy Sue reconcile with her husband or go ahead and get a divorce? Coppola's efforts to bring depth to this material that has no depth make the picture seem groggy. It's as if he were trying to reach through a veil of fog. With Barbara Harris, Barry Miller, and Kevin J. O'Connor. (10/20/86) (Gemini; through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Guild; Feb. 6-12. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad, and Embassy; starting Feb. 13.)

Platoon—Vietnam, as seen by the writer-director Oliver Stone, who dropped out of Yale and, feeling, he says, that he needed to be an anonymous common soldier, enlisted and saw action with the 25th Infantry along the Cambodian border. Charlie Sheen plays Chris, the autobiographical figure (who, regrettably, narrates the movie by reading aloud the letters he writes home to his grandmother). Chris finds two authority figures in two sergeants who represent good and evil. Willem Dafoe's Sgt. Elias is a supersensitive hippie pothead, who cares about the men—he's a veteran fighter who's kept his soul. Tom Berenger's Sgt. Barnes is a kickass boozer—a psycho, whose scarred, dead-eyed face suggests the spirit of war. There are fine, scary scenes, but there are others where you think, It's a bit much. The movie crowds you; it doesn't give you room to have an honest emotion. And when Chris calmly, deliberately shoots a fellow-soldier, and the murder is presented as an unambiguous, justified execution, you may wonder at the mixture of war elegy and pulp revenge fantasy. With Keith David, Forest Whitaker, and Kevin Dillon. Cinematography by Robert Richardson. (1/12/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

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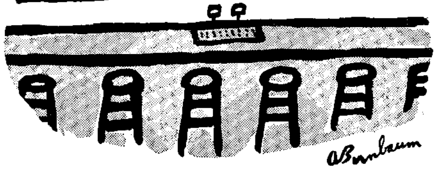
Presenting Lily Mars (1943)—Modest, second-rate M-G-M musical movie starring Judy Garland, with Van Heflin, Fay Bainter, Richard Carlson, and Spring Byington, and the orchestras of Tommy Dorsey and Bob Crosby. The score is undistinguished. Norman Taurog directed. (Regency; Feb. 13-14.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Something Wild—Terrific. Jonathan Demme's romantic screwball comedy isn't just about a carefree kook (Melanie Griffith) and a pompous man from Wall Street (Jeff Daniels). The movie is about crossing over—about getting high on anarchic, larcenous behavior and then being confronted with ruthless, sadistic criminality. This rough-edged comedy has a freedom that takes off from its genre framework; it breaks conventions and turns into a scary slapstick thriller. Demme weaves the stylization of rock videos into the fabric of the movie; there are almost fifty songs (or parts of songs), several of them performed on-screen. This is a party movie with both a dark and a light side. With Ray Liotta, Dana Preu, and Margaret Colin. (11/17/86) (New Carnegie. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Feb. 5.)

Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home—Things are fairly comatose in space, and you may start feeling passive and depressed, but then the seven crewmates travel from the twenty-third century back to twentieth-century San Francisco to save a pair of humpback whales, and the encounters there between the seven and the more primitive San Franciscans allow for a few modest jokes. Here's a typical scene: Chekov (Walter Koenig) has been badly injured and is unconscious in a hospital, where he is about to undergo an emergency operation. In order to save him from the barbarities of twentieth-century surgery, Bones (DeForest Kelley) hurriedly—and furtively—cures him by placing a small disk on his forehead. The scene is meant to be comic, but, with Leonard Nimoy directing, Chekov doesn't wake immediately—he wakes gradually; and when he's asked his name and rank he takes so long answering that any possible humor leaks out of the scene (which has no other reason for existence). Some of the kidding around is fairly lighthearted, and William Shatner's Kirk is less stoic here than in "III"—he's pleasantly daffy. The others in the crew also have an easy, parodistic tone. But the picture doesn't have much beyond the interplay among them and the jokey scenes in San Francisco. There's practically nothing to look at, and almost every effect involving the actors is too slow. Catherine Hicks is the teary-eyed marine biologist. (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex, through Feb. 5.)



The Sterile Cuckoo (1969)—Liza Minnelli's sad, quizzical persona—the gangling body and the features that look too big for the face—are ideal equipment for the role of a desperate, funny, imaginative college girl in this surprisingly gentle, surprisingly good film, directed by Alan J. Pakula. The screenplay is by Alvin Sargent; adapted from John Nichols' novel. With Wendell Burton. (Regency; Feb. 8-9.)

Thérèse—Shot in a diorama in a richly austere visual style—the actors appear against a mottled, opaque backdrop—this Alain Cavalier film is undoubtedly a feat of some sort. (But perhaps it's no more than an art curiosity.) It concentrates our attention on the bare, masterly images (lighted by Philippe Rousselot) that come out of the darkness, and on tiny sounds and whispered bits of conversation. The script, by Cavalier and his daughter, Camille de Casabianca, is a minimalist version of the story of the young girl who at fifteen got permission to enter the Carmelite order; she died of tuberculosis in 1897, at twenty-four, and was canonized and became popular as St. Theresa of Lisieux, the Little Flower of Jesus, and the model of the pure woman. (This is at least the fourth French movie she has inspired.) What Cavalier's version gives us is the beaming eagerness of a girl (Catherine Mouchet) who seems born to be a nun. She takes completely literally her marriage to Christ, and burns with love for her bridegroom. For Thérèse, carnal passion and spiritual passion seem fused. But Cavalier's formal, noncommittal style is too measured for you to get any sense that you're observing life in a convent. He walls off Thérèse's inner struggle, and since nothing happens to her outwardly, she becomes only an aesthetic or possibly erotic object. And after a while the film's austerity may begin to seem as repressive as the cloistered life. In French. (1/26/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grownup children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (Public Theatre; starting Feb. 13, showings at 10.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her (1967)—Godard's picture, with Marina Vlady as a lower-middle-class wife in the outskirts of Paris who becomes a prostitute—respectably parking her children first—in order to buy bourgeois clothes and American cigarettes. The social irony is simply and swiftly confirmed. The "her" of the title probably refers as much to Paris as to the heroine. In French. (Public Theatre; Feb. 10-12, at 6.)

Wings (1927)—With Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers, directed by William A. Wellman. Fine slam-bang hokum about airmen in the First World War, with a minute, steel-jawed appearance by the very young Gary Cooper. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 10.)

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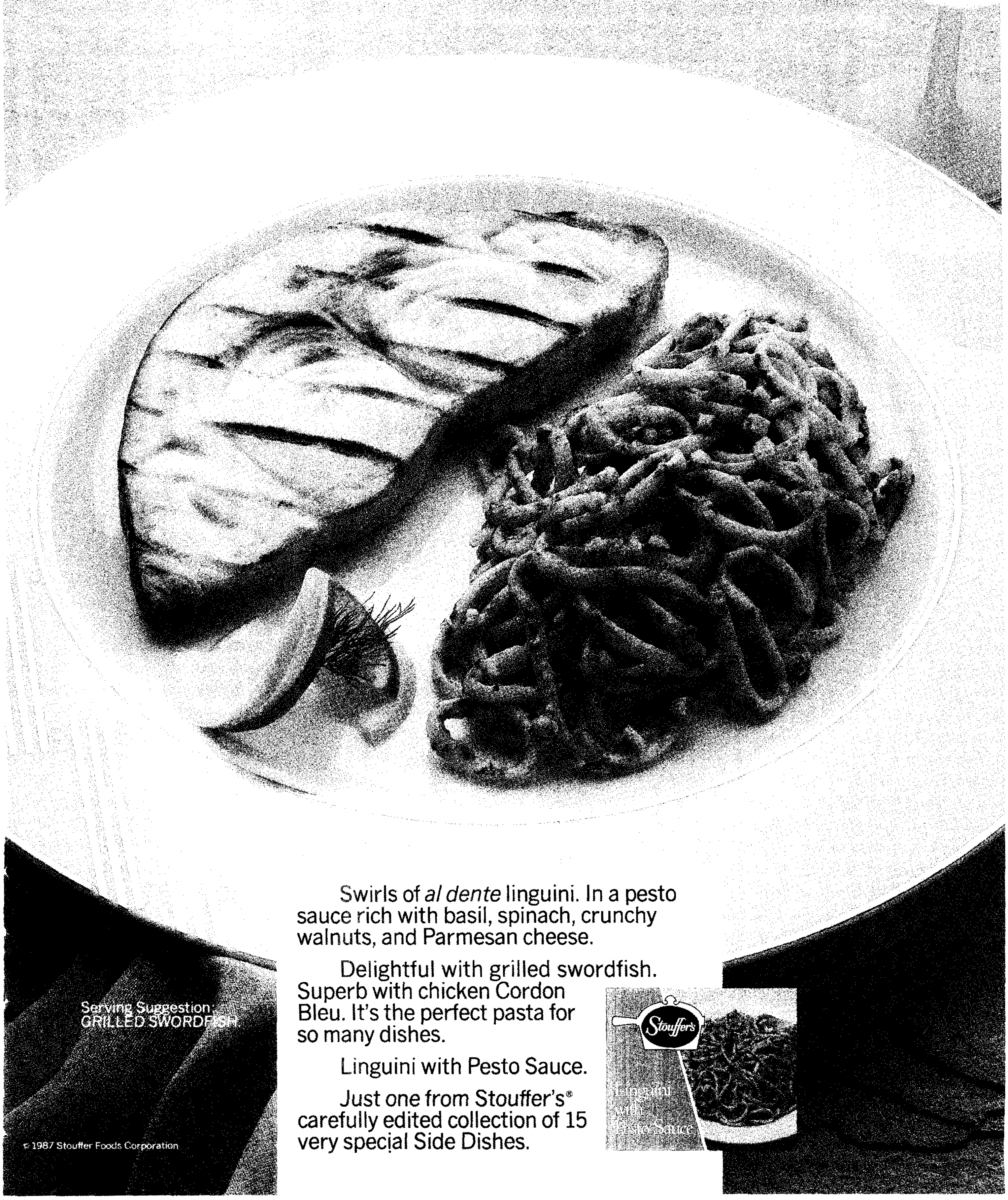

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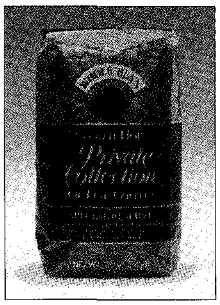

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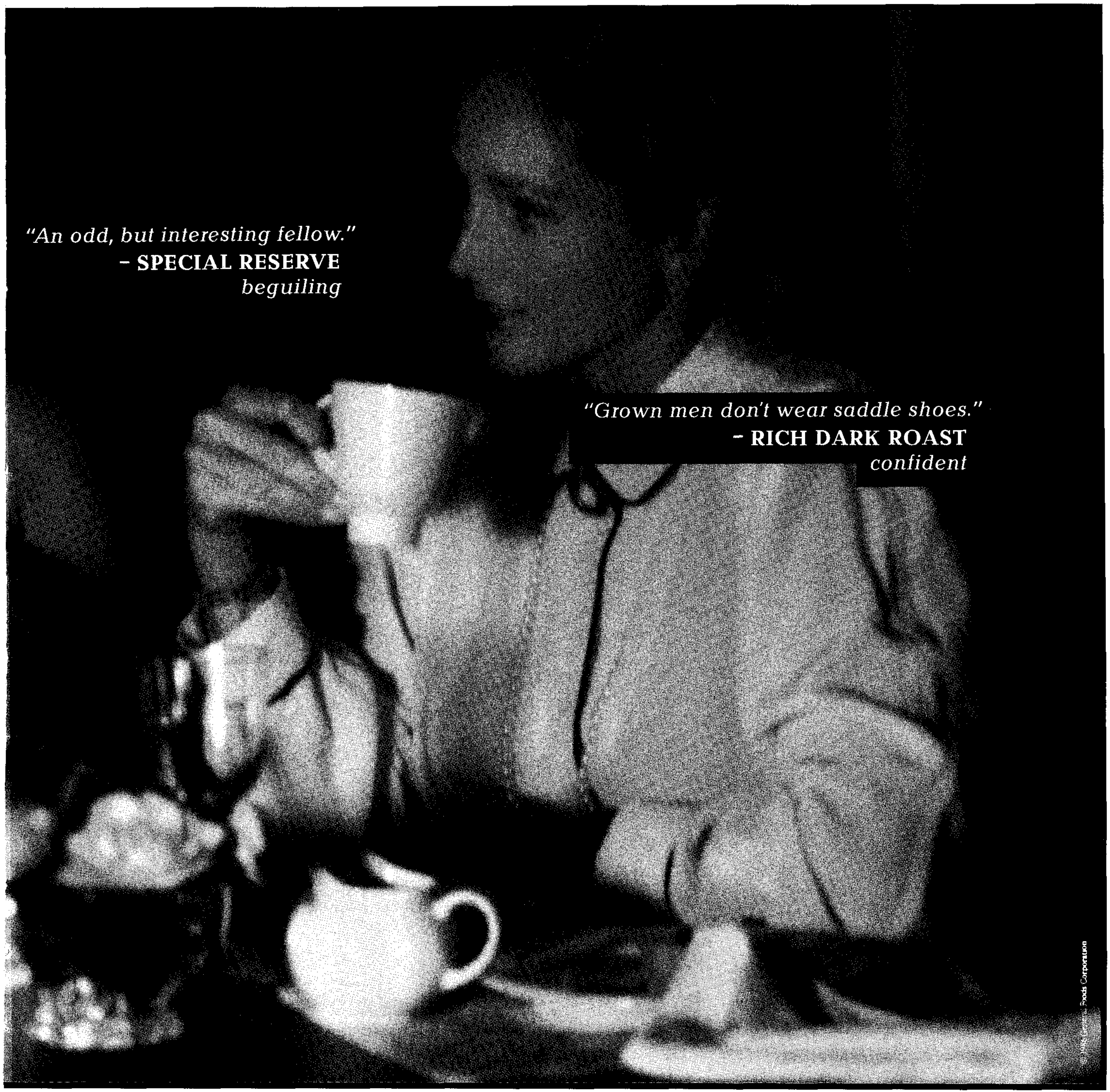
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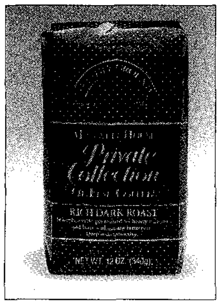
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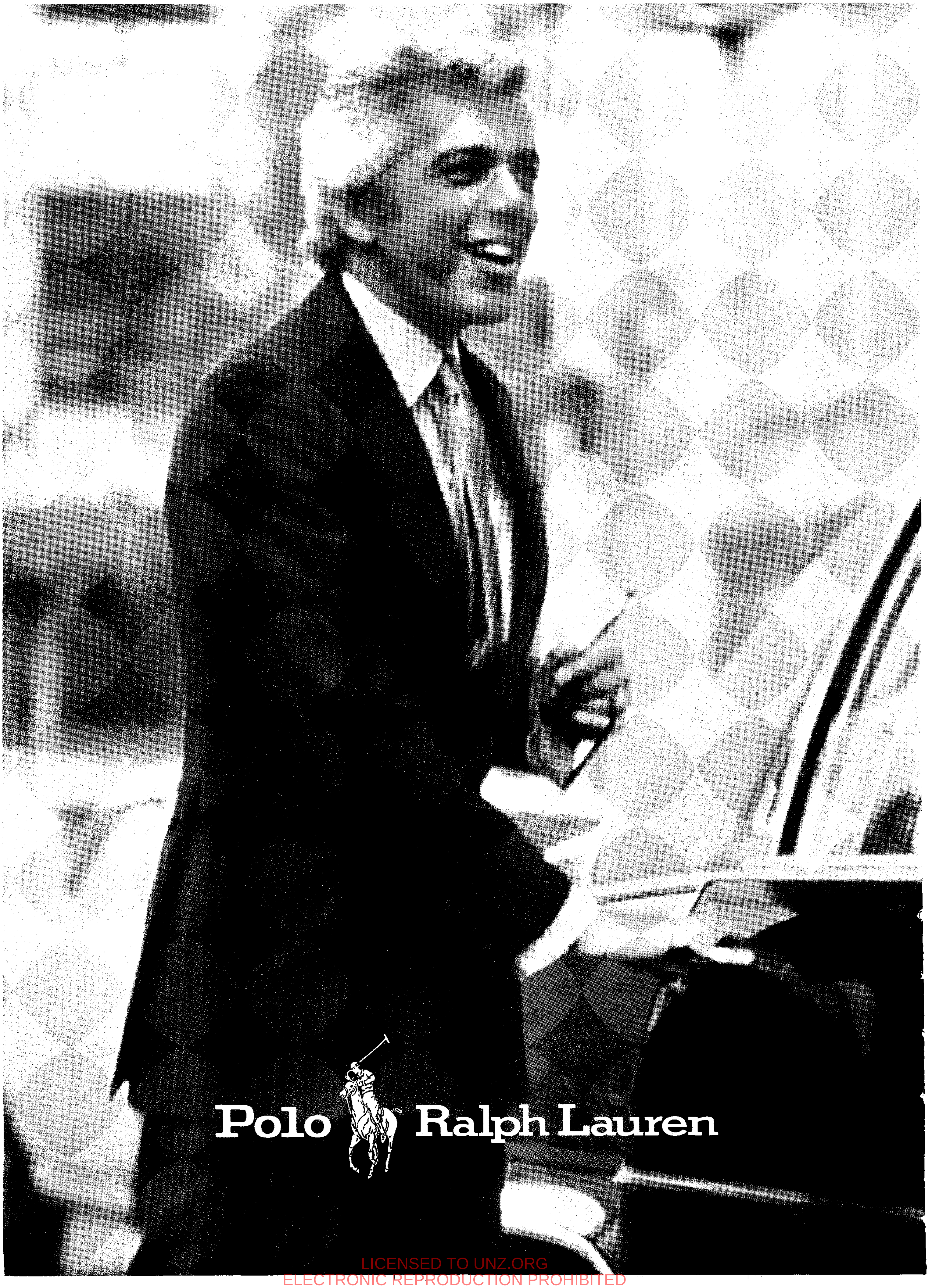
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN an age of pseudo events, the State of the Union Message, it seems to us, is always a real event. Perhaps the reason is that it is the one speech by the President that occurs every year at the same time and in the same place, with the same audience, and with the same ritual introductions, so that a sort of frame is placed around it which connects it to the past and encourages recollection and comparison. Or perhaps the reason is that in the audience are the highest officials of all three branches of government, including, of course, people from both parties, so that no single public-relations script can be imposed on the occasion. Whatever the reason, something deep gets said about the United States at that moment—if not always by the words the President speaks, then by the demeanor of the audience and the mood of the event. This year, what we all saw was the battle of the ovations. At the beginning of the speech, it was chiefly the Republicans who stood and cheered—when the President promised to support the Contras in Nicaragua, when he promised to proceed with the Strategic Defense Initiative. The Democrats did not get their chance until the President said, "The federal deficit is outrageous." Then they jumped to their feet. The Republicans, seemingly caught a little off guard, followed suit. It was a peculiar moment. The demonstration by the Democratic majority was hardly laudatory. It was hostile, subversive. They were clapping, but the clapping wasn't applause. The Republicans, not wanting to join in an unfriendly demonstration but not wanting to seem indifferent to the budget deficit, either, were reluctant participants. The President looked wary. The ovation went on and on. The legislators began to smile at one another, and some seemed to giggle. A silliness seemed to creep into the proceedings, and the whole occasion began to deteriorate. The President seemed to lose his audience, which became more occupied with itself than with him and seemed now to be looking through him, or beyond him. It was plain that although President Reagan was in good health the mysterious political force—sometimes called Reaganism—by which he dominated American politics for more than six years was spent. And what had Reaganism been? Had it been public relations? Ideology? Policy? Government? Mood? Magic? In the sphere of foreign affairs, it had been a balm to a public whose pride was injured by the country's defeat in the Vietnam War. Here it took the form of abundant patriotic pageantry, and often policy itself could be seen as part of the pageantry. It did not take the form of extensive or protracted military intervention. There was only the invasion of Grenada. Grenada—population 96,000, and more a sort of township than a real country—provided an opportunity to *appear* to take dramatic and decisive military action without having to pay the cost in lives which would undoubtedly have had to be paid in an invasion of, say, Nicaragua. In sum, the Administration was aggressive in its talk but fairly restrained in its actions, and this combination apparently suited the public well, for the public, even as it wanted the country somehow to assert itself in the world, showed little taste (to judge by the opinion polls) for protracted military adventures of the Vietnam type. For those who did favor such adventures, the public's failure to back up its approval of a tough philosophy with support for tough actions was frustrating, and they spoke despairingly of a national loss of nerve. But for those who cared for neither the symbolism nor the actuality of toughness the public's inconsistency was a saving grace. They found more wisdom in the public's failure to uphold its principles than in the principles themselves.

A similar gap between words and

actions opened up in the domestic manifestations of Reaganism. Here the supposed first order of business was cutting back on big government and its big spending, but in practice it turned out that budget cuts in spending on domestic programs were more than fully restored by increases in military spending, which apparently was somehow not quite considered to *be* government spending. Meanwhile, taxes were being cut, and the result was the huge federal budget deficit. Just as the tough talk in foreign policy was unmatched by a willingness to sacrifice lives, the tough policy on government spending was unmatched by a willingness to sacrifice dollars, either in the form of cuts of beloved programs or in the form of increased taxes. In truth, in the Reagan years there has been little willingness shown by any Americans to make sacrifices for what they believe in, and for that reason, perhaps, Reaganism had always had more bluff than substance in it. But whereas in foreign policy the failure to back up the tough words with tough actions pleased at least some people—and maybe most—in domestic policy this same failure led to the indebtedness deplored by all. Hence the unanimous, if complex, ovation that greeted the President's declaration that the budget deficit was outrageous. On that much, everyone could agree. (One wonders, though, how much of an ovation there would have been if the President had presented a realistic solution, such as raising taxes.) Now that the Reagan magic was gone, the legislators would have to face the actualities that Reaganism had not dealt with. The debt was real, just as the world was real. And real policies would be required to cope with it.

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Overloaded

"THERE are three professions that you can't make money at—poet, classical composer, and astrologer," David Hayes said the other morning. He's an astrologer. He's the only astrologer who regularly advertises his services in the *Yale Alumni Magazine*. He has an undergraduate degree in philosophy from Yale (Class of '59), and he is a veteran of the Coast Guard Reserve, the United States Army, the Guggenheim Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, a few cultural foundations, the New York City Department of Welfare, Harvard, Columbia, the Sorbonne, and, briefly, the editorship of the *Astrological Review*. Although Mr. Hayes pays his annual dues to the American Federation of Astrologers, he will concede without much coaxing that he is virtually the only practitioner around who knows how to read an astrological chart. "There are a lot of dilettantes, who have no knowledge or discipline," he says. "I'm the only educated astrologer I know. I'm the only person I know who's doing exactly what I'm doing. I'm the only person I know practicing *classical* astrology. I spent twenty-five years studying it. I spent six years at Columbia doing graduate work in what was called the Program for Ancient Studies, in which for a time I was the only student. What it did was to give me carte blanche to study whatever I wanted—math, astronomy, ancient Greek, history of science, Near Eastern languages, Egyptian hieroglyphs, ancient and Near Eastern religion, art history, mythology. I was on the G.I. bill."

A thorough astrological reading rendered by David Hayes costs two hundred and fifty dollars. This bargain includes a plotting of one's natal chart and of one's secondary progressions and solar returns, once a year. (If you want him to plot your primary directions, symbolic directions, lunar returns, transits, and the like, that may cost extra.) Along the way, Mr. Hayes throws in a brief history lecture defending the purity of astrology at its classical roots. In twenty minutes or so, he covers five thousand years. He starts out with Babylonian cuneiforms and works his way through Egypt, ancient Greece, and ancient Rome, then hops to the Renaissance, skips to the eighteenth century, and jumps to the present. The ancient Greeks, in particular, were his kind of people.

"The Greek attitude toward astrology was not occult," he says. "Greek astrology was translated into Arabic in the fifth century, and later it got medieval complications. It became a very overloaded conceptual system, very messy. After the original sources had been dragged around the Middle East for a few thousand years, the result was a hideously garbled tradition. Imagine a beautiful Greek temple that has had added to it a Moorish dome, minarets, a Gothic tower, and Renaissance windows. You have an enormous disaster. It's to throw up over. By the time the eighteenth century rolled around, astrology was regarded as garbage. However, in that garbage there was something alive that people missed. We're now eliminating all that garbage."

A lot of Mr. Hayes' clients, it seems, are referred to him by psychiatrists. "It turns out that there's an honorable tradition of astrology in psychotherapy, going back to the beginning," he says. "There are some psychiatrists who have referred all their patients to me. I'm talking about people with severe disorders. One doctor told me that on average I've saved his patients at least six months of therapy. And they're grateful. Astrology talks about Jupiter, Mars, the sun, the moon. It doesn't make you feel guilty. It doesn't talk about something your mother or father did."

The room in which Mr. Hayes works contains two small windows, two floor-to-ceiling bookcases, a potted palm, an aquarium, a chair, and a table. It's at one end of a fifth-floor-walkup railroad flat in the East Seventies, where Mr. Hayes has lived for twenty-five years. The rent now runs a hundred dollars a month. A hot plate sits on the counter next to the sink in what passes for the kitchen. The books stacked on the table the other day included "Principles of Anatomy and Physiology," "Anatomy Coloring Book," "An Outline of Chinese Acupuncture," "Taber's Cyclopedic Medical Dictionary," and "Staying Healthy with the Seasons." There were several globes here and there around the apartment and also several small replicas of the Statue of Liberty. "There's a proposal to place a statue of Justice on Alcatraz Island—you know, the classical image, the blindfolded woman holding the scales—and I'm in favor of it," Mr. Hayes said. "That way we'd have Liberty and Justice from coast to coast, a gesture of pure Hellenism. I think the United States needs to be completed. If someone would like to form a committee, I'd be happy to work on it."

On a bulletin board Mr. Hayes has posted a clipping from the *Times* that lists the daily quotation of the international prices of gold. "That's there because I was thinking that instead of charging two hundred and fifty dollars to do a chart I'd like to charge an ounce of gold," he said. "An ounce of gold would get this whole business out of the left side of the brain—you know, the verbal-linear side—and into the right side, the pictorial side, immediately. I'd like to have many people bringing me ounces of gold."

Mr. Hayes is fifty-four years old but looks about fifteen years younger. He wears wire-rimmed eyeglasses and has a dark, flowing beard, shoulder-length brown hair, and elaborately tattooed forearms. When he utters a laugh, it emerges slowly and sounds as if he had memorized from a book the transliteration of a laugh. It goes "Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha." He tends to wear bluejeans, running shoes, and T-shirts—the other day, it was a blue T-shirt imprinted with a celestial map. At the moment, he doesn't have plans to get his own cable-TV show, or anything like that. Even if he did go on TV, he wouldn't be able to watch a replay at home. The hot plate is just about his only appliance—no TV, no radio, no personal computer. He almost never reads newspapers or magazines, and he doesn't go to movies. "I'm not into media. That's a different head. I'd rather read a chapter of Ptolemy," he said. How does he know the weather forecast? "I wait until tomorrow. Then I look out the window. Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha."

"By now you should know which is Kate and which is Allie."

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ABOUT those tattoos on David Hayes' forearms:

Clayton Patterson, who manufactures and sells baseball caps that are more or less art, on Essex Street, and has devoted many hours to photographing skinheads, drag queens, members of the Body Arts Society of New York, and patrons of the Pyramid Club, on Avenue A, has made a videotape of David Hayes' tattoos. Also featured on this videotape is Andrew Sistrand, a tattoo artist, in whose hands Mr. Hayes has placed his entire body.

Mr. Hayes has an eagle tattoo on his right biceps and a panther on his left biceps which have been there about ten years and are the handiwork of Spider Webb, whose studio is on Sixth Avenue, in the flower district. Spider Webb also tattooed a snake on Mr. Hayes' left forearm and a fire-breathing pig on his left instep. One day last September, when Mr. Hayes showed up at Spider Webb's studio to receive the fire-breathing pig, Spider Webb had fallen behind schedule and said he was too busy to apply a rooster that Mr. Hayes wanted on his right instep, so his associate Andrew Sistrand did the work instead. Mr. Sistrand is a former carpenter and lumberyard purchasing agent who has spent the past five years working as a tattoo artist. He is now in his early thirties, and his nickname is Zee. Jennifer Blowdryer, a punk-rock singer from California, named him that. Zee has a few tattoos of his own, including a blue diamond on his left forefinger, courtesy of Annie Sprinkle, a star in pornographic films. When Annie Sprinkle gives you one of those, she says "Diamonds are forever." Mr. Hayes has an Annie Sprinkle blue diamond on the second toe of his left foot. Zee lives in Connecticut and has done tattoos for many of Bridgeport's most ardent motorcyclists. He also does etchings, he said the other night in Spider Webb's studio. "Etching offers more freedom than tattooing," he explained. "I can do anything I want. There's no back talk from a piece of zinc."

After Zee did the rooster on the instep of Mr. Hayes' right foot, Mr. Hayes decided he liked it so much he wanted to decorate his whole self with Zee's art. In Spider Webb's studio, he said, "Basically, I've decided to have a complete body coverage and to have Zee do it." He removed his shoes and socks and displayed the fire-breathing pig and the rooster. Referring to the rooster, he said, "You see how it's so rich and graceful, so beautifully placed on the foot? That just knocked me out. Then it turned out that Zee and I had a lot of common interests. We discovered that we had both read 'The Theory of Celestial Influence,' by Rodney Collins, and shared some esoteric interests. And I became so enthusiastic, and established such a strong predilection for Zee's work, that I decided to go much further, into heavy tattooing."

He has since acquired two birds on his chest, a dragon on his right forearm, a Grim Reaper on the inside of his left arm, a devil on the outside of his left forearm, an eye on the left elbow, and a single blue dot on his left palm. Some cherry blossoms fill the space between the Grim Reaper and the snake. On his upper right biceps Zee has drawn two rose dragons—a tattoo that incorporates symbols of air, fire, water, and lightning. Referring to the rose dragons, Mr. Hayes said, "It's an overwhelmingly rich and complex image and, at the same time, perfectly clear. It's like a late Beethoven string quartet—dazzlingly complicated and perfectly simple, which in my opinion happens at the highest level of art, whatever the medium."

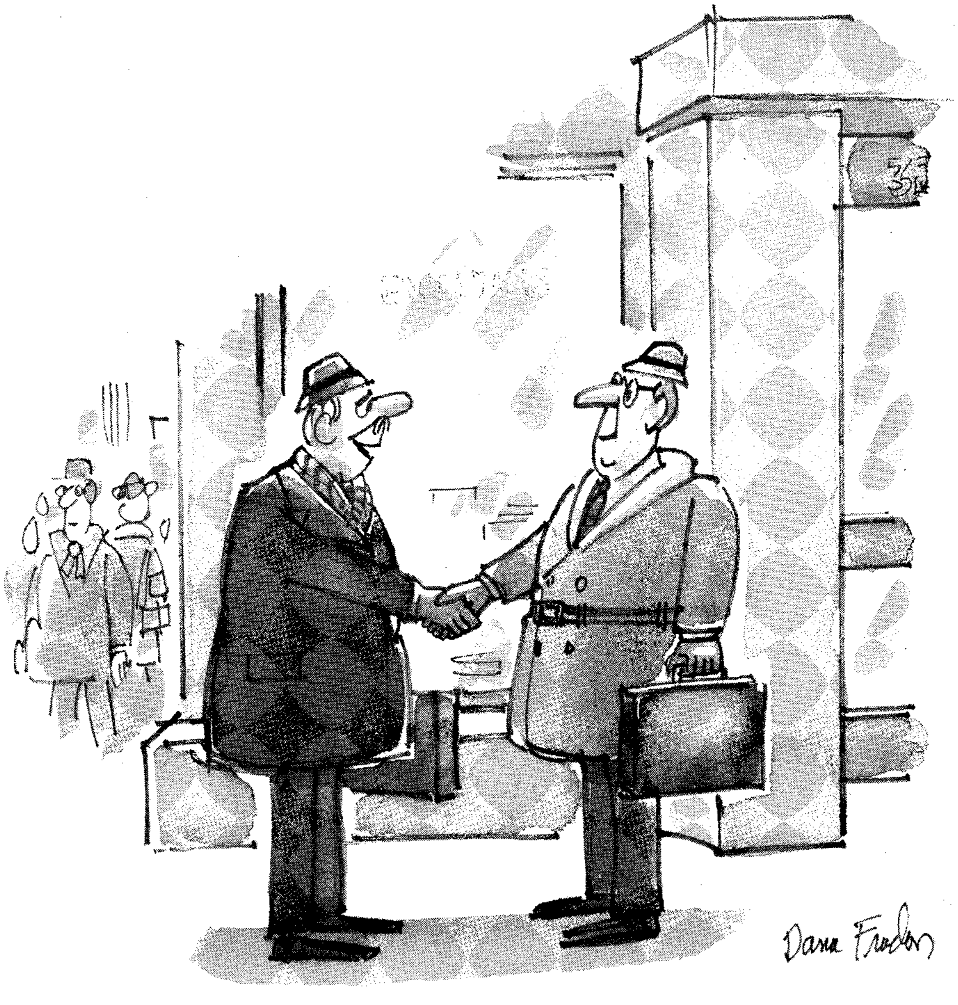
Zee has inscribed a blue lunar eclipse on the little finger of Mr. Hayes' left hand and a blue Tibetan mantra tattoo on his left wrist. The mantra encircles the wrist and, translated, means "Hail to the jewel and the lotus."

"The mantra is a blessing," said Mr. Hayes. "It blesses everyone who sees it. And it seemed nicer to me than 'Born to Lose.' The lotus symbolizes the ephemeral—things that are fleeting, passing, like life. The jewel is eternal, like God. And in Japanese tradition the cherry blossom is seen as ephemeral. So there is a loose conceptual relationship running among the tattoos, although it's not tightly programmatic."

Mr. Hayes raised his T-shirt and displayed the birds on his chest—both red, one above each nipple. "Traditionally, they were red," he said. "In form, they're swallows. Nowadays, they're almost always done in blue. What they actually are is tattoo birds. Eventually, I project a phoenix in the center of my chest, all flames and feathers." He turned around, exposing his back, which was unadorned. Before long, at least three giant squids will be there. The squids, which will take a couple of months to apply, will have tentacles radiating down Mr. Hayes' legs and over his shoulders and chest and down to the wrist on one arm. In the summers, Mr. Hayes takes early-morning swims at the John Jay Pool, on East Seventy-seventh Street, and he and the squids will be on public display on those occasions, doing laps together.

After the squids, then what?

"I'll go wherever Zee says. I imagine it'll be hard to stop."



"Fred Hartner! How are you doing these days—vis-à-vis the yen? The franc? The mark?"

"This will be my most major piece of work to date," said Zee.

"Zee draws on all periods, but he has his own clear, distinctive personal style," said Mr. Hayes. "It's not an imitative, derivative Japanese style. The Grim Reaper is a medieval tarot image. The snake is Oriental. The mantra is Tibetan. The cherries are Japanese. The dot on the palm is pure inspiration." He pointed to the eye on his elbow and said, "Sheer, dazzling improvisation. There's no tradition for that." Then he pointed to the devil and said, "Look at that shading. He's just a genius."

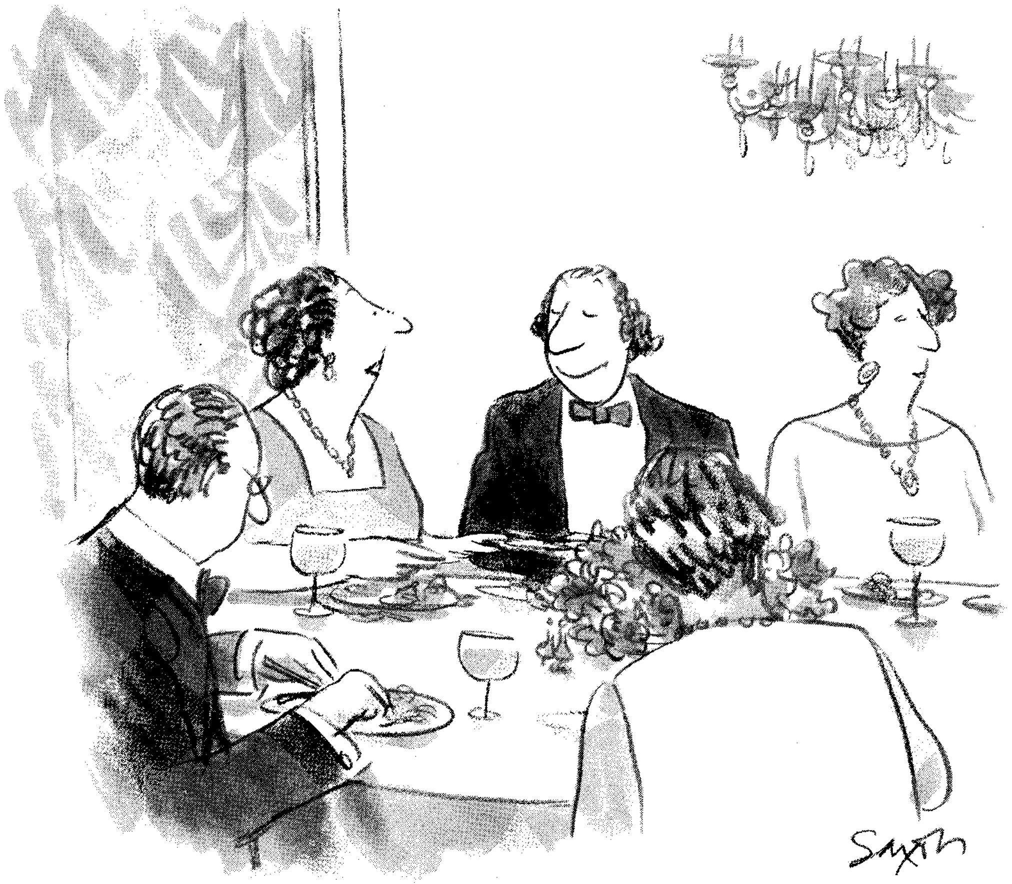
The more Mr. Hayes talked about Zee, the less restrained he became. "He's the greatest living tattooist, for sure," he said. "And, in my opinion, he's the greatest living artist. That judgment is based upon twenty-five years of experience in the fine arts. For me, it's just an incredible honor to have work of this level of quality, to be able to live with it and wear it. I feel like the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Also, a tattoo is cheaper than clothes."

"You wear out a thousand shirts before you wear out a tattoo," said Zee.

"I *think* tattoos are exactly on the cutting edge of the awareness of our times," Mr. Hayes continued. "A tattoo is a very deep thing. It's genuine magic. It changes your mind as well as your body. Tattooing got completely pushed out of the picture during the modern period. But modernism has run its course. For twenty-five years, I've pursued another ancient art rejected by modern attitudes. I see tattooing as exactly parallel and identical in many respects to astrology. Both of these arts were very much disliked and outside the modern analytical viewpoint. Really good minds are starting to take an interest in astrology, and really good artists, like Zee, are getting involved in tattooing. It's symbolic of the profound shift that's taking place in our culture. Modernism—it's agreed across the board—is dead. We have just entered a restoration period, a return to synthetic, holistic, magical art. After the brief spasm of modernism, I feel that what's happened is a return to a tradition that is many millennia old. You could buy a painting and just hang it on the wall, but a tattoo becomes part of your being and your consciousness."

Zee was asked whether he had had any thoughts along those same lines. He said, "No."

"Also, Zee's pieces are going to go up in price," said Mr. Hayes. "He's world class. So you should get him while he's cheap."



"When I say 'Please pass the butter,' why do you say 'Hey, no problem'?"

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Adoption

CONGRATULATIONS are probably in order. You have been selected as the adoptive parent of a Hudson River striped bass—you and thirty-one students in Michael Lugano's sixth-grade class at P.S. 105, in the Bronx. Con Edison, which is one of the utilities operating power plants that across the years have killed significant numbers of young striped bass in the Hudson River, has more recently been doing its share to replace the striped bass. Recognizing its own good deeds, Con Edison helped to arrange a gathering at Wave Hill, in Riverdale, where you can claim your adoption certificate. There is much to be seen and studied along the way, and the potential for fun exists.

Remember to dress warmly, just in case a ten-inch snowfall begins while you are away from your desk. The following is a list of suggested activities to be performed in conjunction with your field trip:

1. Call Metro-North, ascertain train schedule to Riverdale.

2. Prior to trip, familiarize yourself with target area and establish safety rules. (No rides from strangers, no intoxicants, no explosives, etc.) Bring writing utensil and notebook in which to record meaningful data. While waiting for elevator, ask yourself whether to bring along field guides, clipboards, binoculars, twine, thermometer, surgical tape, shovels, old strainers, dip nets, plastic pail, glass jars, plastic-foam box, change of clothes, enormous plastic bag for all the above—or maybe bring none of the above.

3. Go to Grand Central. Board train. Enjoy ride. Remember to get off train. Walk up long, steep, slippery streets in approximate direction of Wave Hill. Notice general condition of area (*nice* neighborhood, ripe for historic-district designation); weather (incipient snow, sleet); bird life (may have been some); insects (too cold); light penetration (midmorning, the usual). Find something beautiful (three Hasidim carrying black umbrellas, approaching from a hundred yards away, looking like opening frames of Fellini film).

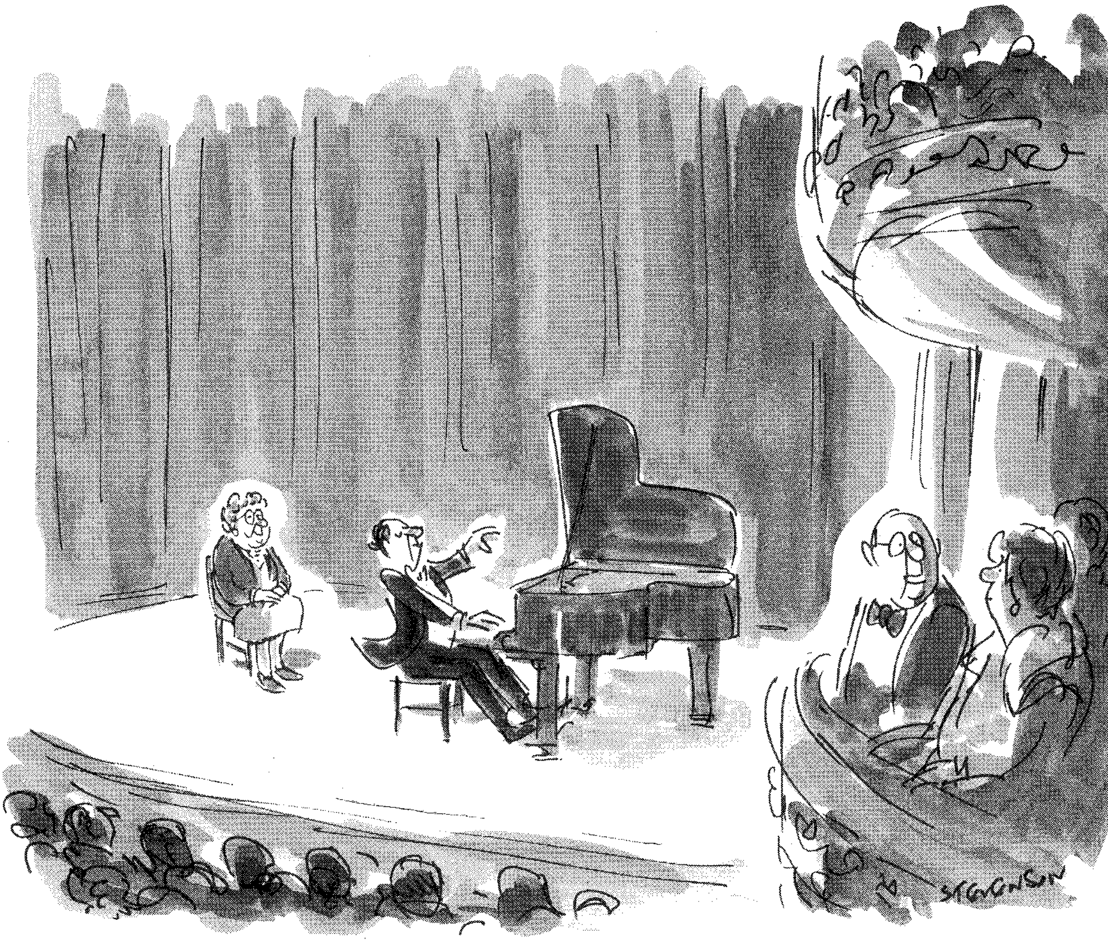
4. If you feel lost, and panic a little, ask Hasidim for directions. Walk past Wave Hill gatehouse. Close eyes. Do you hear natural sounds? Man-made sounds? Good. Follow path to main building. Inside, find John Mihaly, Wave Hill staff member, who makes welcoming sounds, plastic-name-tag-selection sounds, then points to stairwell.

5. Go downstairs, to Wave Hill Learning Center, where members of Mr. Lugano's class from P.S. 105—Victor Andujar, Pierre Arroyo, Sewdat Budhoo, José Delvalle, Sunil Mangaru, Mary Altieri, Ashanti Butler, Michelle Laureano, Alma Franco, Elvira Kraja, Tiffiney Petrisch, Fikreta Povataj, Kelly Riffle, Plushette Sullivan, Cortina Watson, et al.—make virtually no sounds. Uta Gore, instructor in Wave Hill education program, does the talking. Note meaningful datum: children take for granted Uta Gore's veracity, acknowledge that she knows much about Hudson River. She knows, in particular, that striped bass live in ocean but spawn in river; that when striped bass are spawning there is lots of splashing; that right now New York State bans the possession and sale of striped bass, but some people are undeterred. (Mike Parker, efficiency-minded P.S. 105-er, asks, "Why don't they just put up a sign that says, 'Trespassers Will Be Shot'?") As Uta Gore passes around vials containing striped-bass eggs, larvae, a small fry specimen, record observation in notebook: "Today's young people are our hope for future. Hmm."

6. Examine fine-looking aquarium in Learning Center, with particular attention to several resident striped bass, who Uta Gore says are "spoiled rotten." (She feeds them chopped oysters, chopped Boston scrod, chopped flounder; was feeding them goldfish, but they "lost interest.")

7. Gather for future reference specimens of Uta Gore's polysyllabics: "detritus," "herbicides," "estuary," "oxygenated," "optimize," "therapeutic," "turbidity."

8. Join group next door, in audiovi-



"It's very touching. She was his first teacher."

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sual room. Watch documentary videotape "Hatchery on the Hudson," produced by Con Edison, which extolls virtues of the Hudson River Striped Bass Hatchery, in Verplanck, New York, sponsored by Con Ed and four other utility companies. Time videotape with stopwatch: ten minutes.

9. If you start to feel a little sleepy, perk up when Dr. Kenneth Marcellus, senior project biologist for Con Ed, enters room carrying brown grocery bag labelled "Hudson River," and says, "Good morning. I brought with me the Hudson River, but we're not going to touch the Hudson River just yet. We're going to wonder about it." Listen as he explains how striped bass from Verplanck hatchery get "tagged" with binary-encoded one-twenty-fifth-inch wires implanted in their cheeks. Note what happens when Dr. Marcellus at last opens brown bag—it contains many white beans. Watch as he adds handful of pink beans, then shakes bag. Note that pink beans signify tagged fish, white beans signify wild fish. Maybe note some other stuff.

10. When moment of adoption ceremony arrives—each adoptive parent to receive certificate specifying striped bass's tag number, birthplace, birth date, date and site of release, age and length at time of release—consult stopwatch again. Measure time lapse between beginning of adoption ceremony and instant at which member of class asks, "When do we get our bass?" Result: twenty-six seconds. Note that when Julissa Cabrera asks "When do we get our bass?" Uta Gore fires back "You're not getting the bass. Your bass is in the river. It's free. Right now it's in the river consuming enormous amounts of tasty morsels. It's getting to be humongous. Don't you want it to grow to become humongous?"

11. At feeding time, observe whether it's children or grownups who eat bag lunches, of ham hero sandwiches, box juices, and whether it's children or grownups who migrate upstairs for lunch provided by Con Ed—chicken salad vinaigrette, rice dish with prosciutto and fresh shrimp, broccoli and radicchio, white wine, coffee, brownies.

12. During lunch, look out window, check atmospheric conditions (severely deteriorated). If offer of ride to midtown with Dr. Marcellus materializes, grab it (in tasteful manner). Walk in gingerly fashion to Dr. M.'s car. Conduct nature experiment, brushing snow off Dr. M.'s car.

13. While listening to Dr. M.'s tires spin, catalogue volume of freebies distributed upon exit from Wave Hill: page-long news release titled "Wave Hill;" three-page document titled "Wave Hill: A Brief History;" photocopies of four newspaper articles about striped bass and the Hudson River Striped Bass Hatchery; photocopies of two Con Ed in-house magazine articles about the hatchery; 1980 press release describing provisions of Hudson River Cooling Tower Settlement Agreement; photocopies of six newspaper articles about Wave Hill; reprint of magazine article about exhibit at Wave Hill from *Garden Design;* ditto from *Garden;* two reprints of magazine article about Wave Hill from *American Horticulturist;* reprint of magazine article from *Ovation*, about Arturo Toscanini's connection with Wave Hill; two copies of Wave Hill members' calendar for winter, 1987; two subscription applications for Wave Hill horticulture-lecture series; two subscription applications for Wave Hill concert series; map and guide to Riverdale Park; map and guide to Wave Hill woods; pamphlet describing Wave Hill education programs; boxed portfolio of Hudson River photographs by Wendy Holmes, published in 1973 (a pleasure to look at and ideal for carrying back through blizzard, providing much-needed ballast); inter-office memo to guy named Herb.

GEOMETRY

A WEEK after Denny Long left me to move in with another woman and her two children, my brother-in-law called me at Toys "R" Us to say my sister was in labor at South Miami Hospital. I got permission to leave work early, and I drove over and sat in a waiting room with my brother-in-law's family—his mother and stepfather, Vivian and Eddie Banks, and their daughter, Sophia. It was Saturday evening, and except for us the waiting room was empty. We were sitting on green couches.

"How are you managing, honey?" Vivian asked me.

"I'm really lonely," I told her.

"Well, there are plenty of men out there," she said. "Just ask Sophia. Guys are calling her around the clock."

"That's not quite true," Sophia said. "Creeps are calling me around the clock." She was a junior in high school and was doing her geometry homework. She had decorated the cover of her geometry textbook with different kinds of triangles.

Eddie went down to the cafeteria and brought us some sandwiches and Cokes, and, while we ate, Sophia and I talked about her boyfriend, Gus Beekman, who I'd known since eighth grade. He was my age—middle thirties—and he played saxophone with a band that worked at the cheaper Miami Beach hotels. Denny Long managed the band.

"Why is Gus Beekman always the center of conversation in this family?" Vivian said. "Why can't we talk about movies or current events?"

"Because Gus is the coolest person on earth," Sophia said.

When we'd finished eating, Eddie and I collected the garbage and carried it over to the trash can. He was in his work clothes, and he rested his hand on my shoulder. "Is this baby the best thing that has ever happened to us, or am I crazy?" he said.

"I don't think you're crazy at all," I told him.

Charlotte had a baby boy at two-thirty in the morning. My brother-in-law, Barry, came out of the delivery room to tell us. "They shouldn't let people in there," he said. "I've been through hell."

"How is Charlotte?" Vivian and I asked.

"Doing great," Barry said.

I looked at the baby through the glass window of the nursery, and as soon as I got home I called my mother and told her about him. My mother lived in Las Vegas, and when I called she said she had just gotten home from seeing a Wayne Newton show. "That's wonderful, sweetheart," she said about the baby. "You and Denny have one now."

"Denny and I split up," I told her. "He moved in with somebody who already has some." She didn't say anything, and I knew that she was feeling bad for me, and for herself because I hadn't told her about this sooner. I changed the subject and talked about the Bankses—about how they had waited at the hospital for the baby to be born, and about how Eddie had brought us all dinner. I talked for five or ten minutes, until my mother said, "Who the hell is Eddie, honey?"

"Ed Banks," I said. "Your son-in-law's stepfather."

"Oh, that's right," my mother said. Then she told me about Wayne Newton, and described his clothes and jewelry.

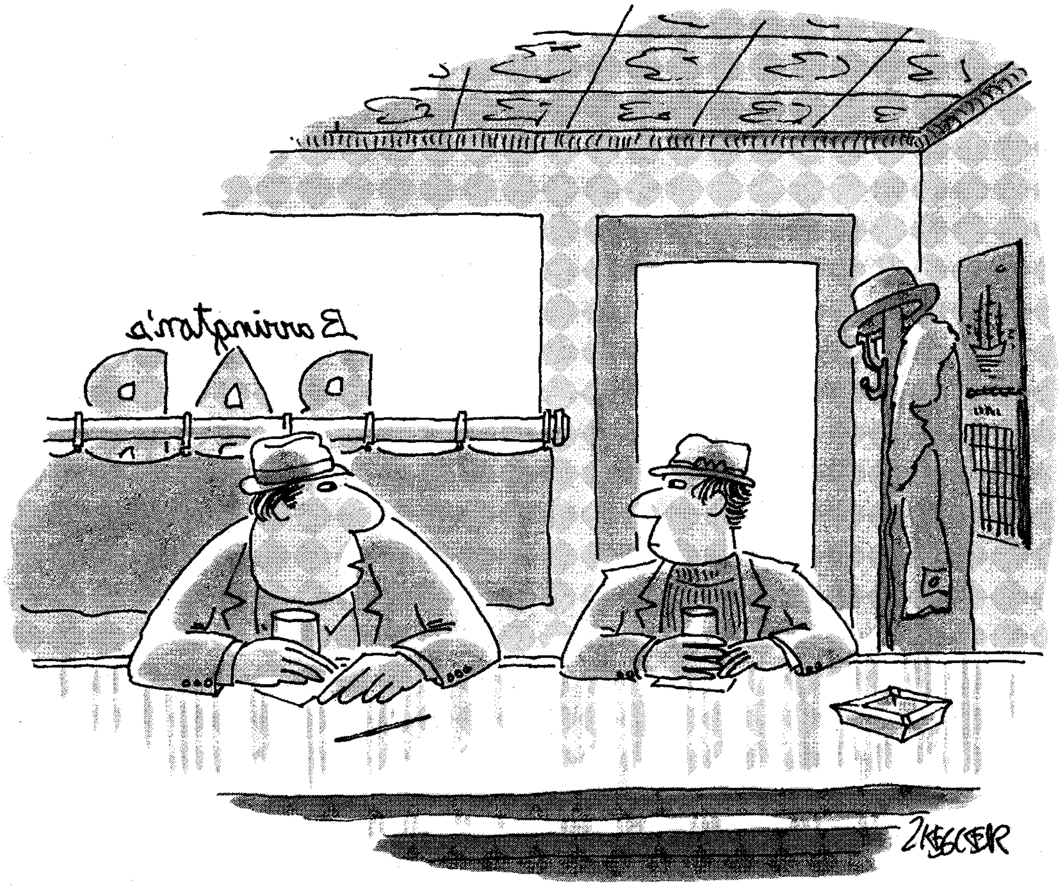
When I went back to the hospital at noon, Charlotte was wearing the nightgown-and-robe combination our mother had sent. It was red and lacy, and was probably a Frederick's outfit. She was holding the baby. "Would you like to hold him, Beverly?" she asked me.

I picked the baby up and sat with him in a chair by the window. He was twitching and grimacing in his sleep, and was even smaller in my arms than I'd imagined he would be. "He's a great baby," I said. "You did a good job, and you must be really happy."

Charlotte put on her glasses. "Happy isn't even the word for it," she said. "I never expected to feel anything like this. I can't explain it, and I can't compare it to anything else. It's one of those things you just have to do before you can know what it's like."

The baby started to fuss. Charlotte asked for him back, and I put him in

"For God's sake, Miss Andrews, bring me a paperweight."



"I used to have a Paul Newman role in our marriage, but now I'm taking the Harry Dean Stanton part."

her arms. He opened his eyes for a few seconds, and it seemed to me as though he already knew who Charlotte was and what he meant to her, and that he could sense how important those things were.

"Did I tell you that Mom called?" Charlotte said. "She went to see Wayne Newton."

"I know," I told her. "I couldn't be more thrilled for her."

Later in the day, I drove to McDonald's with Sophia and Gus, and afterward we went to the beach. We walked out on a pier and sat down and dangled our feet over the edge. Sophia took off her blouse. Underneath, she had on a white sleeveless top. Gus was twisting her hair in his fingers.

"Let's get married and have a baby," Sophia said.

"Maybe when you're a senior," Gus told her. "Have you heard from Denny?" he asked me.

"Of course not," I said. "Why should Denny want to talk to me?"

"I was just asking," he said.

I was thinking about Charlotte and her baby, and about how I should have had a baby when I was nineteen or twenty, the way all of my friends had, instead of waiting for the right situation, which was probably not going to come along until I was too old. "I don't suppose you'd like to have a baby with me, too," I said to Gus.

"Not really." He was lying on his back, looking at the clouds, his head resting on one of Sophia's books. She had brought along homework, but she wasn't doing any of it.

"They're forcing us to go to a pep rally tomorrow at school," Sophia said. "Do you know what a pep rally is?" she asked me.

"Sure," I said.

"Oh." She lay back against Gus's shoulder. "I thought it might be something they just started a few years ago, because it's so stupid. I couldn't believe they had been doing something that stupid for all those years."

Gus and I looked at each other, and I stretched out on the pier and knocked my forehead on the wood.

WHEN we went to see the baby at five o'clock, he was jaundiced and had been put under bright lights in the nursery. We found Vivian and Eddie in Charlotte's room.

"The doctor told us that he's going to be fine," Vivian said. "It's something that happens to newborn babies all the time. It doesn't mean anything terrible—it happened to Barry."

"Did you see him?" Charlotte asked us. She was standing in front of the window in her red robe, looking down at the parking lot. She was running her hands along the dusty venetian blind.

"He looks really pathetic," Sophia said, "especially with that little blindfold on. He looks like some kind of miniature prisoner."

Charlotte burst into tears.

"Thanks for your help," Barry told Sophia.

He went over to Charlotte and put his arms around her. Eddie put his arms around Vivian, and Gus put his arms around Sophia. I sat on the bed and turned on the television. A "Star Trek" rerun was on, and Captain Kirk and Mr. Spock were trapped on a strange planet. Two young women in togas were trying to force them to stay forever.

In the evening, Gus and I drove to a restaurant near my apartment. It had started to rain, and the reflection of the restaurant's green neon sign on the wet pavement made the street look like glass. "What about Sophia?" Gus said. "Do you think she really loves me?"

"I think she'd die for you."

"I know that, Beverly," he said, "but I don't want anyone dying for me. What I want is for a lot of people to love me. I know that's impossible, and I know it's selfish."

"That's called a family," I told him.

—JUDY TROY

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Arcata* (*Calif.*) *Union*]

Tiffany's ice cream parlor alerted police to a person defacing the statue of William McKinley on the Arcata Plaza. Police apprehended a suspect and released him with a warning not to stick cheese in McKinley's ears and nose anymore.

WHAT THE END IS FOR

(Grand Forks, North Dakota)

A boy just like you took me out to see them,
the miles of B-52s on alert on the runway,
fully loaded, fully manned, pointed in all the directions,
running every minute
of every day.
They sound like a sickness of the inner ear,

where the heard foams up into the noise of listening,
where the listening arrives without being extinguished.
The huge hum soaks up into the dusk.
The minutes spring open. Six is too many.
From where we watch,
from where even watching is an anachronism,

from the twenty-third of March from an open meadow,
the concertina wire in its double helix,
designed to tighten round a body if it turns,
is the last path the sun can find to take out,
each barb flaring gold, like a Braille being read,
then off with its knowledge and the sun is gone. . . .

That's when the lights on all the extremities, like an
outline or dress,
become loud in the story,
and a dark I have not seen before
sinks in to hold them one
by one.
Strange plot made to hold so many inexhaustible
screams.
Have you ever heard in a crowd mutterings of
blame

that will not modulate, that will not rise?
He tells me, your stand-in, they *stair-step* up.
He touches me to have me look more deeply
in
to where for just a moment longer
color still lives:
the belly white so that it looks like sky, the top
some kind of brown, some soil. How does it look

from up there now,
this meadow we lie on our bellies in, this field
iconography
tells me stands for sadness
because the wind can move through it uninterrupted?
What is it the wind
would have wanted to find and didn't,

leafing down through this endless admiration unbroken
because we're too low for it
to find us?
Are you still there for me now in that dark
we stood in for hours,
letting it sweep as far as it could down over us,
unwilling to move, irreconcilable? What *he*
wants to tell me,
his whisper more like a yell
over this eternity of engines never not running,
is everything: how the crews assigned to each plane
for a week at a time, the seven boys, must live
inseparable,
how they stay together for life,
how the wings are given a life of
seven feet of play,

how they drop practice bombs called *shapes* over Nevada,
how the measures for counterattack in air
have changed and we
now forgo firepower for jamming, for the throwing
of false signals. The meadow, the meadow hums, love,
with the planes,
as if every last blade of grass were wholly possessed

by this practice, wholly prepared. The last time I saw you
we stood facing each other as dusk came on.
I leaned against the refrigerator, you leaned against the door.
The picture window behind you was slowly extinguished,
the tree went out, the two birdfeeders, the metal braces on them.
The light itself took a long time,

bits in puddles stuck like the useless
splinters of memory, the chips
of history, hopes, laws handed down. *Here, hold these*,
he says, these
grasses, these
torn pods, he says, smiling over the noise another noise,
take these,
he says, my hands wrong for

the purpose, here,
not-visible-from-the-sky, prepare yourself with these,
boy and
bouquet of
thistleweed and wort and william and
timothy. We stood there. Your face went out a long time
before the rest of it. Can't see you anymore, I said. *Nor I
you*, whatever you still were
replied.
When I asked you to hold me you refused.
When I asked you to cross the six feet of room to
hold me

you refused. Until I
couldn't rise out of the patience either any longer
to make us
take possession.
Until we were what we must have wanted to be:
shapes the shapelessness was taking back.
Why should I lean out?
Why should I move?
When the Maenads tear Orpheus limb from limb
they throw his head

out into the river.
Unbodied, it sings
all the way downstream, all the way to the single ocean,
head floating in current downriver, singing,
until the sound of the cataracts grows,
until the sound of the open ocean grows and the voice.

—Jorie Graham

MARIGOLDS

SAM YAMASHITA, whose family was travelling with mine, signalled us from behind to pull to the side of the road. We did, and he parked his car in front of ours and then walked toward us, squinting into the headlights, and announced to my father that he'd had a premonition that someone might have an accident. We were behind schedule in our trip from Casa Maria, up north, where my parents had finished one farming job, to La Cruz, down south, where my father hoped to get another. But we stopped for the night anyway. We were driving through California farm country. I was eleven and had three younger brothers—seven, six, and one. Ben, the seven-year-old, jabbered all the time; Walker hardly ever talked. "Almonds, almonds, almonds," Ben had said over and over that day, watching the groves pass. He kept socking my arm to get my attention. "Where are the people, I ask you?" Walker just stared at the back of the front seat.

Sam and my father decided to stop that night because everyone had become superstitious travelling, the way a group of people isolated on an island might become superstitious. Somebody was always seeing a ghost or having a hunch or hearing a rumor. No idea had definite form; every fact could dissolve into fiction. "Too much magic on the road," Obāchan—my grandmother—always said.

We moved a great deal. It was a hard life for my parents, but I loved it. My earliest memories are images from a car window—telephone wires illuminated by street lamps, factories outlined against a still, sunless sky: images of one world disappearing as another took its place. I felt as if I lived a life without consequences, where everything wrong or bad I might do or encounter would soon be left behind.

My grandmother—my mother's mother—had always travelled with us, but she died in Casa Maria, just as my parents' job there was ending. We buried her in Wilcox, because, my mother said, it was where her last husband had died. She was not well loved, yet we were all very close to her, and as we drove to the funeral a couple of days after her death everyone went crazy for a few minutes without seeming to realize it. My father boxed my ears, the way my grandmother always did, and my mother, who didn't smoke, lit a cigar of the type my grandmother favored. My infant brother, Peter, grimaced strangely at me—the same sort of grimace she often made. Peter sat in my lap. He looked just like her, except that he had even fewer teeth. I stared at him, not believing he could be making that face. One of my other brothers tapped my shoulder. He nodded sadly. "Too much magic on the road," he said.

My mother stayed crazy longer than the rest of us, and in the car on the day after the funeral she suddenly decided that she wanted to find Obāchan's second husband—her own second father. Both her natural father and her third father had died, and she hadn't seen her second father for nearly twenty years. I could tell that my mother felt obsessive about finding him. She was like that now and then—obsessive. But my dad didn't think we had time. The funeral had already made him late for the new job.

My mother had sent her second father—Bill—a telegram about the funeral. He hadn't shown up or responded, though she thought he still lived in the same place where she'd lived with him—in central California, about fifty miles from Wilcox. He was thirty years older than my grandmother, which would have made him ninety-six at the time of her death. As my mother talked about finding him, my father caught my eye in the rearview mirror, and I knew that he thought Bill was probably dead. My mother read his mind. "Don't even think it," she said.

My mother talked about her fathers. When her first father went away, she'd just turned five, and she didn't remember a great deal about him, except that the last thing he'd said to her was "Be good." Her third father died, of old age, after a long marriage to her mother. But my mother hadn't liked him, and he hadn't liked her. In between, Bill had been her

Joy Unconfined

"Sweetie, is this the kind of person you always wanted to be?"

father. Those were some of the best times of her life—she had a father who loved her and her mother both. I thought it was wonderful to hear all this, but my father's stoic reflection in the mirror told me he disapproved.

After a short silence, my mother told us that her mother hadn't loved Bill, and had left him. "Drop me off somewhere," she said. "I'm going to take a bus and find him."

"Where will you stay?" said my father.

"At a motel?" she said. "At a motel." She reached back and began flipping her long braid, which is what she always did when she wasn't going to change her mind about something.

I didn't know a lot, but I knew that ladies did not stay in motels alone. My father frowned, the way he did when he wasn't going to change *his* mind. My mother stopped flipping her braid and turned to look out the window. "It's always nice when we start out somewhere, then it's less nice when we're almost there," she said.

After Sam pulled us over and we decided to stop for the night, my mother was pensive, and I knew she was thinking again that it wasn't "nice" anymore. We were in a motel more than two hundred miles from Wilcox, and early the next day my father was supposed to go and get his new job. Walker, Ben, and I played cards on the floor.

This time my father read my mother's mind. "Sure, it's easy when we start. Because then we don't have to do anything—we're like them." I looked up. "Them" meant us—the kids.

My father leaned back against a bureau. His left forearm rested across his ribs, his right elbow sat on the back of his hand. He drew on a cigarette by moving his right wrist downward and then flipping it back up when he finished his drag. His elbow and head never moved. Then he tossed his hair back, as if shaking something off, and he became alert, interested. "And driving, you get a chance to think."

"What do you like to think about?"

"About you," he said. She didn't answer, and he said, "Sometimes."

It had rained earlier, and the reflections from the motel lights made flashing ribbons of color on the wet parking-lot ground. A traveller entered the motel office, and in a few minutes he came out, keys jangling, and walked across the ribbons. The "NO" lit up in the vacancy sign. My father was the most tired, from driving, and he and Walker and Ben went to sleep. Peter stayed up. My mother and I leafed through a book called "Man of Steel." To keep up my reading when we were moving, my mother always picked up what books she could find. While other children were reading "Lassie Come Home" and "The Call of the Wild," I was reading "Reptiles and Amphibians: Nature's Throwbacks," or "Innards: How to Cook Variety Meats." Actually, I gained a lot of knowledge. But I knew I didn't read as well as most children my age and maybe I never would. I read out loud now: "Andrew Carnegie was a man with ideas." When my mother thought of it, she made me read fifteen pages at a time, but I could see she wasn't listening tonight. I closed the book. "Do you think it might be a problem finding a good place to live?" I said. I thought she might want to talk.

She smiled, just barely, and shook her head no. "What do you think?"

"Well." I wanted to sound wise. "It's not a problem yet, anyway."

She went to bed. Peter was quiet but wide awake. I took him out with me and sat on the curb. The wind blew hard against the lone tree in the distance. It was very dark, but you could see the roads crisscrossing each other over the fields. When cars went by, far away, the beams were so bright they seemed to be ropes of light pulling the cars behind.

My mother wanted badly to go and find Bill; my father needed to get to his job. I wished we did not have to do either. I wished we didn't have to do anything. I wanted to stay where we were—where I didn't know anyone and no one knew me, and where it seemed to me a long time ago that my grandmother had died.

The next day we all headed back north, not south to my father's job. The first I knew what we were doing was shortly after my father drew out the map and put it on the car hood. My mother studied the map over his shoulder, then suddenly said, "You know, it's smarter if you don't come," and my father replied by frowning and folding up the map.

LATE MARSH

We must repeat the lessons of the world
from Ptolemaic to Copernican to after that,
finding Heraclitus with his vanished river gone
though we snag downstream after it, years
later, on the same marsh road, tracking
in the bluish sand of evening the weave
of tire ruts unspooling into the distance,
finding swamped trees in leg irons of ice
and herons stranded in wind-rasped ovals
as the pieces of their vision wave away
and daylight's ruining temple falls
in a pillar of gold scimitars across the water
and fades as the sun's red watch
slips into its pocket, leaving
the bruised sky alone to blacken.

—Fred Dings

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Bill's town had a miniature mall on the main street, in the business district. My mother said there used to be several separate shops on the street, but now the shops were housed in adjoining buildings, all with the same white-and-blue brick façades. When we reached Bill's road, a detour blocked the way. "It's not far—maybe twenty minutes walking," my mother said. She was very excited. "If you want, you can let me out and pick me up later." But my father turned off the ignition and got out, and we set off.

The houses were spread out, almost as in farm country. At one time, my mother said, there had been no houses except hers in this area.

"Did I use to live here?" said Ben. He gestured hugely at the fields around us.

"No, Mom lived here a long time ago," I said.

"Will you give me a piggyback ride?"

"You're getting kind of big," I said.

He looked thoughtful. "That's a no."

It was evening. The lights from the downtown shops, beyond a hill, shone at the horizon, making it seem that the ground was glowing. When we reached my mother's old address, the house was dark, and my mother hesitated, then peeked into a window on the door. The door opened as she was peeking, and she took a step back. An old woman stood at the threshold. This would be Bill's wife. My mother, beautiful, smiled her most charming smile, and the woman's suspicious face softened, but only a little. "I sent a telegram" was all my mother said.

"Yes," said the woman. The suspicion returned. She and my mother stood, waiting. "You see, he has been dead for quite a while."

I think she expected us to say goodbye then, but my mother just stood there, her jaw slack, and after a pause the woman let us in. It was cool outside but even cooler inside, as if the blinds had not been raised all day, and I had the feeling that the house had few visitors. The woman turned on a light. The living room was oppressively orange: the carpet was orange, the couch had orange-and-brown flowers, and the curtains were pale orange. Probably the woman thought orange was a cheerful color; therefore, the more orange the better. The house smelled of ginger—a mix of fresh ginger and stale.

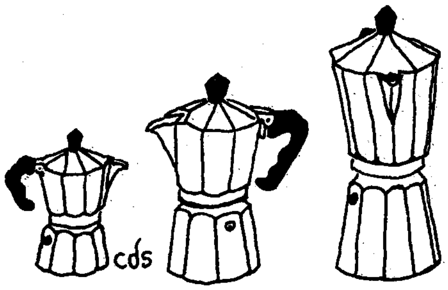
When the woman showed us around, my mother saw a pair of children's shoes sitting in a sewing room. "Oh, those are mine!" she said.

The woman looked as if she'd been accused. "Did you want them back?" She looked doubtfully at my mother's feet, then at mine.

Back in the living room, my mother found something else she thought had belonged to her—an enamelled box of the kind her mother used to make. She thought it was the same one her mother had given to her for her tenth birthday, nineteen years earlier. The woman seemed offended and said that Bill had given it to her but that she was sure he'd bought it. When she left to get refreshments, my mother said, "I know that's my box. I loved that box."

My father said, "Let's not stay long."

When the woman returned, she talked mainly to my brothers and me. She told us of how, when she first came to this country from Japan, she'd been a farm worker and picked tomatoes. The tomato plants smelled like marigolds, and now she couldn't stand that smell. I loved the scent of marigolds, and I couldn't imagine things happening to me in my life that would make me hate it. But I couldn't be sure.



While the woman talked I saw something strange. My mother, with that familiar obsessive look on her face, was trying to get the enamelled box into her handbag, but my father had hold of her wrist, and his face was just as determined as hers. I looked at my brothers, but they hadn't noticed anything.

The woman continued to talk, and I asked her question after question while out of the corner of my eye I watched my parents struggle. They were so intent on what they were doing that I doubt they would have noticed if we'd all turned to watch. I half expected to see them fall to the floor wrestling. My father, of course, won. But my mother's face caved in, and I could see that a part of my father wanted to let her have the box.

Later, when everyone else was saying goodbye, I surprised myself by meandering over and slipping the box into my jacket pocket. I think I had an idea that giving it to my mother would please both of my parents—my mother because she would get the box and not have to tell my father, and my father because my mother would be content, though he wouldn't know why.

When we left and the woman closed the door, the lights went off almost immediately. The woman seemed to have come to life just for us. My mother called me over to a window, and we peeked in. "What do you see?" she said.

I stared. I squinted. I tried to imagine. Finally I said, "Nothing."

She nodded. "That's what I see." I thought she was still a little crazy.

All around I could hear the noise of

dry grass riffling like paper. My father was standing right behind us, waiting, but my mother kept her face pressed to the window. "Your father's mad because he had to come all the way out here," she said. "But he didn't have to come."

I didn't answer. Though she said "your father," she was really talking to him.

"I wanted to come," he said. "I'm not mad." He shouted sharply to Ben, "Get back here now." Ben and Walker had been running across the road. "Watch them!" he said to me.

I took a few steps toward them, then turned back to my parents. My father leaned against the house and closed his eyes and opened them again, as if he thought the world would have changed when he reopened his eyes. I peeked back inside. Maybe what my mother saw in there was something like what I would see, years from then, when I looked back on that night. I heard my brothers playing and laughing behind me but didn't hear a sound from my parents. Peter was quiet but wide-eyed in my mother's arms.

"What do you want?" said my father, very quietly.

"I just don't want you to be mad," my mother said to the window. A small steam circle formed on the glass where she was talking.

"I was mad, but I'm not anymore," he said. "Maybe we can find a sitter or something. Maybe we should go get plastered or something."

We left, my mother walking ahead of us. I didn't look back at the house, but I thought I felt the woman's eyes on my back. She was going to run out any second and reclaim her enamelled box. I already knew that I would never give it to my mother; she would be disappointed that I'd taken it. Besides, no gain or lack of some box was going to change her life any. She'd probably already forgotten about it.

We hadn't gone far, and I ran back to the woman's house and set the box down on her doorstep. My family didn't pay much attention to me. They were busy with their own thoughts. As I caught back up with them, I heard Walker ask my father, "Why is Mom walking ahead?"

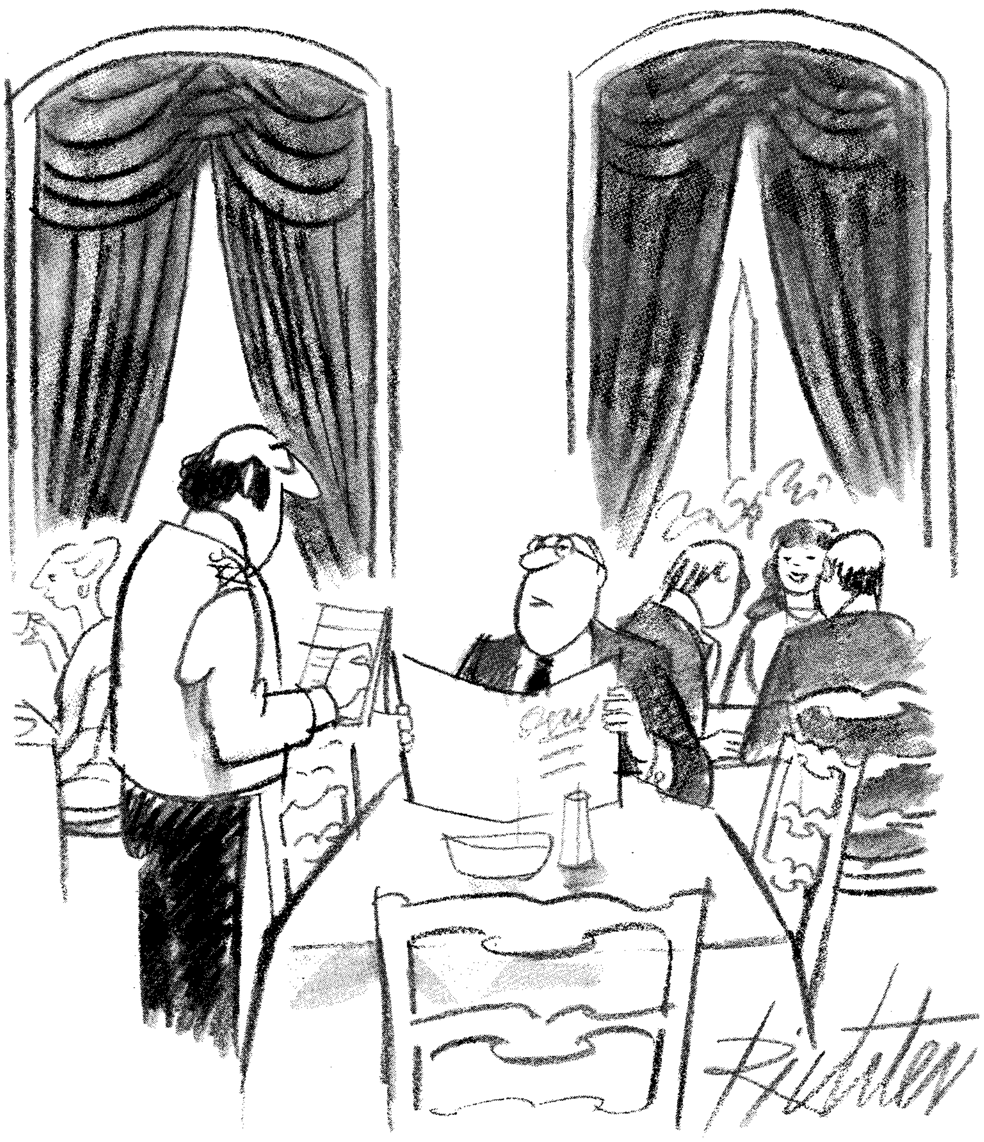
"She's thinking," said my father. "It's O.K."

"What's she thinking about?"

"Walker is practically having a conversation," said Ben. "He never talks."

"She's thinking about things."

"What things?"



"I'll have the Investigator's Special."

"I think Dad wants you to shut up," said Ben. "So shut up."

"But is she happy up there? Is she lonely or happy? And is she thinking about Obāchan?"

"About Grandma, and maybe other things," my father said. "She's lonely but also happy."

"How come both?"

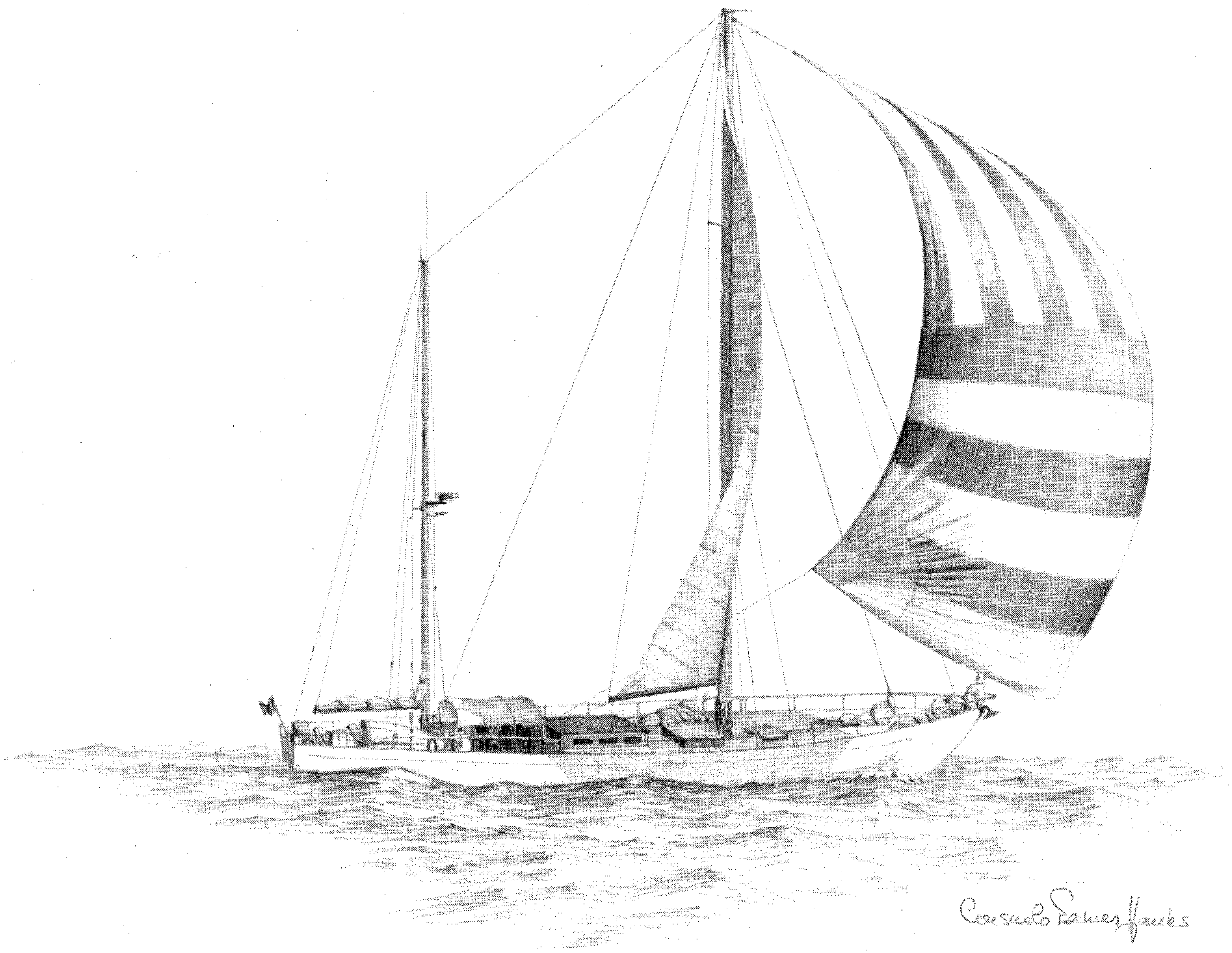
My father hesitated, figuring. "She's lonely because she lost her father once, and happy because that's never going to happen to you."

The lights from downtown had all been turned off, and the ground no longer seemed to glow. The clouds looked like long, ragged scrapes across the sky. Darkness made every noise loud—our footsteps, our voices. I thought of how a couple of months earlier my mother had told my brothers and me about our "stars"—the word she used for the personality traits that she thought would make our lives easier. One night, as she and I were sitting looking over a grove of plum trees, she lowered her voice, as if she had a great secret, and then she said she had finally figured out what my star was, what I had that would ease my way through the future. It wasn't Peter's alertness, or Walker's concentration, or Ben's self-assurance. But I had a happy heart—my birthright, she said. I sat leaning my head against her shoulder, hoping that someday my happy heart would take me to the right places, get me the right jobs, let me love the right man. Then I wondered whether her mother had ever told her that she had a happy heart, and I asked her the same question that I asked my father now: "Did you just make a wish, or a promise?"

—CYNTHIA KADOHATA

THE SPORTING SCENE

RACING THROUGH PARADISE—I



I'VE always assumed that one day it suddenly occurred to Napoleon to invade Russia. I grant there are those deliberate types who force themselves to sit down some morning at age thirty-five and decide at what age they will retire, and where they will go on to live and die, but I suspect they aren't numerous; besides, it is just a little un-American, isn't it? Spontaneity being an American attribute? In any event, I remember exactly when it occurred to me to make the Pacific trip. We were at Treasure Island—as we refer to Eatons Neck, on Long Island—on one of those overnight Friday sails in the summer of 1982, and the talk after dinner turned to ocean cruising, and Danny Merritt said he wouldn't want to cross the Atlantic a third time on a sailboat, and the words tumbled from my lips "How about the Pacific?"

"That's different."

I there and then resolved to make the sail, but said nothing about it.

The first thing you ask yourself once you have reached the decision is: Cross the Pacific with whom? You acknowledge that any venture of that magnitude with any hope of attracting the subscribers you want along has to be scheduled at least three years before launching. My list shaped up quickly in my mind.

Danny, obviously: We have been friends since he was twelve years old and I almost forty. He was best man at my son Christopher's wedding; he crewed on my boats during the summer for ten years; he lives down the road a piece and is an unending pleasure as a companion on boats, at the tennis court—indeed, anywhere. I doubt if a political thought has ever crossed his mind, and I would be the last person to introduce him to that dirty subculture. He was (briefly) unhappily married, while helping to prepare Cyrano, my schooner, for our initial Atlantic crossing, in 1975. And then, during our second crossing, in 1980, he learned he would be a father. He is now married to Gloria—bright, loving, volatile—who is a professional nurse and counsellor of alcoholics. They are raising two sons and are regularly visited by his daughter by his first marriage. Moreover, when I approached Danny this time he was feeling restless. He was unhappy at work, underexploited in the insurance business—the career into which his father and I had prodded him. The loss to the profession was what Danny had primarily to offer, his persona: exuberance, a truly sincere desire to help you in any situation, a marvellous wit, extraordinary physical adroitness. All this combines to make nothing very much in the Harvard M.B.A. world of insurance. No doubt his restlessness in his job prompted him to agree instantly to sign on for our Pacific passage. By the time we set out, he was enthusiastically launched in a fresh profession, as advertising manager for a brand-new magazine, *Power & Motoryacht*, but he didn't back out.

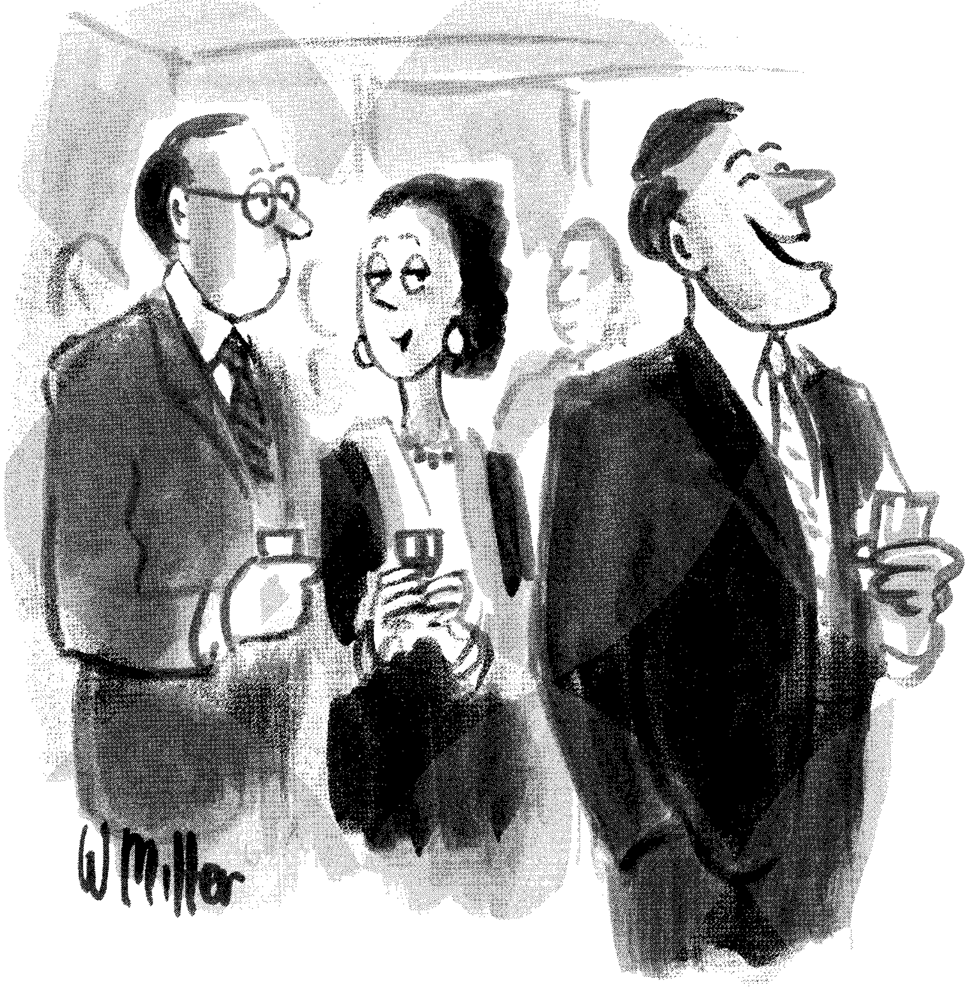
Christo was also quick to sign on. Four years out of college he had met with success as a junior editor at *Esquire* when he suddenly found himself promoted, at age twenty-five, to managing editor, following a reshuffle. Then *Esquire* turned into a fortnightly, and Christopher didn't want to try to administer a publication that came out so frequently, electing instead to work for the magazine as a roving editor. He was planning a leave of absence to embark on a book, and when *Esquire* changed hands yet again he resolved to take the summer of 1980 off and complete, in a rented house in Nantucket, "Steaming to Bamboola." In this remarkable (it is the critics speaking here) book, he retailed his extensive experiences on merchant vessels, begun at age seventeen, when he went around the world in a tramp steamer, and including a half-dozen wintry passages in the North Atlantic. The first book most authors find awfully intimidating. Christopher could not even consider an entire month's distraction, and I did not push him, though I missed him sorely. But now, having completed his second book, the comic novel "The White House Mess," he was ready.

Reggie Stoops, of course. We have sailed together since the mid-fifties, sailed everywhere, and since he is self-employed (as a plastics engineer and consultant), and divorced, he is nearly always available. *Nearly* always? You could call Reggie at midnight and ask him if he would accompany you on a six-month safari beginning the day after tomorrow, and the chances would be good he'd be there, in Banana Republic dress. I wanted him as a friend, as a contemporary, as an accomplished sailor, as a kind and patient omnipresence, and as probably the only sailing friend I have who doesn't have to close his eyes to concentrate before knowing in which direction you turn to tighten a screw, in which to loosen one.

Evan Galbraith, another old friend and sailing companion, was now Ambassador to France, a political appointment in which I had obliquely figured. He had been having a whale of a time unlacing most of the traditional corsets by which diplomats bind themselves into invisibility. When he arrived in Paris, he announced to the French community, with a natural and disarming grin made in Toledo, Ohio, and absolutely unchanged by Yale College, the Harvard Law School, Shearman & Sterling, the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, and Dillon Read, that he was not only a Reagan appointee but an *enthusiastic* Reagan appointee, and, what's more, if people wanted to savoir pourquoi, well, all they had to do was ask him—and, astonished, much of Paris proceeded to do so, in newspaper interviews, over the radio, on television. He got along just fine with the Socialists, who learned at first hand what they had never suspected; namely, that, just as it is possible to coexist with Communists, so, mirabile dictu, is it possible to coexist with a Reaganite. Van said that June, 1985, would be just fine: he'd be giving up his post about that time, and a sail across the Pacific would be just what he needed to decompress before going back to banking.

Christopher Little had come along on the second Atlantic crossing, because I needed a good photographer on board. I had known him slightly, and had known his father (a classmate of my brother) more or less forever. I had carefully vetted him before the trip, and he had passed every test with flying colors. He was married, with a picture-pretty little girl, and his only concern had been that he knew less about sailing than did Betsy, his wife, but I told him I knew less about sailing than Bus Mosbacher did, and he laughed, conceding that he knew more about photography than his wife did. Yes, he was eager to come on the Pacific trip.

We now had the full complement of six, but I invited Dick Clurman anyway. I rejoiced at the prospect of his coming but did not expect that he would. I had invited him on the 1980 trip, and at first he had accepted, but, on learning that the four other crewmen would not be Theodore White, John Chancellor, Mortimer Adler, and Isaiah Berlin, declared that he would take only the first leg of the trip. You see, Dick Clurman, longtime chief of correspondents for Time, Inc., is an intellectually restless soul, and conversation is his bag. The thought of sustaining for thirty days an analytically constructed and philosophically oriented conversation with Danny, Christo, Reg, Van, and me was simply implausible, and, of course,



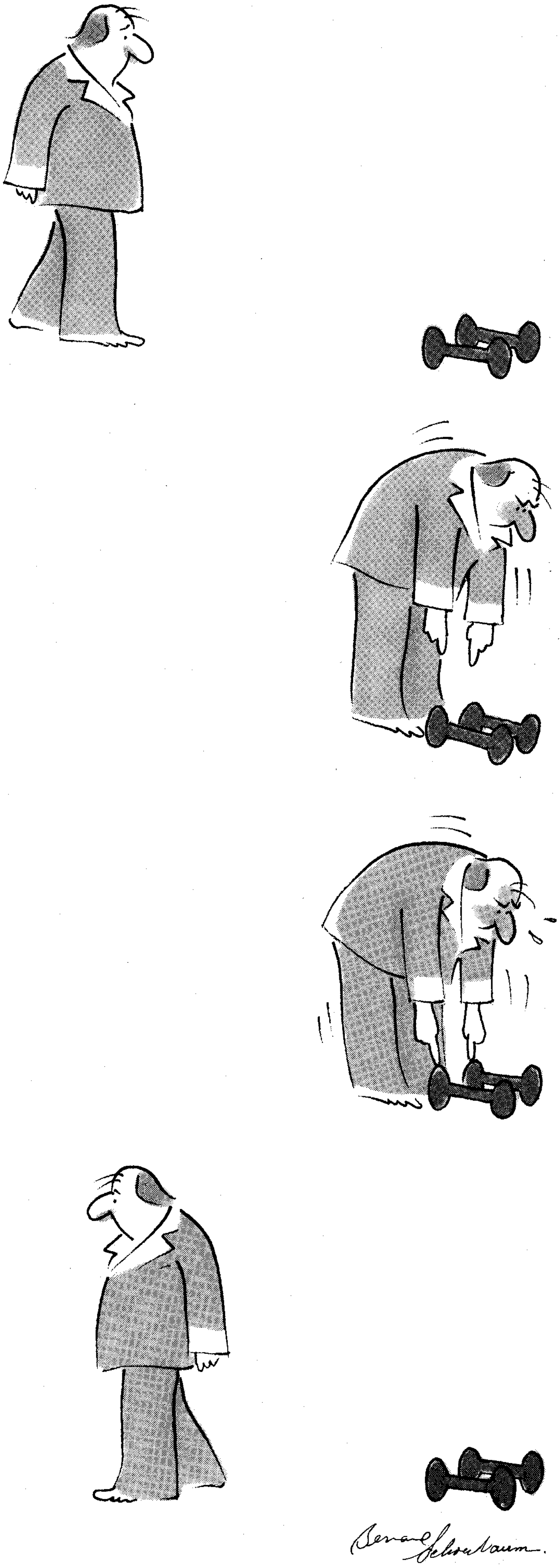
"I just love the way he goes 'Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.'"

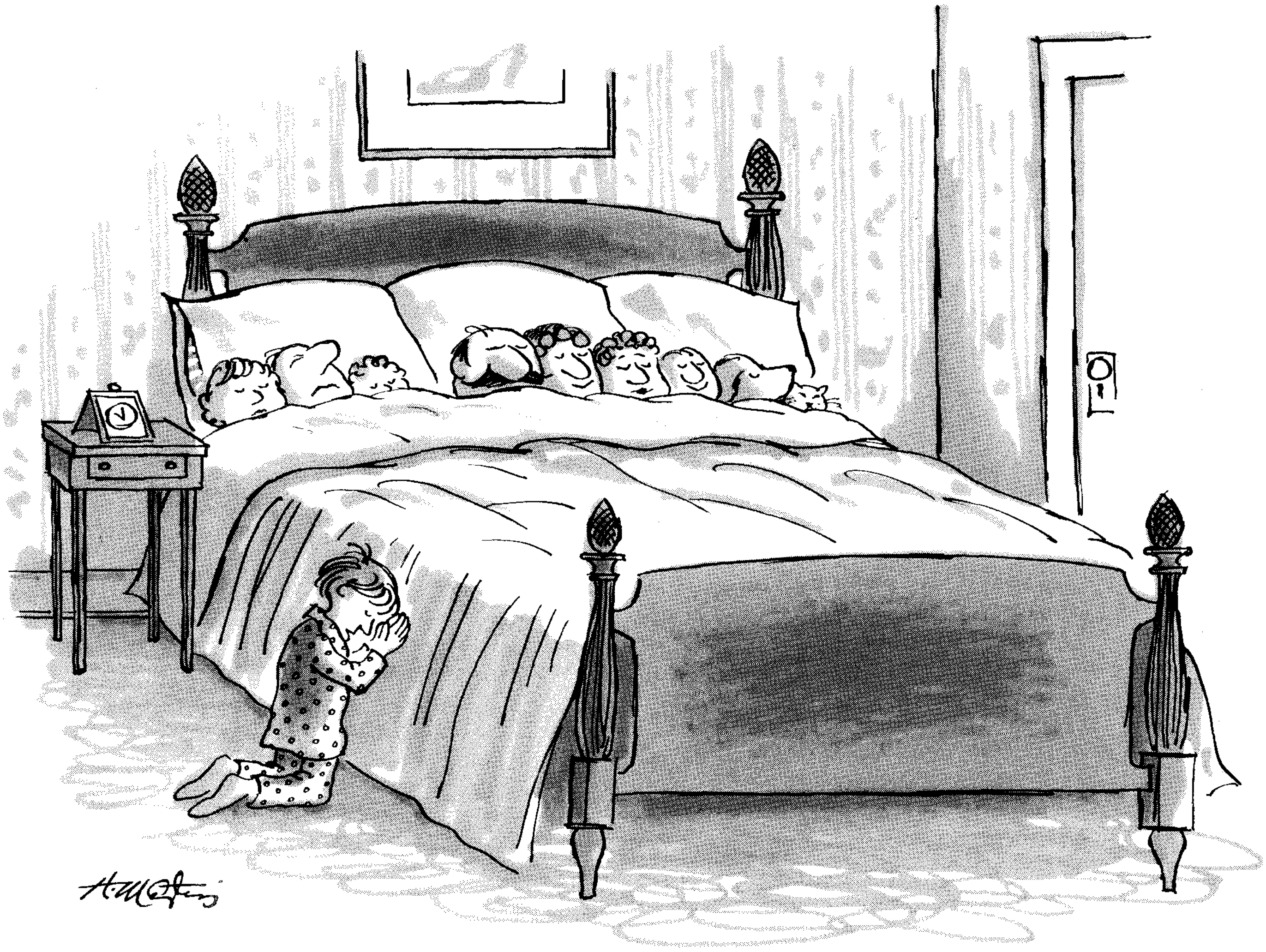
he was quite right. But on the St. Thomas–Bermuda leg he did get enough ocean sailing under his belt to confirm that the prospect of an analytically constructed, philosophically oriented, sustained discussion with Socrates aboard an oceangoing sailboat was unlikely to happen; meanwhile, the mysterious magic of blue-water sailing reached out and bit him. To my astonishment, he accepted the Pacific offer immediately, even on the understanding that, once aboard, there would be no bailing out. I was to learn from his journal (at my request, they all kept journals, some more conscientiously than others) that the weight of his commitments—he was writing a big book about why people are angry at the press—almost caused him to pull out as late as February. He could have done so without any critical reduction in the size of the crew, but the experience would have been vastly reduced for all of us.

So, then, we had the crew.

The next priority was to line up Allan Jouning. We had sailed several times with Allan when he was the skipper of the seventy-one-foot ketch Sealestial, in the Caribbean at Christmastime. And when I thought to cross the Atlantic in a chartered vessel I wanted a captain I liked and admired who was accustomed to my ways aboard ship and who acknowledged me as the skipper, save (here insurance policies dominate) in any situation (none ever arose) in which I stipulated one course of action and he another, expressly invoking the safety of the vessel: in which event he would become the commanding officer. Allan is from New Zealand, the soul of calm, competence, and good humor. He agreed, at a meeting in New York, to carve out the month of June, 1985, for me no matter what he was otherwise doing.

Next came the problem of a vessel. I tend to think that problems dissipate if only you write the proper letter to the proper person. This problem did not, until my old friend Dr. Michael Papo, the owner of Sealestial, suddenly announced that he desired to take that boat (he has a fleet of three) to the Pacific, and would concert his plans with mine. So we would be back with Allan on a very familiar vessel. There are intricacies in chartering a boat under such unusual circumstances which need not be dilated on, but if you get around to doing the same kind of thing expect to spend a little time with friendly and less than absolutely friendly lawyers and insurance agents. I made a composite deal: Sealestial would head for Tahiti to be there in time for our Christmas cruise. Instead of our regular Caribbean cruise, we would take two weeks in Tahiti. There was a bonus, kindness of Dr. Papo. In order to sail to Tahiti, it makes sense to go first to the Galápagos. Would I like a cruise in the Galápagos Islands? I would indeed. So then I faced a (short) week in the Galápagos on Sealestial just before Thanksgiving, two weeks in Tahiti, and a month in June, sailing from Honolulu to New Guinea. A sizable taste of the Pacific, I thought, until I finally got around to the breathless experience of staring hour after hour at charts of the Pacific, and recognizing that there is practically no such thing as a sizable taste of the Pacific in less than, say, a year. You might as well say you have experienced Chinese food after a single dinner





"Bless Mommy and Daddy, Emmy Lou, Uncle Dud, Aunt Francie, Miss Pettingill, Cousin Ernie, Orkey, and Fluff."

• •

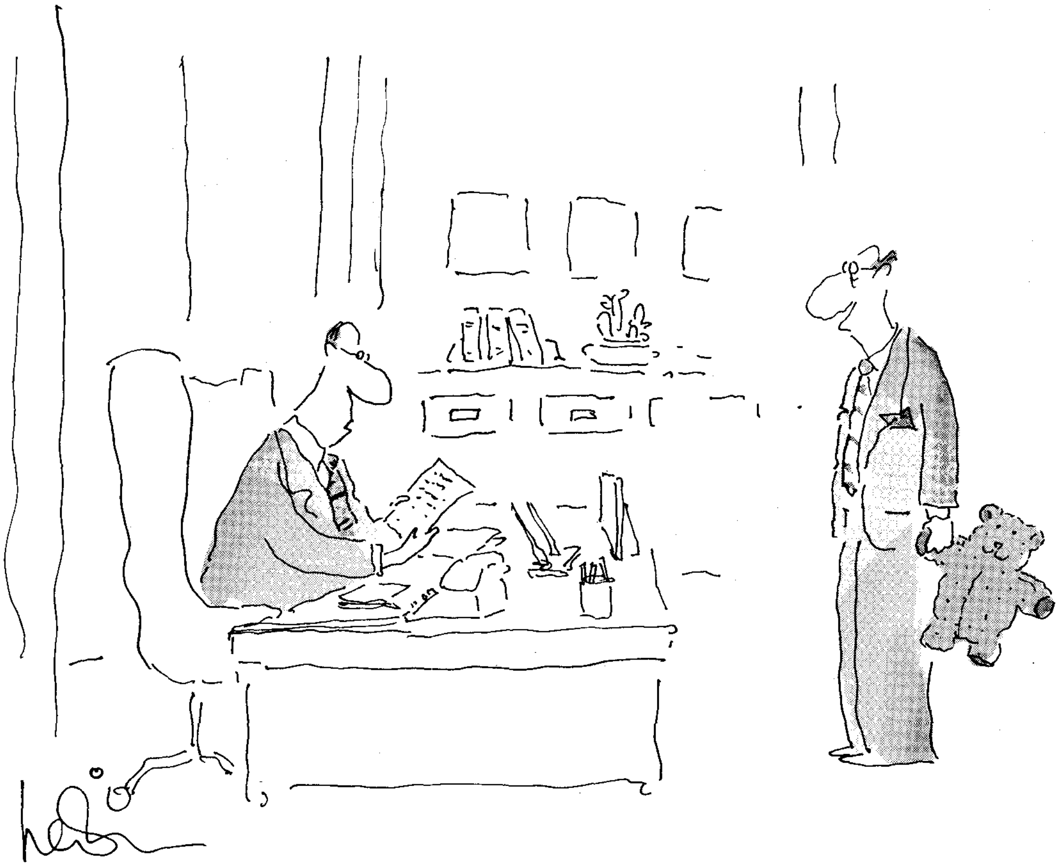
in Singapore. But the distances would be vast, and if—as has happened to me—you can get into trouble crossing from the Connecticut shore to Long Island you might get into trouble sailing four thousand miles of the Pacific.

THE passage was for me the primary thing—a point ever so important to stress. The vastness of the Pacific is something we all know about, and we should know that anybody bent on island-hopping can spend the balance of his life in the Pacific without hoping to visit anything like all the islands that ocean contains. I wanted to *cross* the Pacific Ocean, and that indicated a single starting point—Hawaii, American territory. To have begun the passage in San Francisco or Los Angeles would have added two weeks we didn't have. Start in Honolulu and go where? It occurred to me that it would be fine to end the passage in Auckland, in New Zealand, where I have twice been, and which is the home city of Allan Jouning. Those were the two fixed points I had in mind when I turned to the question of way stations.

I look back with amusement at the first memo I sent out to my companions, at the end of December, 1983:

> A route that suggests itself at this point, now that I have done a little work on it with weather charts, will be: Honolulu to the Marshall Islands, 1,900 miles—course southerly, winds easterly. Marshall Islands to Samoa, south by west, 600 miles, winds easterly. Samoa to the Fiji group, southwest, 600 miles, winds easterly. Fiji to Auckland, 1,400 miles, winds easterly for the first two-thirds, then variable. Total distance, 4,500 miles . . . The objective would be to make the trip in 28 to 30 days, allowing a day or two in the Marshalls, in Samoa, and two or three in Fiji. I propose we leave on the first of June, arriving approximately the 30th in Auckland. This would make it possible for those who desire to do so to come back in time for the Fourth of July. Or to spend that week exploring New Zealand, or hopping back via Tahiti. Much more in due course, but the purpose of this memo is to get you all to block out the month of June, 1985.

Over the next period, I and, in particular, Van, who has a penchant for maps and charts and logistics, fanned out the news of the projected trip, asking for advice and information. A few people were startlingly kind, beginning with Roger Hallowell, the executive director of the Cruising Information Center, which is a branch of the Peabody Museum, in Salem, Massachusetts. He wrote to say that he needed to know first things first; namely, were we planning to get the boat as far as possible on a circumnavigation, or to some definite goal, or did we simply want to explore some nice South Pacific islands—on, as he put it, "a gunkholing cruise"? He then reminded me that the southeast trades "have a southern limit of about 20 deg. South, leaving you with possible head winds for a leg from Fiji,



"I see here, Walters, you started with the firm when you were very young."

• •

Tonga, or Samoa to New Zealand, roughly 1,200-1,500 miles," and continued, "If you want to stay in the trades, and if time permits, you might consider a long first leg to Pago Pago (2,280 mi), then to Fiji (660 mi), New Hebrides (660 mi), Guadalcanal (550 mi), then either to Rabaul on New Britain (550 mi) or to New Guinea—Port Moresby or Madang (780 mi)." He went on to recommend the (indispensable, we found) "Landfalls of Paradise," by Earl R. Hinz, from which he quoted the following distances (as the crow flies, and in nautical miles; add thirteen per cent for statute-mile equivalents):

Honolulu to Auckland	3,820
" " Guam	3,320
" " Nouméa	3,370
" " Rabaul	3,360
" " Kwajalein	2,160
" " Pago Pago–Samoa	2,280
" " Suva-Fiji	2,780

I thought a first leg of twenty-three hundred miles rather too long a stretch, to be avoided if possible. The balance of the proposed itinerary seemed appealing, but the warning against headwinds while on the way down to New Zealand stuck in my mind, and I began to think of New Guinea as an alternative destination. I returned to the pilot charts, and they revealed that headwinds in the New Zealand–Fiji area were to be expected approximately twenty-five per cent of the time in the month of June (midwinter in that part of the world). I'd continue to think about it. Mr. Hallowell followed up his note not much later by telling me that one of his "clients" reported that volcanic activity in Rabaul had closed the harbor to yachts, but nearby Madang had excellent facilities. "All yachts," he went on to say, "have been complaining about slow passages this summer due to light winds in the trade wind belt. [My client] had to power a good deal. . . . His estimate is that you will not have much time to spare with your thirty-day time limit."

In October, in a memo to the gang, I confirmed the decision to substitute New Guinea for Auckland. In that memo I said that my thinking was to head from Honolulu to Johnston Atoll, seven hundred miles southwest and the nearest point of land to Hawaii; then to Majuro, in the Marshalls (thirteen hundred miles southwest); then to Kosrae, in the Carolines (five hundred miles); then to Ponape (three hundred miles); then two hundred and sixty miles south-southwest to Nukuoro; a hundred and sixty-five miles south to Kapingamarangi; three hundred miles south-southwest to Kavieng, in New Guinea (actually, New Ireland); and—the final leg—a hundred and twenty miles to Rabaul, assuming that the volcanic activity had ceased.

> Now, most obviously wrong with this schedule is that it gives us a trip that takes 35 days and this we cannot do. We plan a 30-day trip, with only one day's leeway. We will therefore need to do some fine tuning. The problem would vanish if we can stay in the westbound current and avoid the countercurrent. I shall be writing to investigate this matter. . . .
>
> The winds are (I speak here roughly) behind us for the first quarter of the trip, and off the port quarter for the next half, then abeam. They average Force Three or Four [eight to eighteen miles per hour]. On the route we are taking, at the time we are travelling, there is close to a zero chance of hurricanes or typhoons. Now, the distances I have shown above total 3,700 miles. If we managed 180 miles per day, we would need 21 days of sailing, which would give us nine days of layover. The currents might permit us as much as 40 miles extra per day on the trade-wind equatorial legs. We have the option of sailing right by the last three of the islands. In short, if we agree on the basic route, there is plenty of improvisation that can cut back the days so as to have us landing on Day 30 in Rabaul.
>
> Oh yes: Depart Honolulu 1600* Sunday, June 2.
>
> *B.W.T. [Buckley Watch Time]

I had a spirited reply from Reggie suggesting a different route, and I wavered (for a day or so). It was most awfully persuasive, and refreshingly saucy:

> I got a Pilot Chart of the South Pacific (Pub 107) yesterday and immediately checked the currents along the route from Tahiti to Port Moresby. You will be pleased to know that they average 13.5 knots right on the tail all the way. The actual range is shown as from 5-10 knots at Tahiti and reaching 10 to 25 knots around Fiji. That means we can *drift* the whole distance in 11 days!
>
> Well, I thought I'd better just check that one out before I passed it on to you, so I called the Maritime Safety Division of

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the DMA (Defense Mapping Agency) in Washington (202-227-3147) and found that the current figures are not given in knots [nautical miles per hour] as stated, but in *miles per day*. So we will pick up $25\times13.5=337.5$ miles from the current.

In case you haven't yet been through the fine print, the chart for June also gives the following information for the Tahiti-Moresby route.

Winds: A very steady Force 4 (13-18 mph) from the southeast 33 to 65 per cent of the time, from the east from 20 to 37 per cent of the time, from the south about ten per cent of the time, northeast, five per cent. It hardly ever blows from other directions and is calm only one per cent of the time.

Air temperature: A steady 26 deg C (79 F).

Water Temperature is the same: 79 deg all the way.

Barometric pressure: We follow a steady high-pressure ridge of 1012 to 1015 millibars that stretches right across the Pacific.

Compass variation is from 0 to 4 deg east and back to 2 deg east.

Visibility: Never less than two miles.

Gales: The chance of a gale in the area is about .5 per cent. Along our route it is about one-eighth of one per cent.

Tropical cyclones: Have never been reported in June along our course.

Wave height: About 400 miles south of our course wave heights of 12 feet are reached ten per cent of the time in June. I would guess that we might expect one or two days of such seas.

Route: The island groups on the course from Tahiti to Moresby are as follows:

—The Society Islands (Tahiti, Mooréa, Bora Bora, Tahaa, and Raiatéa, Muapiti and Motuiti). These are all within 165 miles of Tahiti.

—Then 1,100 miles to Pago Pago in Samoa, where there are three islands: Tutuila, Upolu, and Savaii.

—Wallis Island and Isla de Horne are possible stops but the next big islands would be in the Fijis: Vanua Levu and Viti Levu (Suva). It is 670 miles from Pago Pago to Suva.

—Next stop, Vanuatu (New Hebrides). There are 15 islands here. Vila Harbor on Efate Island looks like the main port. Vila is 600 miles from Suva.

—At Vila we're 1,360 miles across the Coral Sea from Port Moresby and can either go southwest to New Caledonia and the Loyalty Islands or go north through the New Hebrides chain to the Santa Cruz Islands and then through the Solomon Islands (San Cristobal, Guadalcanal, New Georgia, Santa Isabel, Bougainville).

If we followed this route it would be about 1,560 miles from Vila to Port Moresby or a total of 4,130 nautical miles.

Reggie, who is a precisionist, then had a little fun with me:

> A quick check of your memo with the chart in front of me makes me wonder whether we should find a good navigator for the passage. *My* chart shows Rabaul on New Britain and Kavieng on New Ireland —neither one on New Guinea. (However, I guess one shouldn't take you literally.) And the distance from Majuro to Kusaie (Kosrae) *can't* be 469 miles. I make it 502. [I had used thumb-to-little-finger measure-

> ments, Reggie a pair of dividers.] But then, by your coördinates you've located Honolulu in the middle of Oahu and both Majuro and Kosrae 15 miles east of where they should be. I don't think I'd better check the courses.

And at the end, characteristically, Reggie put a soft touch on the subject, a little parachute for my self-esteem:

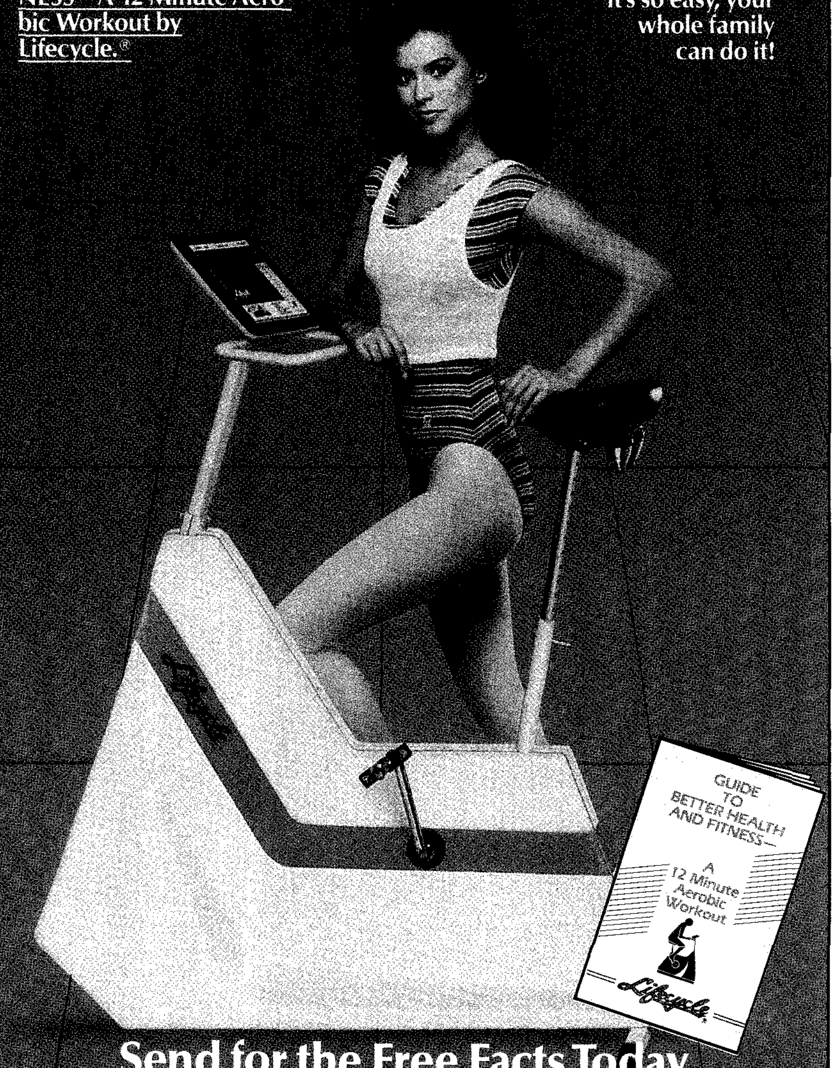
> There's an interesting note at the top of the Pilot Chart. It says they are "founded upon the researches made *in the early part of the nineteenth century* by Matthew Fontaine Maury, while serving as a lieutenant in the United States Navy."

The itinerary made a great deal of sense, and the islands en route were more attractive by far than those that lay along the direct route from Hawaii. But the formal point kept yanking at me: *I did not want a cruise; I wanted a passage*. Preposterous to make the point, given that the distances were equivalent. But sailing from Tahiti to New Guinea would be a *cruise* within the Pacific, and I wanted a Pacific *crossing*. (We would pay heavily for the distinction.) There were further communications from Roger Hallowell, who was persistently helpful; he enclosed memorandums from voyagers in Micronesia, my favorite being from the gentleman who said, "One should plan to spend at least two months or more in the Fiji area."

I decided on the route.

There followed a flurry of memos, mostly dispatched during my annual six weeks in Switzerland, where every week or so I would pore over the charts with Van, who visited, and with Christo, who, with his wife, Lucy, spent the time with me there, while he finished his novel. I touched on several matters in one memo:

> Our first stop will be Johnston Atoll, WSW, approximately five days' travel. It is a mysterious island, and the Ambassador [Van] is devising means to penetrate it, which should prove much easier to do given the events of last November [the Reagan landslide]. If necessary, we shall have to arrive with gas masks, a responsibility of the Procurement Officer, who will be named before this memorandum is completed.
>
> I had a pleasant and productive meeting with Allan Jouning, who plans to be in Hawaii four or five days before our departure rather than the fortnight previously discussed, because: He is going to be a father! Allan will be in close touch with Keith [Sealestial's regular captain] to check on the boat's physical health. He will also see to it that we have some 12-volt fans for the main cabin, and a 12-volt icemaker, a matter of some importance. [I should have written 24 volts in both cases.]
>
> We are pleased to report that Liz Wheeler, familiar to all early patrons of



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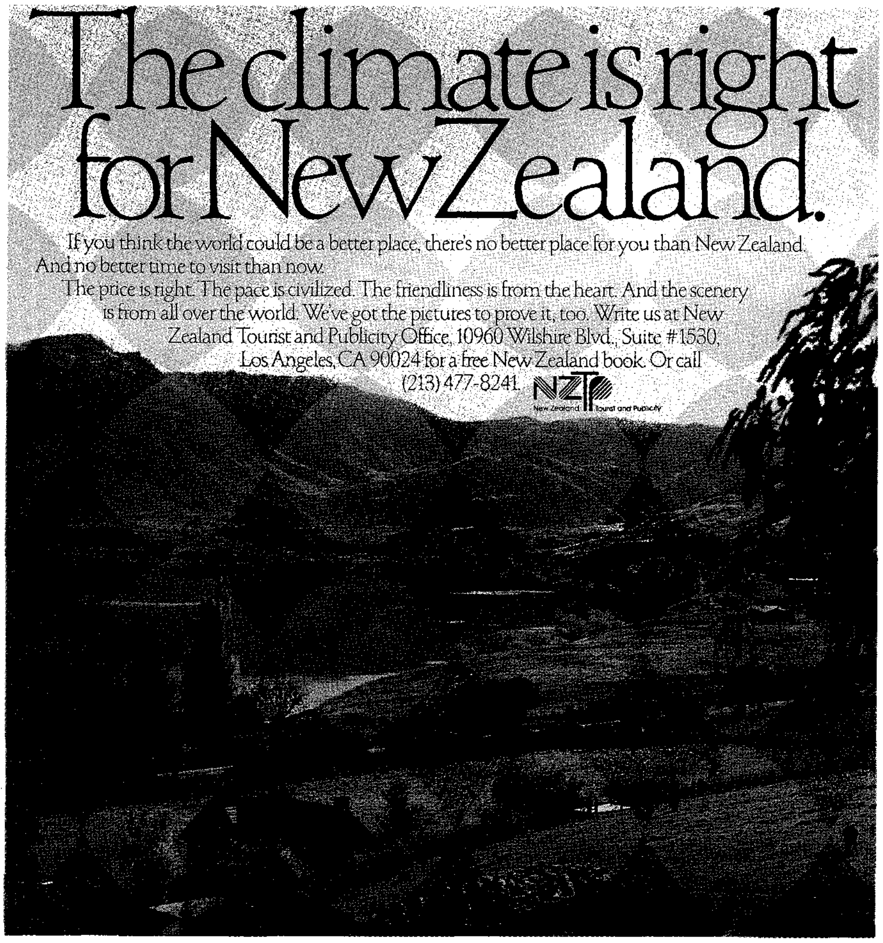

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Sealestial, agrees to come out of retirement in order to act as chef.

The following commissions are hereby granted. All perquisites attaching thereto will be fully enjoyed, in usufruct.

—Procurement Officer: Daniel Merritt

—Safety Officer: Reginald Stoops

—Meteorological Officer: Van Galbraith

—Diplomatic Advance Man: Van Galbraith

—Navigation: W.F.B.

—Journal supervision: Richard Clurman

—Surprises-along-the-Way, including wines, tidbits, biscuits, magazines, firecrackers, surprises, entertainment: Christopher Buckley

—Health and Medical: Reginald Stoops.

And, a month or so later, more memorandums and bulletins:

Here is information of miscellaneous character concerning our forthcoming adventure. Might I, while at it, gently remind you all that the Post Office serves to carry communications not only from me to you but also from you to me, so that you may feel free to answer questions put to you; for instance: When do you plan to arrive in Hawaii? And other questions posed in my last communication.

Ambassador Galbraith has been wonderfully helpful in establishing a number of things, to wit: Our route takes us by several islands, enumerated in the penultimate memo, all of which lie within Micronesia and are under U.S. protection of some sort or other. This translates into: No visas are needed for the entire passage *until* we arrive in New Guinea.

On the matter of health. It is required by the relevant authorities (though concededly this is a requirement that is not enforceable) that all members of the crew take precautions against malaria by taking Aralen and Fansidar. These are pills that need to be taken beginning X days before we begin the passage and ending Y days after we complete it. My doctor is looking into dosages, plus any difference in terminology between Frog anti-malaria pills and U.S. anti-malaria pills. This information will be forthcoming in another memo. It is further recommended, though not required, that each of us receive an injection of gamma globulin, which helps guard against phlebitis, or gout, or whatever.

FYI, the rates for the passage Rabaul–New York are: First Class, $2,460. Club Class $1,610. Coach Class $1,400. Excursion (which is the same as coach, subject to the requirements mentioned elsewhere) $1,008. The committee [W.F.B.] will come through with Excursion fares. Any hedonist who chooses to do so is free to upgrade himself.

Concerning bunking arrangements:

—W.F.B. and the Ambassador will share the owner's cabin.

—Reg and Christopher Little will share guest Cabin #1.

—Dick Clurman will have use of Cabin #2, except that the top bunk will serve as stowage space for non-hanging articles of Dan Merritt and Christopher Buckley.

—Christopher Buckley and Danny will sleep in the after cockpit. They will bring their own sleeping bags.... They will use lockers in W.F.B.'s cabin for hanging items (pants, jacket, foul-weather gear) and Clurman's cabin, top bunk, for other gear.

I am exhausted by this effort, and so bid you a very temporary farewell.

Van raised an interesting question concerning a division of responsibilities, which drew another memo:

Van is the vessel's Meteorological Officer.

Dick is the vessel's Communications Officer.

So then Van has the responsibility for keeping a weather log [never done, I now note], giving us warnings [done splendidly], that kind of thing.

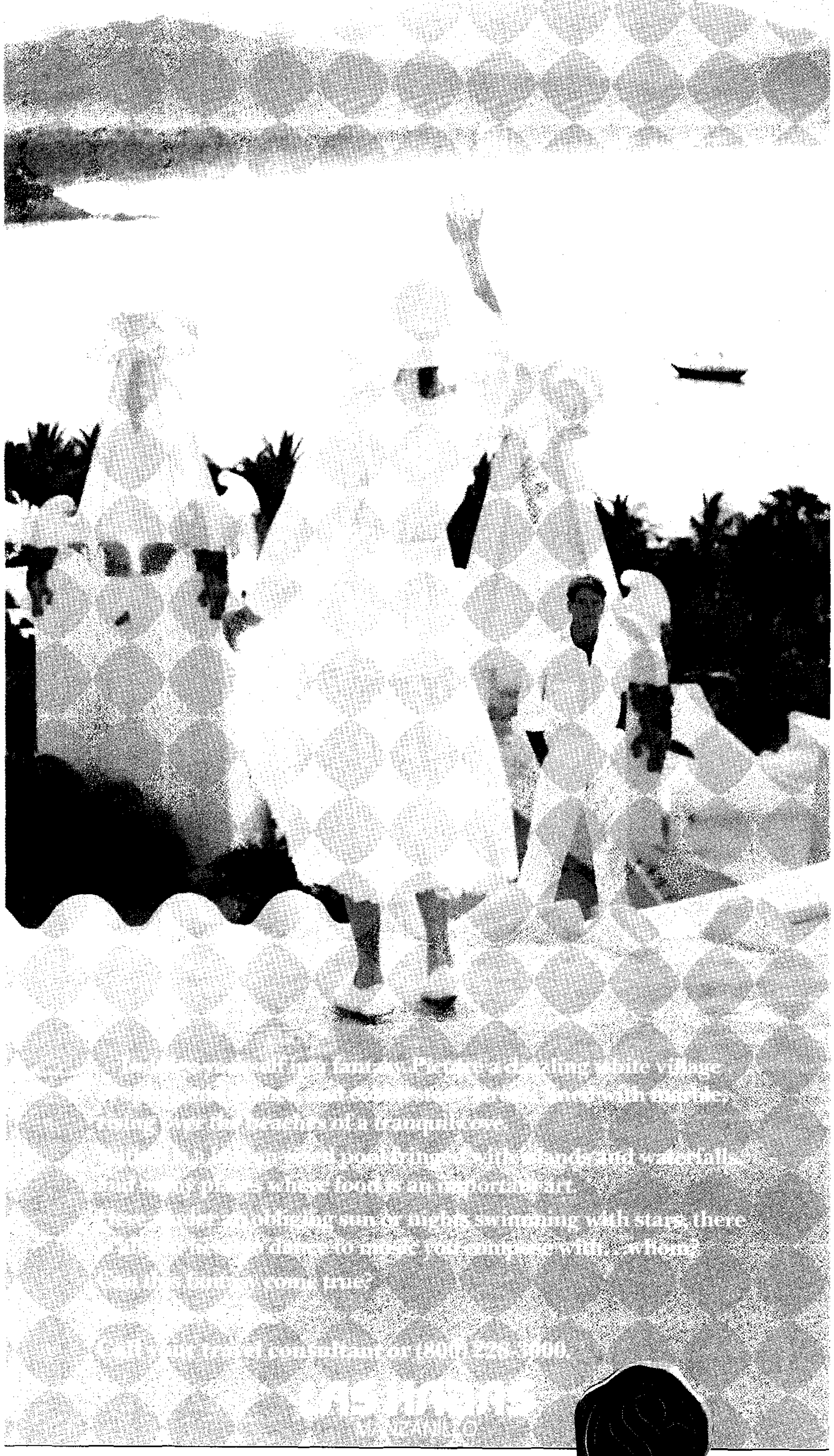
Dick has the responsibility of seeing to it that the vessel is fully equipped to receive all relevant stations, and also to transmit, in the event of emergency, or for social purposes.

In re Dick: We need to establish that the ship has all the radio gear you think we need. Important: There is a publication called *Selected Worldwide Marine Weather Broadcasts*, available from the U.S. Government Printing Office, and probably from a dozen ship-supply-store firms in New York. I'd recommend picking one up in the event Sealestial doesn't have one.

In re Van: The Weatherfax ought to be in working order, and will save you a lot of work if it is. [It was not.] Second point: In random reading recently I learned that a plain old AM radio, especially when tuned at lower frequencies, will tell you if a thunderstorm is in the area. The louder the static, the closer it is. The same exploration can be done using an RDF, with the dividend that the direction in which the storm lies is ascertained. (The passage I read indicated that there is no way reliably to ascertain whether the storm is ahead or behind the radio's null—the problem, so-called, of reciprocal ambiguity.)

My colleagues finally broke silence: I heard from them by telephone and correspondence. Reggie applied himself to mastering the Astro and Navpac programs, usable on a Radio Shack TRS-80 computer. The most memorable item in Reggie's letter was "I want you to know *I've already started my journal* and plan to shame you all with my eloquence. Look to your laurels, Buckley." That letter was written on April 8th, and as I write, a year later, surveying Reggie's completed journal, I think it fair to say that such was his devotion to an early start that by April 8th he had written about ninety-five per cent of his completed journal.

The procurement of sufficient ice was a paramount objective. Sealestial had an icemaker that worked only when the generator was on. Since the generator was on only three or four hours every day, we had no steady icemaker. Moreover, when the generator was on and the ship was heeling,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and many places where food is an important art.
[illegible] under an obliging sun or nights swimming with stars, there [illegible] dance to music you compose with... whom?
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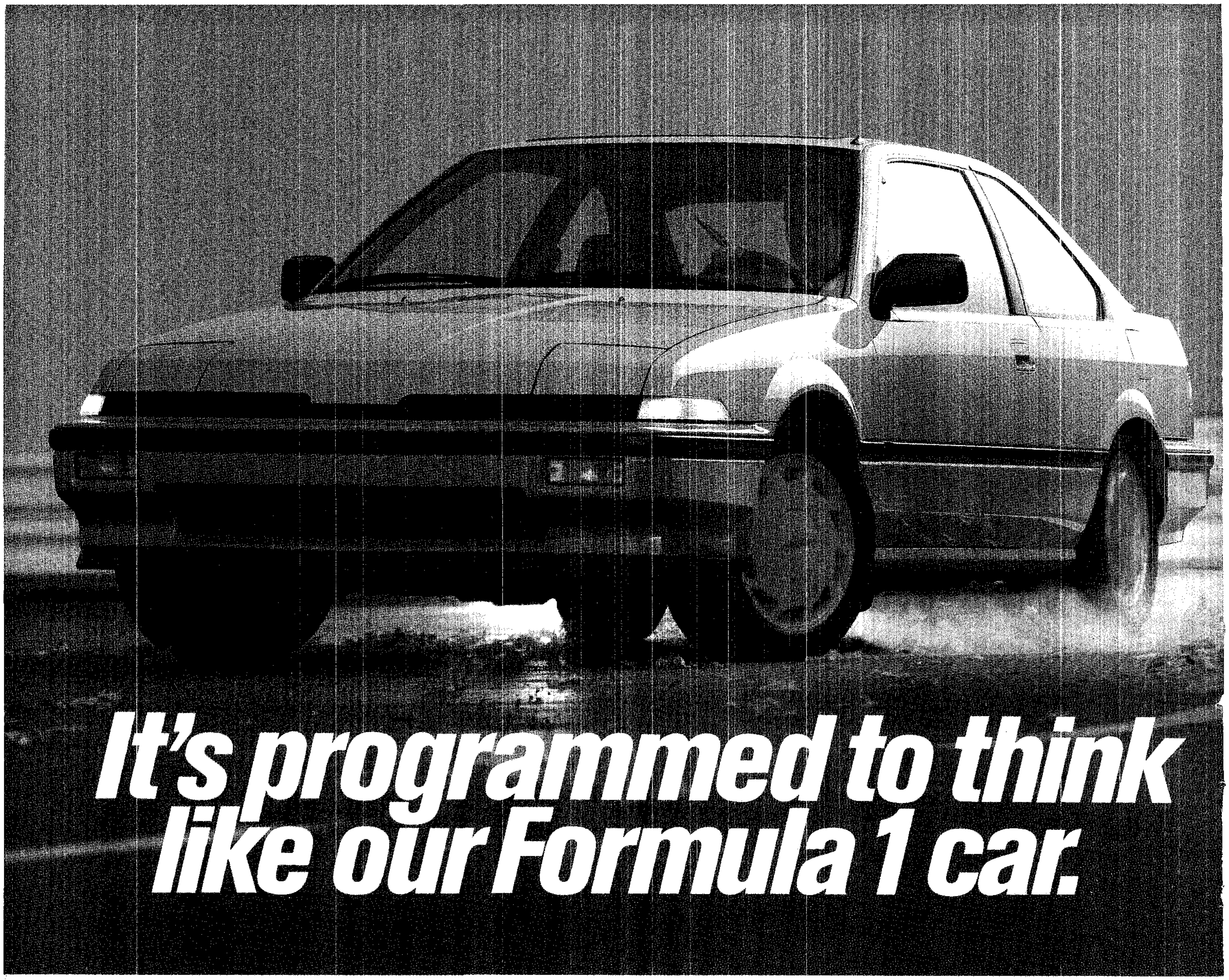

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which was practically always, water tended to spill from the ice trays before freezing. The only solution was to buy an icemaker. But since there are none that run off twenty-four volts (the ship's electrical supply, from the batteries, when the generator was off) we needed a converter. Anyone who thinks it is easy to procure a converter for transforming twenty-four-volt D.C. power to a hundred-and-ten-volt A.C. should undertake to try to find one. Ours arrived in Honolulu the afternoon before we sailed, and was hastily installed. The wrong fans arrived a week before we sailed, and were replaced by the correct ones the morning we set out.

And, of course, wines. Danny calculated that fifty cases of beer would be about right, and I got the wine through a merchant in Honolulu: three cases of Vintage Selection Cabernet Sauvignon; three cases of 1982 Kendall Jackson Cabernet Sauvignon; three cases of 1982 St. Bonnet, Médoc; three cases of 1983 Fleurie, Barolet; four cases of 1982 Chablis, Barolet; one case of 1981 Château Gloria; five cases of 1983 Muscadet Sèvre-et-Maine; three cases of 1978 Jean Léon Cabernet Sauvignon; three cases of 1983 Piesporter Michelsberg Kabinett, Reh; three cases of Mateus rosé; one case of Freixenet Cordon Negro Brut Champagne. The cost was $2,525.74. Liz served approximately one thousand man-meals, so that comes down to $2.50 for booze per person per meal—O.K. as a rough estimate. But there were seven or eight cases left over (which we ended up giving to a church at Kavieng). I note that Captain Cook, on his bark Endeavour, provided for seventy men at sea for one year "Beer in Puncheons, 1200 gallons, Spirits 1600 gallons." I haven't the energy to decipher which of the two vessels, Endeavour or Sealestial, was the more vinous.

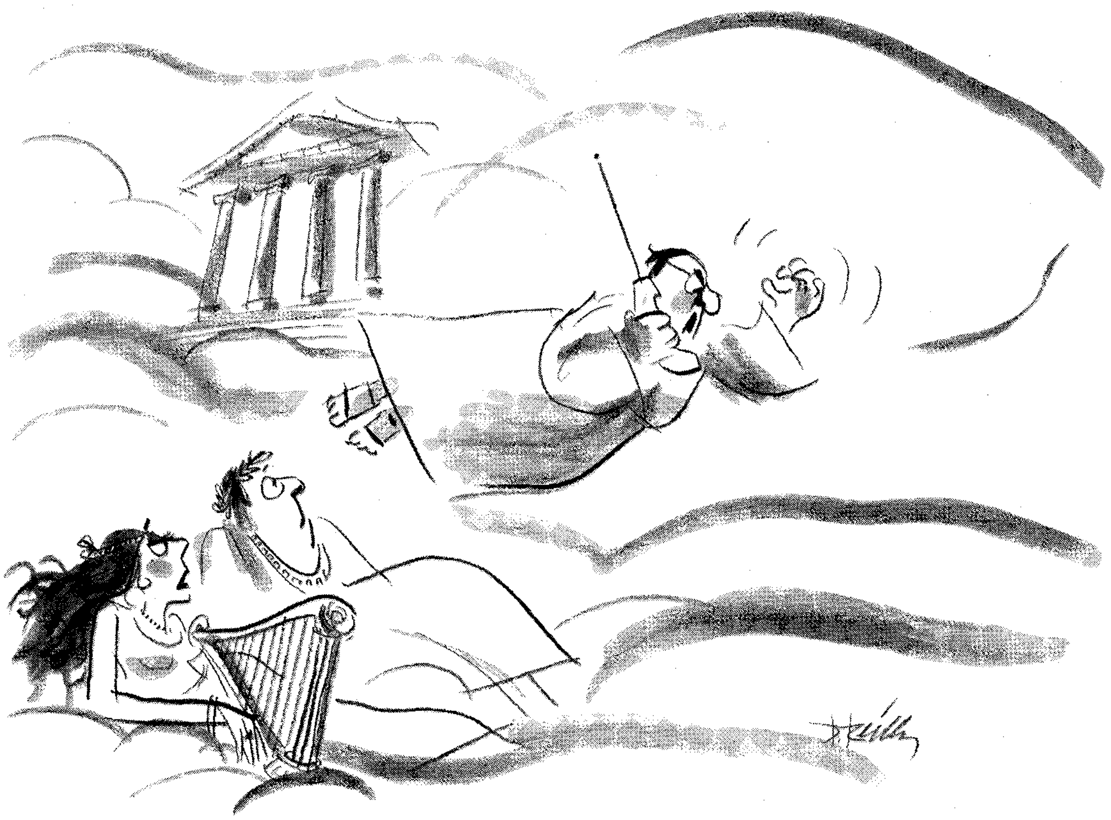
"Now, remember, you promised not to be crotchety tonight."

• •

I can't conclude the section on selective preparations without mentioning the matter of the Swedish crackers. A friend in Gstaad casually served them at a lunch a year or so before our passage, and I was overwhelmed—dry, crisp, perfect flavor, incomparable with cheese, peanut butter, ham, butter. I asked my secretary, Frances Bronson, kindly to order me a thirty-day supply for eleven people. This evolved into a country-wide search, in which seven or eight people participated—every one was sure that he/she knew of one delicatessen (the one that has *everything*) that would have them. No luck. I sent a cable to the bakery in Sweden. We learned that the crackers were only just now being introduced in America, and could be bought through an agency in Princeton, New Jersey. Three days before sailing, a hundred packets (225 grams each) of Pains Grillés Suédois au Blé Complet arrived, bringing me thirty days of contentment. Ironically, my easily jaded colleagues eventually tired of them, after devouring them hungrily for two or three thousand miles.

"HERE'S a package for you, Pup." From the sunny dock, my son Christo handed me down to the deck what looked like a shoebox. From below, the voice of Liz: "There is literally not room to stow *one more hot dog*." I don't say anything, though I have been a little queasy about Liz; there's a professional irritation in her voice. Whatever was in that shoebox is not going to sink our seventy-one-foot, seventy-ton ketch, granted that we are stuffed to overflowing. Reaching for the package, I said simply, "Don't worry, Liz."

It was a bottle of champagne, to which a note was appended. "This champagne is yours because you were responsible for naming our boat," the donor had written. "You're welcome to come aboard if you want." She indi-



"He's new. He's the God of Arbitrage."

• •

cated the pier. The letterhead carried the printed name Querencia, and she hailed from Vancouver.

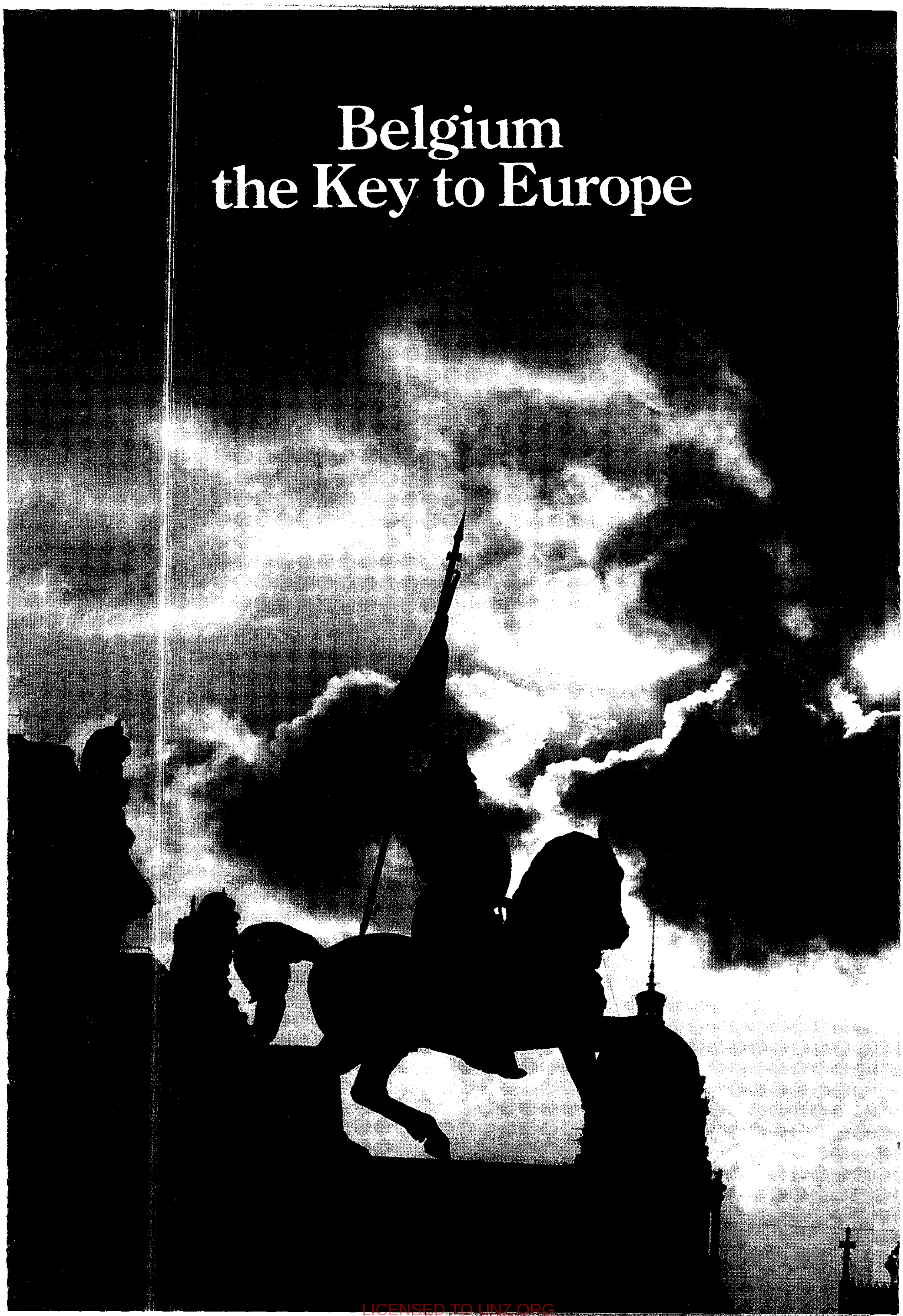
I looked up. The donor was at the corner of the dock talking to Dick Clurman. I climbed up and approached her. She was in her late thirties, animated, pretty, tanned, competent in manner, and warm. She told me, a little shyly, that she had run into the word for the first time in one of my books and, on reflection, had thought it just right for the boat she and her husband had been planning for years. She had needed to check it, she said, smiling—just to make absolutely sure—but I had been right: the word doesn't translate.

The word is used in Spanish to designate that little area of the bullring which catches the psychic fancy of the fighting bull when he charges in. He imagines it his sanctuary: when he is parked there, he supposes, he cannot be hurt. It is the first responsibility of the matador carefully to interpret the bull's initial roaring about the ring, as he is teased this way and that by the *peones* with their capes. The matador must discern exactly where in the ring is the little space of twenty or thirty square feet this particular bull has designated in his mind's eye as the area of imagined immunity, because when the time comes for the final, dangerous, exhibitionistic passes preceding the kill the matador must not initiate them so close to the querencia as to risk the bull's deviation from his normal, rectilinear charge. If the bull doesn't charge straight at the cape but deviates toward his querencia he might run his horns into the matador. So it is that, borrowing the term, one can speak of one's "querencia" to mean that little unspecified area where one feels safe, serene. In the company of one's wife or husband, say. Within the shadow of the Statue of Liberty, perhaps. In due course, for all men, such an area will be underground, the graveyard's bower. But meanwhile, the lady said, smiling, she thought it just right for her boat, and so did her husband—a boat that had brought them peace of mind. I told her how very sorry I was that I could not visit her Querencia, as the hectic final minutes before our setting out preëmpted distractions, however pleasant. We would drink to their Querencia that very night, I promised, hoping that in Sealestial we would find our own.

It was just after three-thirty. Seven months earlier, I had sent a memo to all hands saying that we would set out from Honolulu at 1600 on June 2nd. I went back up to the cockpit. Quite suddenly, there was—well, no bustle. I looked about. Dick—shirtless, as usual—was seated, smoking, of course, and fussing with one of his radios; opposite, Dan was wedged between his wife and his sister-in-law, drinking a beer, of course. Van and Reg were bent over the cockpit instruments—Reg was quietly explaining something. Christo was testing the new twenty-four-volt fan in the saloon below. Maureen Ormond, Sealestial's stewardess, was also below, assisting Liz, and Noddy Banfield, the mate, was forward, tucking the spinnaker into its sail bag. Christopher Little, twenty yards abeam, waved to me from his rented powerboat—photographers call it a chase boat. Its function is to "chase" a departing vessel for the convenience of a photographer who wishes to record the scene. After a few miles, this chase boat would pull alongside, and Christopher, with his photographic gear, would leap onto Sealestial. We would wave goodbye to the chase boat, and Sealestial would sail on, seven hundred and sixteen miles to the little island I had plotted to stop at on our southwesterly course to the Bismarck Archipelago: almost the same distance, I was reminded, as Newport-Bermuda.

"What do you say we shove off?" I said. Which we proceeded to do, twenty minutes earlier than scheduled, on that bright afternoon, suddenly experiencing the blend of elation, excitement, and apprehension you feel when heading out into the ocean on a long, long passage. Such moments live on in the memory. We hoisted the spinnaker on a broad reach, and the heavy-laden ketch sprang to life, the knotmeter rising quickly to eight and a half knots. The seas were lively without being boisterous. The sun lay at about two o'clock to our course, still high, but a little less white-pallid than at noon. To our left, at nine o'clock, was imperious Diamond Head. Aft of the windward beam—at five o'clock—we could see Pearl Harbor. From the

Belgium
the Key to Europe



DIRK BUWALDA

Belgium isn't for everybody. Some impatient travellers expect their pleasures to be spread out before them like a banquet. They don't want to take the time to seek them out.

But the Belgians are more than willing to meet you halfway. The trouble is they show visitors what they think visitors want to see, and keep the rest (the best) to themselves. So you get to see the Grand'Place and the Atomium, a couple of canals in Bruges and that's about it. All souvenirs and no memories.

The truth is that the Belgians are divided in their vision of this puzzling Kingdom. They haven't quite figured themselves out yet. For one thing, Belgium hasn't always been Belgium. At one time or another, it has been Lotharingia or Burgundy or the Spanish or Austrian Low Countries or the United Netherlands.

The one thing it has always been is a land hospitable to artists and architects, musicians and poets.

Out of the argument with themselves over what kind of people they want to be have come many magnificent answers. There is the serene answer of Jan Van Eyck whose Mystic Lamb in Ghent is perhaps the most

CLAUDE LEVESQUE

Belgium, an experience to savor

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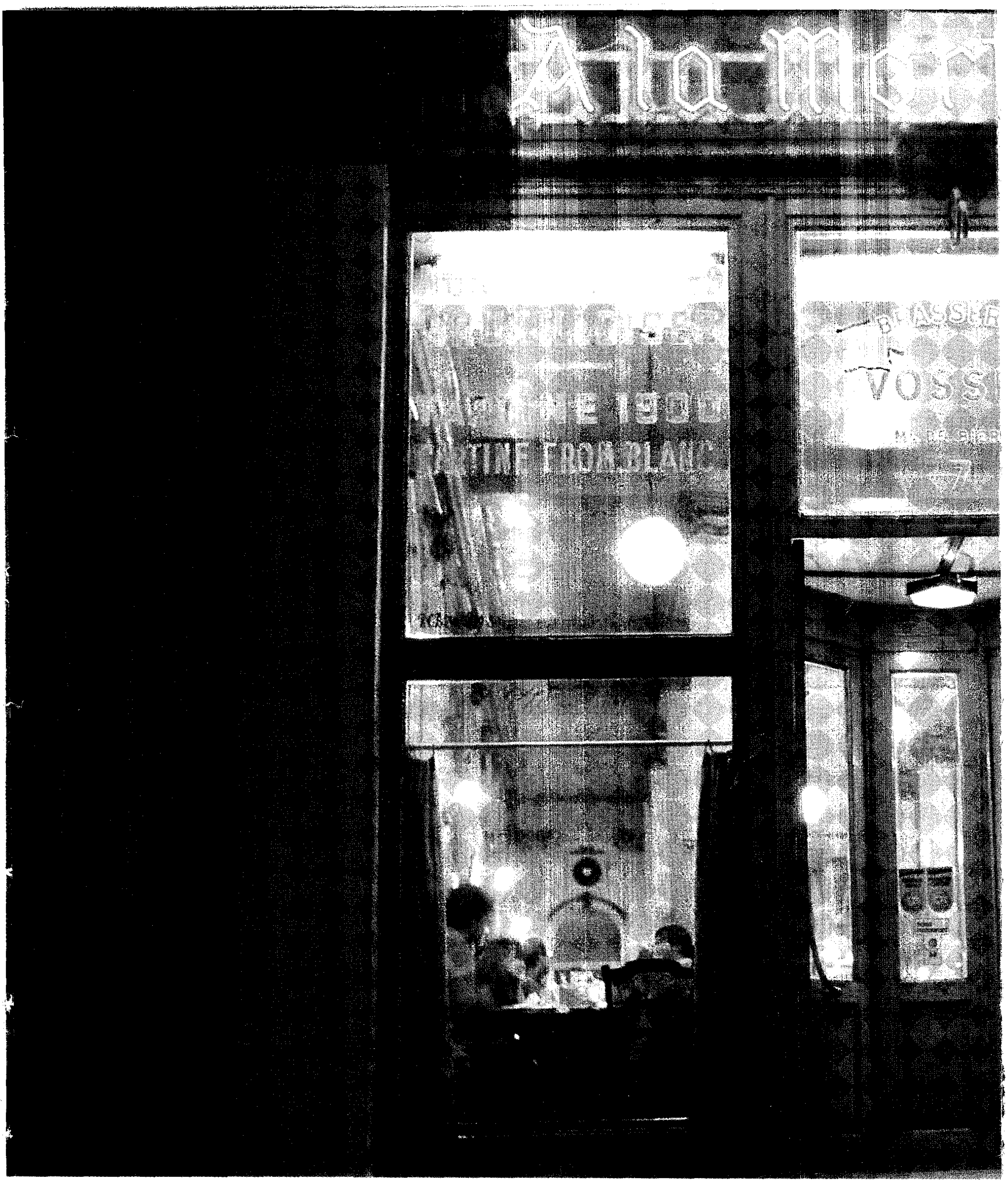
of asking their artists to create works in and for the city's subway stations. Brussels alone now has 37 of these noisy underground art galleries.

Not to mention music and dance. The Monnaie, Brussels' 18th century gem of an opera house, is charming but not quaint, combining the newest high-tech stage machinery with its plush seats and crystal chandeliers. The Monnaie productions of both classical and contemporary works bring in music-loving audiences by the chartered busload from far and wide. And Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the 20th Century is only one of three leading dance companies centered in Belgium, with Valery Panov's Flanders Ballet in Antwerp and Jorge Lefèbre's Ballet of Wallonia in Charleroi.

Yes, it's true that it rains in Belgium. But with the monumental Galeries Saint-Hubert to stroll through or a warm and gently sensuous house by Victor Horta to wander in, and more museums — of automobiles and beer, *and* Memling and Rubens and Permeke and Delvaux — per city, village and neighborhood than anywhere else you can think of, no one in Belgium wastes too much time worrying about the weather.



A. VAN HILLE

valuable painting in the world. Or there was the turbulent answer of Bruegel and, later, of Rubens.

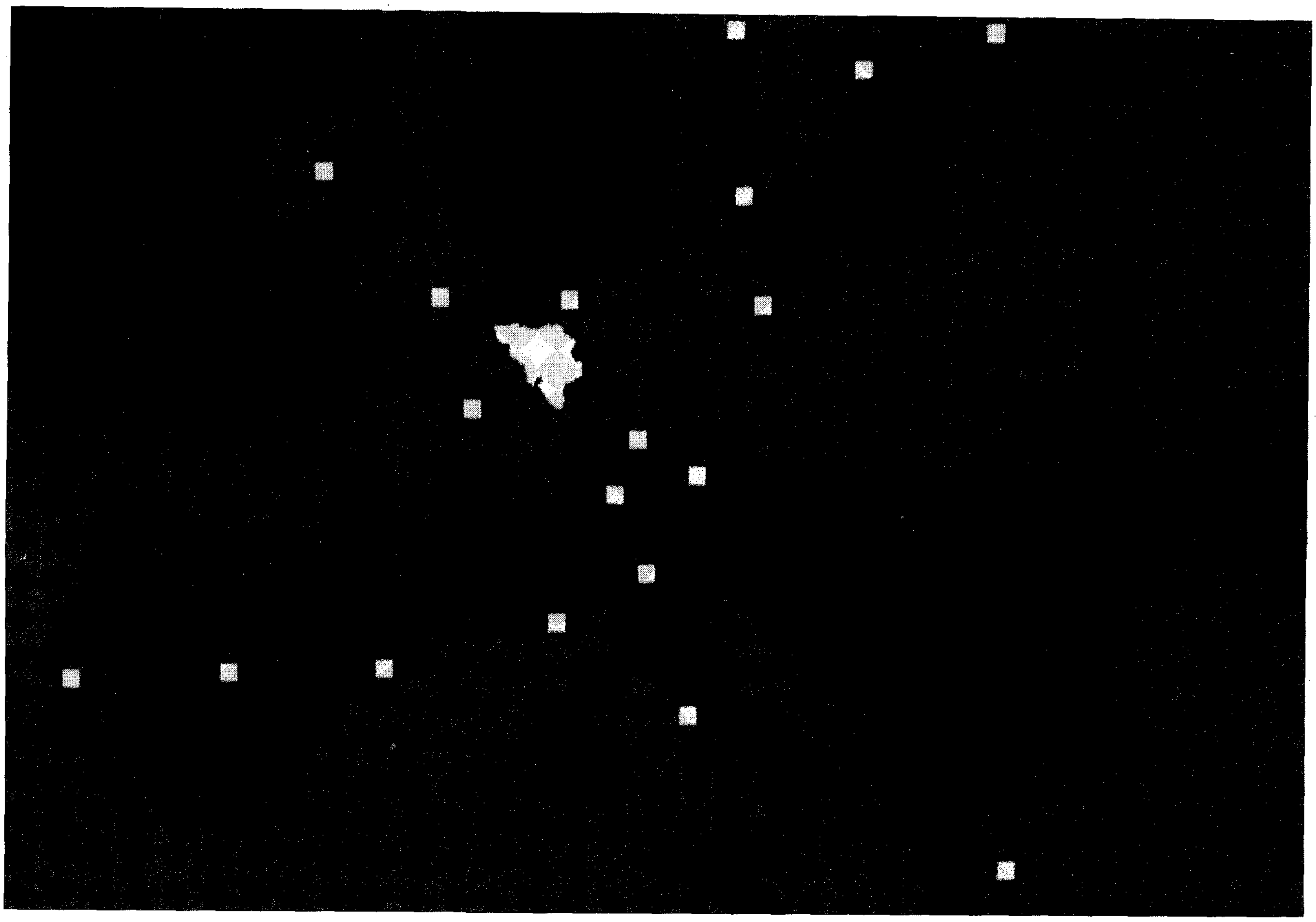
To walk the streets of Brussels or Antwerp today is to see not only many of the sites and subjects they painted, but the same faces — the aloof beauty of the nobility and the rough features of the men and women of the country or the tavern.

James Ensor is a very Belgian enigma. He rarely left the city where he was born, Ostend, yet he changed the way modern artists saw the world. Ensor astonished his contemparies in 1888 with his vast masterpiece, *Christ's Entry into Brussels.*

His answer to the debate over what it means to be a Belgian is an outcry against the society he did everything he could to provoke.

Or there's the unsettling answer of René Magritte, seeing reality as stranger than any imagination. People who get to know Belgium well say that the eerie perspective of a Magritte painting reveals the Kingdom, not the art, as surrealistic.

But Belgians don't believe in keeping all their works of art in museums. So they dreamed up the startling idea



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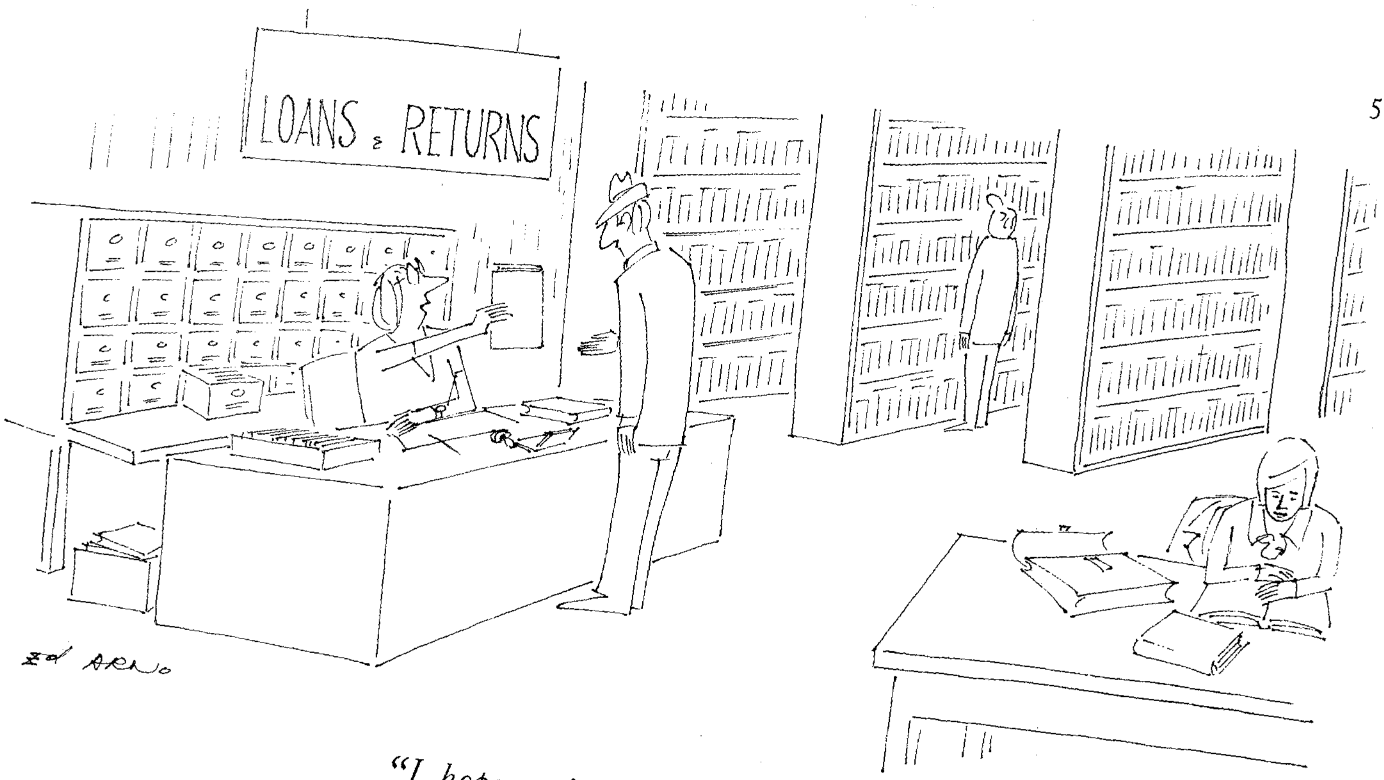


"I hope you're going to read it."

wheel I could see, a couple of hundred yards to windward, Christopher Little, with his camera, hanging on tightly to what looked like a huge cleat on the chase boat. Mission Control never had a better launch. Christopher's journal (my son is hereinafter designated as Christopher or Christo; Christopher Little, our crewmate and photographer, is always Christopher Little) logged what happened then:

Knew something dreadfully wrong yesterday when we left the dock 20 minutes ahead of schedule. We were up forward, putting up the Multi Purpose Sail (MPS), me, Noddy, and Van, when the gods exacted their propitiation for our effortless departure. (Well, effortless qualified by W.F.B.'s spending three years getting us ready.) We had one wrap of the MPS halyard around the winch, getting it raised O.K. It hourglassed, but filled out. Then, when Noddy tried to get another wrap around the winch, he got his fingers caught between the halyard and the winch. I thought he was awfully calm under the circumstances.

"My fingers are caught," he said.

This is the all-time, proverbial BAD SITUATION, and it gets worse as his fingers are vised onto the winch.

Soon his voice has an edge to it: "*Get the winch handle on.*"

I lock it on, but it's no good: The wind, at 20 knots, is putting a thousand-plus pounds of pull on the halyard.

Yelling, rushing forward, Van lets the halyard go. Noddy's three fingers play through the winch, counterclockwise. He falls back, not making a sound, but his face shows pain. I look at his hand, expecting a bad sight. He's clutching it close to his chest. His index finger has a hole in it and his thumb looks crushed. He plunges his hand into the ice chest.

The MPS, meanwhile, is now being dragged on our starboard side like some hyper-sea anchor. Much shouting. We lift it in. Chris Little, on the chase boat, is catching the whole sorry spectacle on film. The chase-boat skipper, who apparently doesn't like sailboat types—a neat inversion of the usual formula—is now bent out of shape laughing, on account of this photo session's turning into something of a training film on how *not* to set off on a transpacific sail. My heart, meanwhile, is pumping too hard. (I dunno, jet lag?) We manage to transfer Noddy to the chase boat without crushing his legs, and make our sorry way back into the Ala Wai Boat Harbor.

I suggest to Van that we pretend we've just sailed across the Pacific the *other* way and that this is our final landfall.

Van: "Declare victory and go home, eh?"

There was no one at the dock this time to cheer us on. Danny's wife and her sister had left, and the dock, at a little after five on Sunday afternoon, looked sleepy. A taxi was called, and Reggie took Noddy to the clinic. We didn't know whether the bones in his hand were broken, and it was dismaying to see him go off, his hand in a bucket of ice. Already, we had got used to his steady smile: oxymoronic, given his Rastafarian hairdo—one associates such hair styles with surliness, at worst, hostility. Noddy is from Barbados, where his father is a high-ranking official. Ambling along the streets of Fiji a few months earlier, having been let go as supernumerary by a sailing vessel that, needing extra crew for the long passage, had brought him from the Caribbean, Noddy fell in with the captain of Sealestial and became a member of her professional crew.

We engaged, as one tends to do, in make-work pending Noddy's return from the hospital. It was very good news. The X-ray showed no broken bones, he wore a bandage, and the doctor cleared him to proceed on our Pacific passage, provided he was cautious in using his hand.

We needed two hundred feet of three-quarter-inch line to replace the shredded spinnaker halyard. A Good Samaritan manqué, a few boats down from where we were tied up, stepped forward and grandly offered us the line—for five hundred dollars. Twenty per cent above the catalogue price, he acknowledged, but that would only just take care of the surcharge of getting it over from the mainland. ("Everything is more expensive in Hawaii.") The alternative was to wait until the ship chandlers opened up the following morning. Wait thirteen hours? Why, if we were thirteen hours late landing in New Guinea that would wreck half a dozen careers. The check was made out, and the halyard run up to the masthead by Danny, in the bosun's chair.

An hour later, we were well under

way, tacking downwind. Even with the spinnaker up, I was thirty-five degrees south of the course, but I couldn't do any better: Sealestial will not sail downwind under spinnaker. The wind steadily strengthened. ("Good, reliable offshore breeze," Allan commented.) Maureen asked for drink orders, and most of us asked for a nip. We were relaxed, and the yacht was moving briskly, as the sun came down. Dinner was called, and Allan relieved me at the wheel.

Christopher's journal:

> The seas are six feet and following. The conversation at the dinner table turns to seasickness, and soon Liz's lovely pilaf is lost on me. Allan calls out from the wheel "Big one!" to warn us to hold down the pilaf, glasses, forks, salt, salad, and wineglasses. We manage, mostly, but still a piece of mango lands in my lap. W.F.B. turns to Chris Little and says, "Christopher, you look pale." Indeed, when the seven of us sat down we were all talking. Then six of us were talking. Then five of us were talking. Then four of us were talking. I excused myself, cat-walked over three pairs of legs, and made my way to the scopolamine stash. After I'd got the patch behind my ear, Reg reminded me to wash my hands, scopolamine not being good to rub into your eyes in the middle of your sleep.

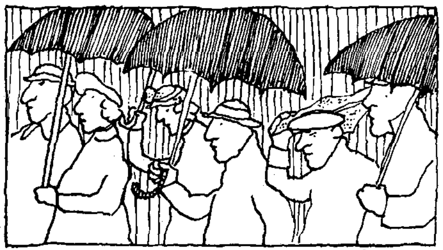
Christopher got no sleep. His grand idea that he and Danny would share the vast expanse of the after cockpit for thirty days and thirty nights was one more chimera, of which there are always a lot when you plan anything at all unconventional at sea. We had over four thousand miles of downwind work to do, and the ass-end of a stately ketch wriggles like a stripper's. Add the waves that occasionally break over the transom, and you have a no-win situation. A few nights' experimentation would prove enough.

Christopher wrote, with vague misgivings, that he "watched Hawaii" from his turbulent bunk: "I watched it recede into the wake, its lights resembling lava flow. This was different from setting out from Miami in 1975 [when the winds were abeam and steady as we moved sedately with the Gulf Stream]. Seasickness has a way of casting a pall, shipwide. My musings were interrupted by the sound of retching from the starboard midships. Turned out to be Reggie. Danny was trying to console him."

Dick, age sixty-one, Van, age fifty-seven, and I, age fifty-nine, are spared. (The last time I was seasick was when I was thirteen. But that is no guarantee that I shan't be seasick tomorrow.) Dick wrote in his journal, "I stand the first midnight watch. It is glorious. The moon is bright, its luminous glow spreads over three-, four-foot waves, the wind behind us, a near-musical accompaniment to the undulating motion of boat and sea. It is truly a reverie."

It was that, as the lights from Honolulu finally disappeared and we were charging our way across the Pacific. Not going in quite the right direction—we'd have to jibe the spinnaker before long, and harness our headsail, so as to give us something better than thirty-five degrees off course. Tomorrow. Tonight, a rig change would be cruel and unusual punishment for the sick and the weary. There was only the sound of the sea. We were making eight and a half knots. Eight people were asleep. Time edges its way out of the picture, time narcotized. Yesterday, you thought in minutes, even half-minutes, an hour at the most. Now it was the year before yesterday, and the year before that—reaching back to the last time you crossed an ocean. Time loses its meaning. You just sail, and sail, and watch the moon descend ever so slowly, the stars in their steady rotation, the waves rushing alongside with you, creating that odd companionship—you and the waves travelling in the same direction. We were off.

EARLY on the morning after our departure from Honolulu, we jibed the boat. I figured it would be about noon before we came back on our course, that being the great-circle line that runs from Honolulu to Johnston Atoll. The wind had lightened, and at one point I turned on the engine—my rule of thumb was to use power if our speed fell below six knots. There wasn't, at this stage, much to do, except to begin with some seriousness to take on the business of navigation. I had told my companions that as a matter of self-discipline I would not avail myself of the ship's satellite navigation system (SatNav), which commitment proved easy enough to abide by after Danny, who did look at it, pronounced it within a day or two "at least thirty miles" off our dead-reckoning position—i.e., worthless. The excitement for me was that we had on board a prototype of the Trimble Global Positioning System (G.P.S.), with which I'd experiment in due course. But the G.P.S., when or if we got it working, would not yield us a position save for a couple of hours a day, when the three operational satellites (of the contemplated twenty-six) happened to be in celestial harmony with the Trimble's surrealistic little antenna, which squatted, securely strapped down, on the deck above it. It was too early to think about the G.P.S. For now, it was back to the sextant, chronometer, and calculator.



There was the safety drill, over which Reg would preside, to get done, but we decided to put that off until the afternoon. We were, that morning, just a little drugged. Some of us were recovering from our *mal de mer*, others from the jet trip from New York. We were all adjusting to the rhythm of life at sea. There was the feel of "What's the hurry?" Indeed, what *was* the hurry?

Besides, we had a lot to engage us that had nothing to do with sailing the Pacific. Van had written the first draft of a journal of his four years as Ambassador to Paris. Dick Clurman had the first, lengthy chapters of his magnum opus on the press, focussing on the chaotic rise in libel activity, the ambiguities of the libel law, the evasive strictures of the First Amendment, and the public unrest at the behavior of the press. Christo had just finished copyreading "The White House Mess," and I had with me the first draft of a novel I would need to give a final reading to immediately after landing back in the States.

Christo was taking seriously his duties as Entertainment Officer. After lunch, a notice in big black crayon appeared, attached by Scotch Tape to the mirror on the port side of the companionway, alongside the watch schedule:

TO ALL HANDS
TONIGHT'S MOVIE:
"The Wackiest Ship in the Army"
Starring Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson

* * *

Place: Odeon Sealestial
Time: Following the Star sights
(GooGoo Bars will be served)

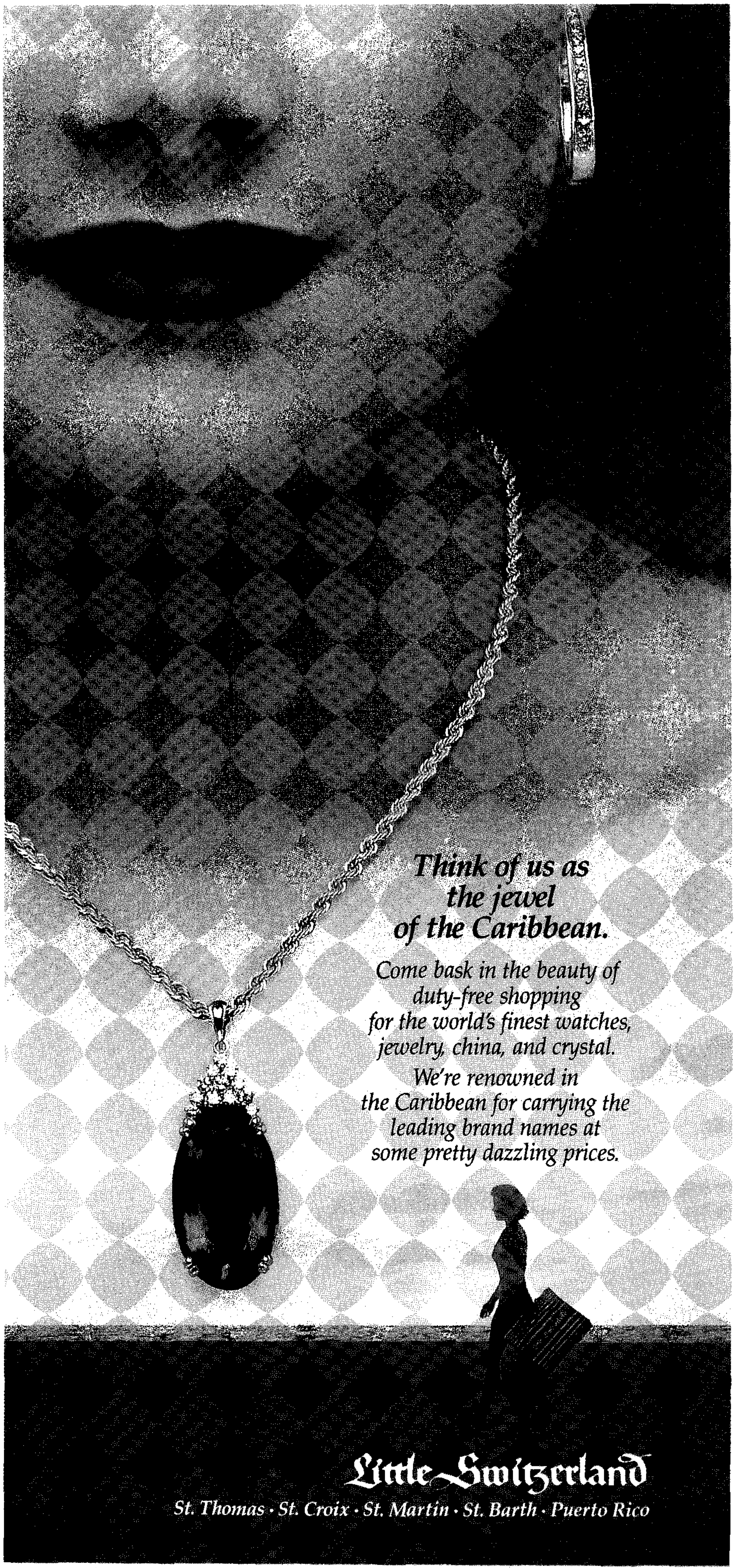
The GooGoo bar—or Cluster, as the manufacturers call it—is a confection I had discovered in a book sent me the previous fall. A wonderful book: "Food Finds—America's Best Local

Foods and the People Who Produce Them." It offers the consumer nearly a thousand different edibles, with emphasis on foods available only from Mom-and-Pop outfits that ply their business by mail. It was sent to me because among the items offered was the brand of peanut butter I especially relish (Red Wing), with my published dithyramb to it alongside. Leafing through the book's pages the preceding November, I had sent a few people baskets of sorts for Christmas, based on the seductive descriptions. When I read the description of GooGoo bars, made in Nashville, Tennessee, I instantly added them to the list. What's in a GooGoo? Chocolate, peanuts, corn syrup, sugar, creamed coconut, milk, whey, starch, butter, salt, gelatin, egg white, hydrogenated vegetable oil, and artificial flavoring. And lo, I had cast bread upon the waters, because the GooGoo people were so pleased by the order for half a dozen people that they added my name to the list, sending me a complimentary package. The result was revelation, and in a pre-passage memo to Christopher I had urged him to add GooGoo bars to the delicacies that he, as Entertainment Officer, would be procuring for his shipmates. Such is the pride of the manufacturers in their product that every GooGoo bar carries the notice "Guarantee of satisfaction: Your GooGoo Cluster should be fresh and in good condition. If not, we will replace it. Just return the unused portion and tell us where and when you bought it." A safe offer, granted, made to GooGoo consumers en route in a sailboat from one end of the Pacific to the other.

Christo had taken his commission with comic seriousness. His log records the "entertainments" he had brought along, in addition to twenty-eight full-length movies. To wit:

1 model of the Titanic, to be collectively assembled
1 Cribbage board
1 Risk game
1 Trivial Pursuit ("Genus II" edition)
1 Electronic battleship game
1 Checkers set
1 Lifeboat game
3 Gary Larson "Far Side" books
1 jumping rope
2 tapes of David Niven reading from his memoirs
1 copy, "The Hunt for Red October"
1 Ruger Mini-14 rifle (also has survival aspect)
1 .410 shotgun and case of clay pigeons
1 Ping-Pong table (miniature size) and equipment

At lunch, Van teased Dick about his helmsmanship, the beginning of re-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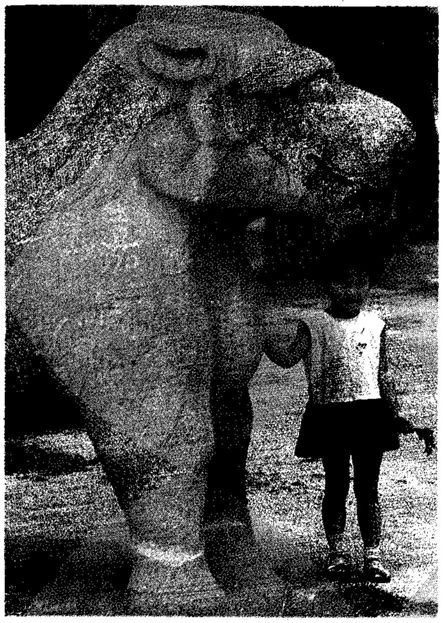

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lentless amusement over Dick's towering incompetence on board a boat—which never provoked in Dick anything but a delighted amusement, or else heated denials of maladroitness, though these were never easy to substantiate when, e.g., in the process of professing competence he would coincidentally spill his coffee over two or three of us or absent-mindedly put out his cigarette in Christo's ice cream.

Almost always, except when the weather was sour or our preoccupation with wind and waves interdicted such satisfaction, there was music in the cockpit, and also below when we dined. I had with me a hundred cassettes, about eighty per cent classical, the balance jazz, mostly jazz piano, including all of Dick Wellstood, if there is such a thing as all of Dick Wellstood this side of the Green Pastures. Sealestial's musical inventory included a half-hundred of the usual things, one part rock, one part schmaltz. Every time I cruise, I manage to forget antecedent disappointments in the matter of trying to communicate to others, including Christo, my enthusiasms in music. I thought to try to engage the particular attention of those in the cockpit one afternoon by sheer journalistic blackmail. I asked if anyone had noticed the rave reviews given by Peter Davis in *New York* to the Bach Goldberg as performed by Andras Schiff—three whole pages. I managed to get Christo and Dick quite excited by what I reported Davis to have said, and the great moment came when I put on the tape. Within five minutes, they were talking to one another. It hadn't worked.

It doesn't work. A few days later, I tried again. Would they like to hear Judith Norell performing on the harpsichord at my house—the first of a series of celebratory House Concerts, so called, in which during the Bach tricentennial year (1685-1985) she had performed virtually the entire repertory of Bach's keyboard music at private homes? Dick had been there for that particular concert, and had been present at one or two others, given by friends. I put on the cassette. The reproduction was superb, the sun beneficent, the wind a gentle accompaniment. Once again, after about three or four minutes their attention was diverted—they simply did not want to listen. I predict, sadly, that they will never voluntarily sit down and listen—*listen*—to such music except as external circumstances require. I noticed, too, how different it is when the music is of another's choice. Christopher put on a Beatles cassette one night when we were below, and when he saw that his companions were not sitting there silent, taking it in, he made the altogether appropriate gesture. He took the cassette off the main machine, stuck it in his Walkman, and listened, reverentially, by himself. I don't blame him. But I continue to suffer, and always will suffer, disappointment that others don't share in the pleasure, the elation, that music gives me. A good case can be made for reserving one berth, on such a cruise as this, for someone who can enjoy music with you. It truly makes a difference—e.g., in diminishing the tedium of the watches—to listen together.

Everyone—always—arrives at these cruises with volumes of wonderful-opportunity-to-get-read books, and the bright idea is almost always a failure. For one thing, there are the interruptions, primary among them the tendency to drop off to sleep. Christopher complained in his journal that he didn't get three minutes' reading done before dropping off to sleep. Occasionally, one gets a head of steam up while in the cockpit on a sleepy daytime watch, or in the saloon off duty. But with startling infrequency. Dick has always been the exception, in part because he reads at such a phenomenal speed he doesn't have time to get sleepy or distracted. I'd guess he raced through twenty books on this trip. I read about one-third of David Landes's wonderful history of the timepiece, "Revolution in Time;" Tom Clancy's "The Hunt for Red October" (everyone read that); Van's book and parts of Dick's; and the new novel by Louis Auchincloss, which I had in galleys, featuring an Ivy League dramatis personae with a hardboiled protagonist who while an undergraduate at Yale regularly frequented a bordello in New York on weekends—an extracurricular activity unlisted in the pages of the Yale literature one tends to run across. How wonderfully Auchincloss spins his tales. But I was alarmed by the profusion of exclamation points, and relayed that misgiving to him from the first port of call, though his judgment in these matters is better than mine.

It has over and over again been demonstrated that a blue-water cruise is not an occasion conducive to catching up on one's reading; but always one tries. After all, how different is the outcome of this resolution from the habit of going back and back to sea,

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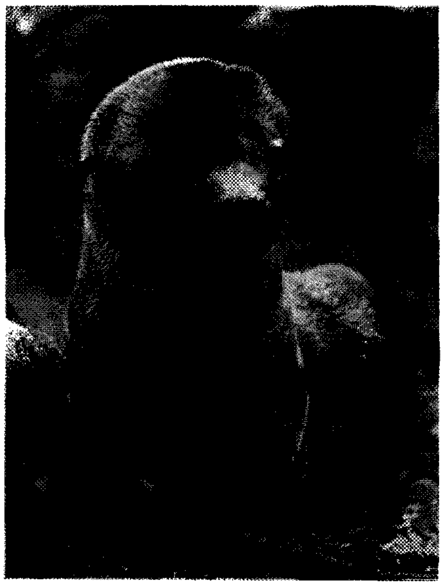

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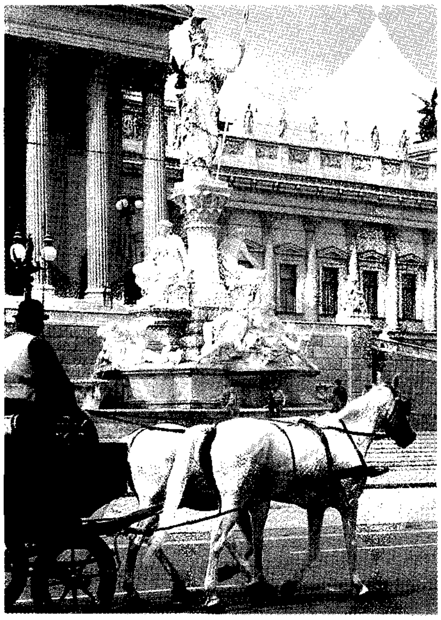

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never mind one's resolutions at sea, so frequently made in blood, *never* to submit to this kind of thing again?

It was time for the safety drill. "My affection for Reggie," Dick wrote in his journal, "has overcome my constitutional impatience. It took me a while, but I can now grin and wait as Reg meanders to the resolution of whatever task he undertakes, or answers the question he has been asked."

This time, Dick, who is highly automated (he brings along half a dozen radios, each with its manifold support system), thought covertly to record Reggie's safety briefing:

DICK CLURMAN: All eleven of us are on deck, crowded around the cockpit table, our sundown drinks in hand. As Reggie begins, his pauses fill more time than his instructions. It is supposed to be deadly serious stuff. Not exaggerating, our lives could depend on it, but Reggie's creeping languor is too much even for my relaxed boatmates. His long pauses invite leavening.

REGGIE: O.K., let's do the sinking scenario first. Case A is where we have about two minutes to grab the stuff and go. (*He vaguely starts to describe the buddy system and the allocation of the two life rafts. He starts to assign us by name.*)

DICK: But Captain Allan's going down with the ship.

ALLAN: That was a long time ago. I get off first now.

REGGIE: The lifeboat captains are Bill and Reg.

DANNY: What happens if one of them dies?

CHRISTO: You designate a successor with your dying words.

VAN: I'll be in charge of cannibalism.

CHRISTO: Which raft gets the GooGoo bars?

CHRISTOPHER LITTLE: What are we supposed to wear?

CHRISTO: The latest.

ALLAN: If someone doesn't have a knife [to cut the life-raft painter] when the boat goes down, the raft will go down with it.

BILL: Is there a knife attached?

ALLAN: No.

REGGIE: (*to no one in particular*): Make a note of that.

(*Reggie mentions the emergency locator beacon. Nobody knows where it is until Noddy comes to the rescue.*)

BILL: O.K., go ahead, Reg. Let's go. Anything else on the life rafts?

CHRISTO: Movies. I'll get the movies.

DICK: What about ice?

REGGIE: Danny, will you bring the ice machine? Who's got the skeet gun? We can shoot birds.

CHRISTO: What about wine? I'm particularly fond of that Muscadet '67. Will we be able to spend some time looking for it?

DICK: In the ten-minute scenario, we could have Liz make a picnic lunch.

BILL: O.K., go ahead, Reg.

REGGIE: Situation B is a ten-minute sinking. If we get hit by a submarine, a whale, or something like that, pick up the grab bag.

BILL: Where is it?

REGGIE: Wherever it is.

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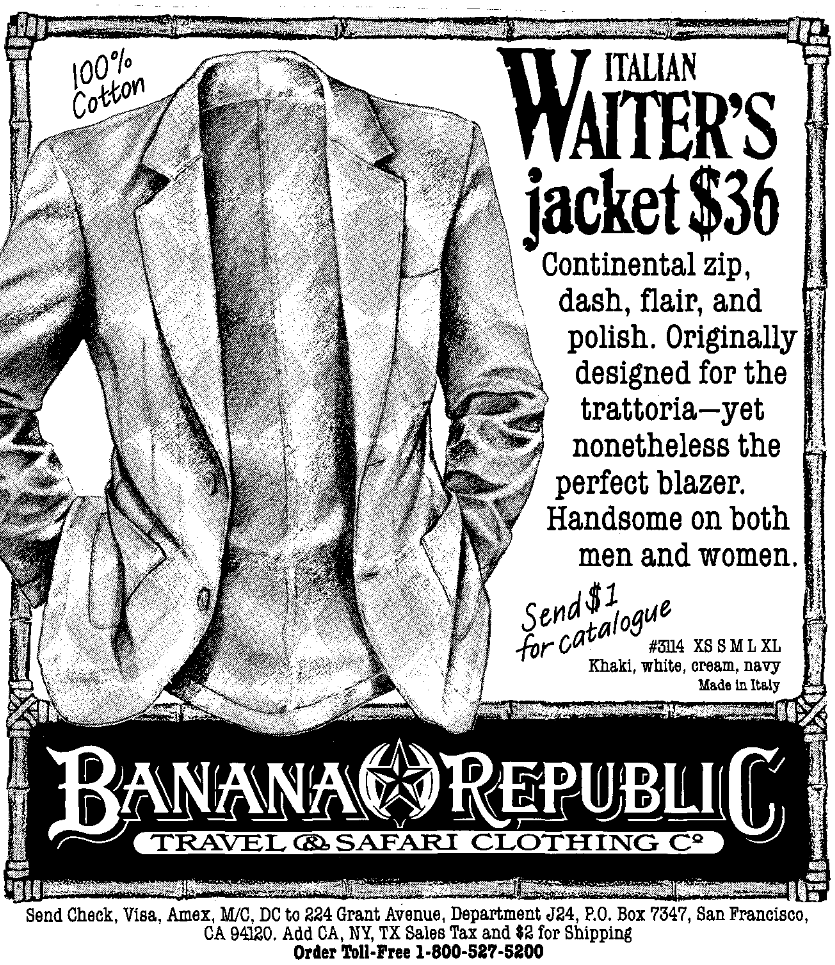
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BILL: Is that a state secret?

CHRISTO: On a strictly need-to-know basis.

REGGIE: We'll have to have another meeting to resolve some of these things. One of the things we have to do is make up a grab bag with provisions, fresh water, and so forth.

BILL: Before the emergency? Make a decision, Reg!

REGGIE: O.K., in the event that it's a slow sinking—

CHRISTO: Let's hope.

REGGIE: One thing I left out is the flares and rockets. Well, we'll have another meeting and—well, then we'll seriously assign some of these things. Then we'll have a man-overboard drill.

BILL: Give us the man-overboard drill now.

CHRISTO: Are you finished with the sinking scenario?

REGGIE: Pretty much so.

DICK: The Ambassador gets no special consideration in any of these?

CHRISTOPHER LITTLE: He should grab the flag and wave it.

REGGIE: Now, this foghorn. If anyone sounds it, that means all hands on deck.

BILL: Go ahead. Next?

REGGIE: O.K., throw the man-overboard pole over, detach the line, then—

BILL: Stop. You'd need three arms to do all that.

REGGIE: First of all, the guy that goes over shouldn't try to swim to the boat. Just look for the strobe light.

VAN: Wait a minute. Where *are* the life jackets?

DANNY: They're in the hanging lockers.

DICK: I've got ginger-ale cans in mine.

DANNY: Well, drink the ginger ale quickly.

DICK: Serious question. Where are the life jackets?

BILL: Where the hell *are* they? Reg, can you say where the life jackets and fire extinguishers are located?

REGGIE: Not now, but we'll get a list of that and tell you at the next meeting.

(Bill spots his first star and suddenly asks for his sextant and computer.)

CHRISTO: Is that about it?

REGGIE: Oh, no.

(Then Reggie begins a life-jacket demonstration so halting that it would have lasted from New York to Bermuda if a flight attendant gave it. The meeting is starting to splinter off.)

DANNY: Is Bill's star notebook up here?

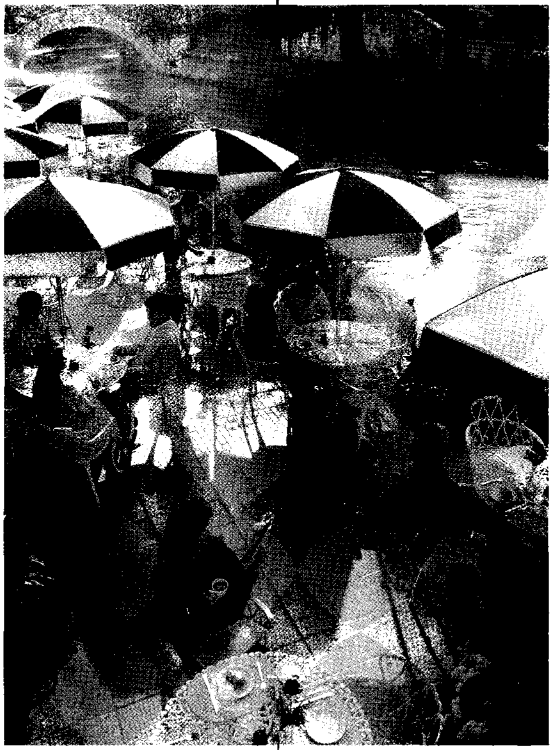
(As Reg drones on, Bill is now standing, braced against the mast on the afterdeck, trying to get a star sight, but he can't find his book, and can't find AA batteries for his computer.)

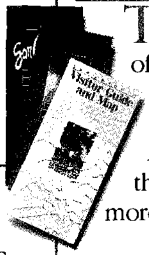
CHRIS LITTLE: We put the batteries in with the suntan lotion.

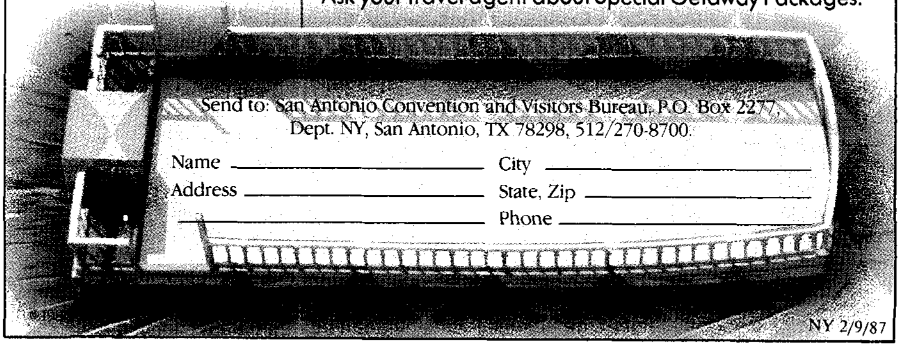
REGGIE: O.K., that concludes the first meeting.

There never was a second.

Dick adds in his journal, "Incidentally, two grab bags, meticulously filled with survival supplies, were finally put together, and placed on deck in green garbage bags. Nobody told me, so, with my constant desire to keep things shipshape, I was on the rail about to dispose of the 'garbage' over-







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board when an aroused Reggie spotted me and shouted, '*Don't do that!*' "

Lots of fun. But not quite, quite fair. I have a (non-neurotic) respect for the man-overboard emergency. It doesn't go quite as far as Roy Disney's—he told me he keeps portable urinals in the center of the cockpit to deter his young sons from leaning over the side at night. But the problem is never far from the mind. It was only the year before that Reg had had an experience. He was sailing my boat Patito up Fishers Island Sound at ten in the morning, the spinnaker up. A young man up forward was in the process of dropping the spinnaker when a puff caught it, and the sudden lurch threw him into the water.

"The hell of it"—Reggie was telling me about it a few days later—"was that it took, I swear, damn near seven or eight minutes before we could turn Patito around. There were only two of us left on board. We had to bring in the spinnaker, which had gone overboard, before we could start the engine without fouling the propeller." When the boat was finally turned around a hundred and eighty degrees and powered back on a reciprocal course, with the two survivors looking about desperately for the man overboard, it transpired (the man overboard, picked up by a passing fisherman after about fifteen minutes, was both shaken and angry when he reported this) that Patito had slid right by the flailing crew member, fifty yards to starboard, without spotting him, in the bright water between the sun and the boat.

Reggie and I, in the calm of the not-quite-postmortem, resolved to burn it into our memories that Step 1 in case of man overboard would always be, if the boat was Patito, to release the dinghy we regularly trailed. Step 2 would be to throw overboard, at intervals of fifteen seconds, the half-dozen cushions (they double as life preservers) lying about the deck, and also, of course, the man-overboard pole, with its high red flag. Then, starting the engine, you take as long as you need calmly to bring down the sails. Moreover, the Trimble loran has a "stop" button that freezes the spot where the accident took place. I went further, and created what I still call, in memory of the Patito incident, a Stoops Preventer: a ten-foot three-eighths-inch line with a huge snap hook on either end. If the wind is as much as one degree aft of the beam (jibes take place when you are sailing downwind), I secure the boom by

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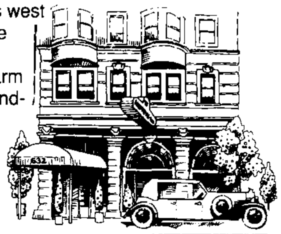

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snapping one hook through one of those steel bails that run under the boom, and the second hook onto the genoa track. There are holes in the genoa track about every half inch, so a snap hook can clasp on to the track without any need for adjustment. Then there will be no jibes anymore. I reviewed an extraordinary novel, Hank Searls' "Overboard," for the Washington *Post* in 1977. It is the tale of a skipper who wakes to find his only crew member—his wife—not present in their forty-foot ketch. The book deals with his agonized effort to retrace the boat's path in search of a live body that might have fallen overboard as long ago as four hours. The hero is desperate when, finally, after adroit calculations, he spots her, immobilizes the boat, and dives into the water for the rescue. But: "Linda Lee [his ketch] was hobby-horsing, pitching at each swell. The jib had eased from its furlings and was filling with wind at each crest. The jib sheet was fouled. As the sail bellied, it began to climb magically up the headstay." Linda Lee sailed off, unmanned.

One has to be fatalistic, but only up to a point. There are seas—and we experienced many of them—in which man overboard means man drowned. But we knew what to do in the event of an emergency, *pace* Dick, and when at night the seas were rough anyone going forward did not go alone or without a lifeline—at least, not when I was on deck, nor (I had their assurances) did this happen when the other watch captains (Reg, Christo, Danny) were in charge.

Christopher's journal:

> While having a midday swim in mid-ocean the other day, a fantasy occurred which I have been unable to drive from my mind. It is this:
>
> A sun-dappled day. Noon. Sealestial is stopped. All are over the side swimming, crew and guests—all except Dick. The sails are set, but we are hove-to for the swim. Dick has been asked to mind the helm.
>
> We gambol and disport in the blue waves, and suddenly we observe that Sealestial has started to . . . sail away.
>
> "Dick!" we yell. We observe him turning the helm—the wrong way.
>
> "Starboard, Dick! To the starboard!"
>
> At this, Dick begins turning the helm to port, as Sealestial sails calmly farther on.
>
> "To the right, Dick! Right!"
>
> But he continues to turn the wheel to the left, in great earnest.
>
> As the ship moves out of sight, the Pacific sky is rent with cries of "Dick! Diiiick!"
>
> At this point, I awake, feverish, murmuring, "The horror, the horror!"

During the cocktail hour, we listened for the first time to twenty minutes of David Niven reading from his two autobiographies. He had been an intimate friend of three of us. Listening became a habit—twenty-odd minutes (one episode) just before sundown. And Allan, usually reclusive, would sit behind the cockpit, beer in hand; he didn't miss a single episode. "Do you know," I whispered to Van after listening for a few minutes, "David sounds as if he had had a couple of snorts." We both reflected on this—in the first place, because David was a notoriously light drinker, and, in the second, because his professionalism was so disciplined he wouldn't permit himself so much as a glass of wine before an engagement. *But there was something there in the voice*, a suggestion of an imperfect control of the odd syllable. Of course, Van and I both nodded at the same time, having seen him through the period of his tribulation. We reconstructed about when his awful disease (amyotrophic lateral sclerosis) had hit him, and realized that the effects are just faintly detectable in the reading. The dying actor, giving a great performance: an eternal theme, eternally inspiring.

I wish I could say I remembered the evening's movie, "The Wackiest Ship in the Army," but the first day at sea is a long day, and most of the audience slumbered, after dreamily congratulating the Entertainment Officer on his enterprise. The Midnight Watch, defined as beginning at the end of the evening's movie and going until 1 A.M., mobilized, relieving Allan and Noddy, whose single watch took place during dinner and the movie. The wind was permitting us to hold within twenty degrees of the course, and the moon was full, the following silvered seas patronizing, as they slid us along our own fleeted way.

I COMBINE an endless interest in navigation with a preternatural clerical clumsiness. I rely on a fitful memory that, for reasons I'd never be able to trace, will jolt me, at any time of day or night, to ask why I did this, or why I didn't do that. Inevitably, when you have not navigated celestially for a season or two, it requires time to get rehabituated to the protocols. While at college, I had a flying license and, when I became engaged, promised my bride-to-be that I would quit flying, but kept two fingers crossed behind my back. But along the line an old air salt (he must have been at least thirty) told me that unless you fly ten hours a month you really *should* give it up, his point being that with less than ten hours' monthly calisthenics what you have trained yourself to do by instinct eases out of the memory. In an airplane, there isn't time for navigational ratiocination. In a sailing boat, there is. You can spend hours on a star sight or two, reflecting on this or that facet of what it could have been that might have given you an anomalous reading.

I set out after literally months of work, most of it done on the shoulders of Hugh Kenner. He is a great literary critic who also disposes of mechanical, conceptual, and intellectual skills of the kind you need to make you an accomplished computer programmer. We worked on something we called WhatStar. Six months earlier, I had said to myself, Why isn't it possible, by the process of exclusion, to ascertain what celestial body you were actually looking at, through your sextant, at any given moment? Why—to approach the question from the other end—can't a computer tell you that the star you were looking at had to be Vega, in place of your having to tell the computer that the star you were looking at was Vega? Hundreds of hours were spent equipping me with a program according to my specifications, and now I had it to use, for the first time at sea, programmed into my Epson lap computer, the PX 80. My responsibility? To feed the computer (1) the time of day, that being Greenwich Mean Time, of course, (2) the date, (3) the altitude of the observed body, (4) the azimuth at which it was sighted, which is to say, its bearing on the ship's compass, within thirty degrees, and (5) the assumed position of the vessel, accurate within thirty miles. The theory was—is—marvellous. But I wrestled for four nights between Honolulu and Johnston without success, and gradually discovered what the problems were. As has so often happened, I was subsequently reduced to taking sun sights, and one or two star sights where I already knew the names of the stars I was looking at. My fumbling at the mechanical level reached the high point of coördinated clumsiness when Danny and I, with identical watch-chronometers in hand, managed more or less simultaneously to abort the watch time by depressing the wrong button after putting the watches into a stopwatch mode.

THE vessel's latent resources, little by little, were drawn on. When the going was calm, Christo set up his miniature Ping-Pong table. The second day was for the most part windless, and so we proceeded under power, making it possible to place the table on the foredeck, where a tournament was begun. At noon, we paused to swim, and this became the moment to initiate our new Ruger .223 stainless-steel rifle, which I had purchased primarily as a shark-scarer. One person sat aft, looking over the swimmers' heads, in case a fin should glide in our direction. (None ever did, but it can happen.) Danny and Christopher then did a little target shooting. The rifle is a noisy thing, sufficient to scare off anything this side of kamikaze sharks or other warm-blooded, cold-blooded predators.

Almost everyone was now ready to eat lunch, and we began one of a series of lunches and dinners, prepared by Liz, that if they had been served to us in the Four Seasons in New York would have left us gasping with admiration. About the food, Van at one point recorded:

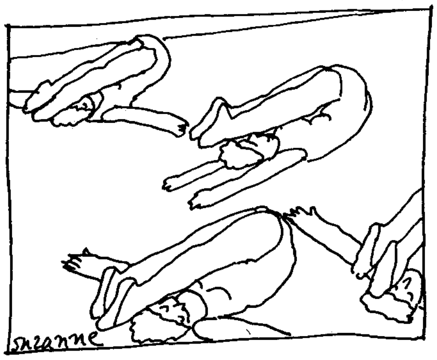
> Yesterday we had fresh yellowfin tuna, marinated and poached, plus a salad Niçoise, avocado sauce, sliced eggs, followed by a cheese tray and sliced apples. Today we had ham-and-celery salad with Gruyère cheese plus an eggplant relish plus cold lamb salad with chutney and pineapple. Tomorrow we are having a Mexican lunch—guacamole, shredded chicken, red kidney beans, grated cheddar, pickled Maui onions. All served up on tortillas according to one's own taste.

Half of one of Reggie's rear teeth has broken off, and Christo has volunteered to administer to the problem, and records in his journal:

> W.F.B. got his emergency tooth kit. Started reading the directions: "Thoroughly clean the tooth, then apply the epoxy and the restorative." W.F.B. awfully anxious for me to help poor Reg here, but I was more concerned that I might succeed in cementing Reg's jaw shut for the next 30 days. Can't you just see us spoon-feeding him apple sauce and pressing bananas through the gap in his front teeth? So we laid him down, cottoned his sore lip, mirror-pressed his tongue and glopped epoxy on his bicuspid. Our first surgery! Last, too, I hope.

The wind has picked up enough to hoist the large genoa, which permits us to hold closer to course than the spinnaker does. I make a notation in the log and, while perusing it, remark the utter austerity of the antecedent entries—for instance, from the previous watch: "*Sailing/motoring as before. Stoops and Clurman relieved by Merritt and Galbraith.*" I scribble into the log, "*I would appreciate it if the logbook recorders would stop being so gabby—W.F.B.*" Logbook provocations are legendary at sea, so, of course, a few hours later Christo, coming off watch, would write, "*Holding course of 200 deg. Winds steady, speed under 6 knots. This watch captain wishes to enter a formal complaint against the previous watch's use of the log for poetical purposes.*" And, after his next watch, making reference to Dick Clurman's playful assignment that each of us was to write and submit for him to read aloud at cocktail hour that day a hundred words on "The Owls of Finland," Christopher completed his log entry with "*I say, to hell with owls. I repeat my question to Him Who Is: Why am I on every other watch? Oh, by the way, winds diminishing to 8 knots, holding 265 deg.*" Under which I wrote, "*Him Who Is seeks from time to time to document that He is not Infallible. Attempts to do this are inevitably clumsy.*"

I had thought on this passage to assign nonabstruse designations to the watches. Accordingly, the watch from the end of the movie, usually at about ten, until 1 A.M. I called the Midnight Watch, to be followed by the Post-Midnight Watch (1 A.M. to 5 A.M.), followed by the Early Morning Watch (5 to 9 A.M.), the Late Morning Watch (9 A.M. to 1 P.M.), the Early Afternoon Watch (1 to 5 P.M.), and, you guessed it, the Late Afternoon Watch, 5 P.M. to star-taking time. Christopher Little pondered the question of watch services in his journal:



> Clurman called for a survey at lunch today, as he is wont to do. He polled us on our least favorite watch. For me there is no question: it's the 1 A.M. to 5 A.M. It's hard to sleep beforehand (unless you skip Entertainment Director Christo's film), and you don't have the pleasure of watching the sunrise. I was surprised to be the only one who felt that way. Some said the 5 A.M. to 9 A.M., others one of the daytime watches. *Quién sabe?*

Making out a watch roster is not something you can turn over to a computer. We had four chiefs (me, Reg, Christo, Dan) and three Indians (Christopher Little, Van, and Dick). The trick, apart from excluding me from Post-Midnight and Early Morning watches (half perk, half in acknowledgment of strange hours during which I needed to navigate), was to effect some social rotation, so that the same chief was not always on duty with the same Indian. This meant that occasionally watch officers would succeed themselves with only four hours off duty. But I was able finally to document to my paranoid son that, over the ten-day stretch at the end of which the roster was repeated, he had only one more watch to stand than his brethren, though I was never certain he accepted my arithmetic, which, happily, he is intellectually incapable of checking on.

Christo's complaints against life at sea were wonderfully externalized in his journal:

> Slept . . . 20 minutes at a time, but conclusively, at least. Trouble with after cockpit is that with the wind coming over the stern, so too come the diesel fumes.
>
> Had the post-movie watch last night with Van. Just after taking the helm, I heard a flapping noise on the seat beside me. Thought it was the wind flapping a GooGoo-bar wrapper at first, but it kept up in a sort of animate way. Flashed on the light and there was a flying fish in the starboard gunwale, eyes wide and uncomprehending at the calamity. Van tossed it back in.
>
> "He'll have a story to tell his grandchildren," Van said.
>
> It's 1030 now. Dick is on his 10th or so Benson & Hedges of the day, underlining *The New Yorker* in red, tossing *Commentary* into the Pacific, reading the Johnston Atoll Orientation Guide, telling us it's apparently "rad safe," which I take to be very good news, though that alone does not recommend Johnston Atoll for permanent mention in Fodor's.
>
> Was coming out of the head after brushing my teeth. Opened the door, which immediately swished back with a smart *klockk* on my forehead. Hmm, I thought, that must be some swell. Turned out not

to be a wave at all but W.F.B. barrelassing down the passageway.

"Oh," he said as I reeled dizzily, "sorry."

Came up on deck, where Dan and Reg were trying to figure out star sights.

"If you need a star sight," I said, still reeling, "just aim the sextant at my eyes."

At four that morning, I had slept not at all. My energy had been consumed by my trying to stay in the top bunk athwart the pitch of an insensitive but exuberant sea. I ran out of energy. I couldn't remember where on Sealestial the leeboards were stowed, and didn't want to wake Allan up to ask him. So I thought to go on deck and advise the watch that inasmuch as I had already decreed that a jibe should be executed at 5 A.M. they should kindly advance that hour to 4 A.M., so that I would be able to sleep on the leeward side of my bunk. Christo relates the story of what then happened:

A most interesting evening, beginning with an astonishing incidentless spinnaker-run. As Danny and I were getting ready to catch our customary 10 minutes of sleep, Dan says to me, "I think you should tell Himself it'd be a good idea to take down the spinnaker." No argument from me—no, sir. I was soon to go on a four-hour watch with Dick. It is not uncommon to come back to the helm after 60 seconds to find Dick steering a course of 300 degrees, a mere 100 degrees off course. Van said this afternoon, "In my hypothetical ship in Hell—you know, where the English are the cooks, the Germans the police, the Swiss the lovers—Dick is the helmsman." All this being said, at the same time adding Dick is a swell guy, I figured it would be a very good idea to get the spinnaker down before Dick got within ten feet of the wheel. So we all schlepped forward, leaving Reggie at the foreguy in his pajamas. Instead of someone being lifted off the deck by a popped sheet or concussed by an errant spinnaker pole we actually managed to fist the bastard and get it onto the deck. Sweatily, heavily—perhaps I shouldn't have eaten the *entire* Toblerone—but after that I crawled off to sleep in the after cockpit. I'm getting proficient at this skill (for skill it certainly is). The trick is to train your arms to curl over the cockpit coaming, so that when you are pitched onto the deck your arm—by now asleep and locked into a kind of rigor mortis—catches you. I am now working on a method whereby it is not necessary to fold your arm behind your back at a 35-degree angle.

At any rate, Dick and I turned to at 0100. Dark, moonless, seas around 10 feet, I'd say—following seas. Squalls moved in, but it was pleasant and cozy in the cockpit. Not desiring to take broadsides, or worse, I politely demurred every time Dick politely offered to take the helm.

About mid-watch, when the rain had abated to a heavy drizzle, Dick and I received a shock. Very clearly, we heard an "ooooh" astern. I jumped to the life rail, almost stepping on a bird, which I hadn't seen up to now.

"Did you hear that?"

"Yeah. What *was* it?"

There it was again. A low moan. I scrambled back over the deck of the after cabin so's not to step on the bird. The thought was in my mind that we'd just passed someone afloat in the water. *Possible out here*? And what a mess if there was someone. Twenty seconds or more had passed since the first noise. We'd have to come about and retrace our course in the rain. Already I felt a certain moral culpability for not having gone through the steps the instant after hearing the cry: jacket over, strobe/pole over, count down, repeated blasts on the air horn to wake everyone. I felt that very first pang of panic. By now I'd reached the after cockpit and shined the light down into Van and Pup's cabin. There was Van. I held the beam on him. Then he waved.

"I must have said something in my sleep," he said. "It's O.K."

Thank God. That, apart from a premonition of diarrhea, was the unhighlight of last night's one-to-five watch. Soon it was four o'clock, and our watch looked as if it would pass without incident. It was at this point that Himself appeared at the companionway, in boxer shorts, to say he was having a hard time sleeping, not being able to find the leeboards. He said that maybe this would be the time to jibe. "I don't want to have to wake Allan to find the leeboards."

Five minutes later we had managed to wrap the genoa so tightly around the forestay I thought we'd need KY jelly to get it back down. We had also managed to wrap the windward sheet one and one-half times around the propeller.

Well, needless to say, it *was* necessary to awaken Allan. In fact, he woke all on his own. The sounds on the deck now clearly panic-tonal. He and I brought in the genoa, pondered the propeller-bound sheet, and persuaded W.F.B. that it would be best to wait until light to raise the second genny. W.F.B. was surprisingly docile to our argument, needing no pressing, perhaps out of a sense of complicity for our present state. What's wrong with our new tack—if it could be called that—was that if sleep was difficult before, it was surely impossible now, what with the 12-foot following swells and Dick at the helm.

So it went. We'd have done better—with a crew inexperienced in handling this particular boat—to bring the ship's stern up into the wind instead of jibing. The following morning, soon after daylight, Allan put on scuba equipment and, in his habitual self-effacing way, dived below and untwined the line that, in the chaos, had knotted itself about the propeller.

Christo was otherwise disturbed, I would learn:

Pup is ensconced in his Bach-and-correspondence environment. I'm worried he's not finding this trip what it should be for him. Maybe, like me, he's making the B.O. comparisons [B.O., the Big One, as we had come to designate our first Atlantic crossing, in 1975]: no sense of *crossing*, no

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> Bermuda to look forward to, just a 7-foot-high "rad safe" rock bristling with military-industrial-complex gear. . . . Well, there's Majuro and Ponape to look forward to, but those rascals are 16 days away. For an Entertainment Officer this presents a problem. Maybe I'll have to start slipping Valium into their Sanka.

Danny, as it turned out, was thinking the same thing: "I think Bill is adrift. He seems not yet relaxed, the usual animated self. Christo senses the same. Perhaps something more serious is haunting him." And, characteristically, "I'll ask later this afternoon. Bill will never answer directly a question that is hyperpersonal but he does one hell of a good job going round and round as if he did. I hope it's an illusion on my part."

It was, mostly. Yes, there was an accumulation of discrete vexations—the deteriorating sails, problems with WhatStar, cranky winds and weather, the heat. But what we had come all this way for was, however slowly, crystallizing. Christo had written on the second night out:

> A most beautiful sail. The moon sliding in and out of rain clouds, silver swells cresting and overtaking us—big ones, 10 footers. Tried to keep our ass into them, with a bit of success. Every third one would pivot us into a 30-degree heel. Whenever that happens I brace for a clatter of pans and the hundred-odd loose items we've not secured on all the boats we've owned. I remember W.F.B.'s obsessions with shockcord [elastic line] on the B.O., telling Danny he wanted enough of the stuff on board to suspend [our schooner] Cyrano from Jupiter.

I was beginning to get the feel of a Pacific passage, quite unaware that I struck Christo and Danny as comparatively listless. I tend to fight low spirits to a standstill, generally succeed, and so usually go better than mere stalemate. My own journal records a steady internal barometer.

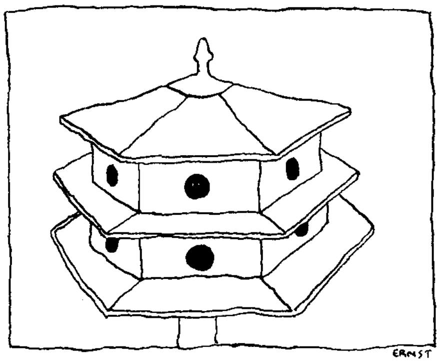
THE night before a landfall is always spirited. The movie that night, as it happened, was lousy. ("The Caine Mutiny": some movies become classics, work thirty years later; some don't.) The sailing continued fine, as it had for three days now, and we were doing eight knots, right on course, wing and wing—the headsail set on the opposite side of the boat from the mainsail—with the large genoa. Christopher bet Dick that he himself would spot the atoll before Dick did, and they made the bet in the gravest seaman's tender: one full hour of watch time.

Christopher: "*At 1330 I saw it: a low, boxy rectangle.* I let rip with a lusty 'Land hooo!' Dick was not altogether agreeable to this state of affairs and demanded, with a Time Inc.-ish air, that my 'Land ho' be corroborated."

I, the navigator, skipper, and impresario of this whole extravaganza, volunteered the definitive scientific corroboration, and invited a moment's silence to honor my locating these wretched seven hundred acres of land after seven hundred miles of downwind tacking. I greatly fear I am being taken for granted.

I have noted elsewhere that it is a psychological constant aboard a sailing vessel that the time between spotting land and reaching it is always about five times what one expects. Having spotted the atoll at 1330 and anticipated that we would reach it in an hour or two, we would not in fact sail into the little harbor at mysterious Johnston until 1800. Plenty of time in between to do this and that. Even from fifteen or twenty miles away, one sensed the heavy placidity of the place. We would learn that the highest differential in temperature ever recorded at Johnston was twenty-seven degrees. Before the Second World War, Johnston Atoll was a mere sixty-odd acres. It was placed under the United States Navy in 1934 by Franklin Delano Roosevelt, in an early reaction to Japanese aggressiveness, and has been landfilled so that it is now six hundred and ninety acres. It became the central control point for atomic testing in 1958 and again in 1962, having come under the command of Joint Task Force Eight. It is (one is not *quite* permitted to gather) the place where unused supplies of poison gas are stored, in the event that these should be needed for retaliatory or deterrent purposes; and one supposes, because of the heavy secrecy that shrouds the area, that there are other things at Johnston that go unpublicized.

Never mind. Van's naval attaché in Paris had seen to it all, and we had word that the Secretary of the Navy, John Lehman, who is a friend of Van's and mine, had passed along the word that we were not a waterborne cadre of Ban the Bombers. We looked forward eagerly to a night on shore, though not at all to a night of formal social activity. I raised the point with Christopher and Van, seated in the cockpit. It is inevitable, I speculated, from years' experience, that we will be invited to have dinner with the brass. Christo asked whether we could beg off, using whatever excuse. Van—and I concurred—said no, not really. We would simply have to go along. Who knows? Perhaps it would even be interesting. We could in any event look forward to walking about— Oh! *The gas masks!* I went below, fished about in the hanging locker for the critical paraphernalia, bought the previous month in New York at an Army-Navy store—protective devices without which, we had been told, one was not permitted to land on that mephitic island. Anyway, we were resigned to the probability of a little formal socializing. But it was fine to contemplate a full night's stable bed rest, either at anchor or at the dock. Allan came up. He had raised the Johnston authorities on 8294.2 KHz, and they were on the line. They were expecting us and had asked how much fuel and ice we desired (Allan gave the figures: two hundred pounds of ice, one hundred gallons of fuel), and how we had planned on reimbursement. Allan asked me. I hadn't thought deeply about it, and told him to say by credit card, personal check, traveller's check, cash, or barter. Johnston radio did not there and then specify its preference. The transmission ended, and we sailed closer and closer.



I went below for an hour. Toward the end of it, "with some effort we fisted in the genoa," Christo records. "W.F.B. came up and decided we would *sail* into the harbor, thus within two minutes of lowering the genoa we found ourselves raising it again. And then lowering the wretched thing within, oh, three minutes. Ah yes, it's all coming back to me from 10 years ago: 'O.K., let's raise the gollywobbler!' " My son, I recall from many years' experience, exaggerates, and sometimes inclines, at sea, to sloth. Sometimes inclines to sloth when not at sea, come to think of it. Of *course* we would sail in. What would all those generals and admirals think of us if, since we needed to come in under non-nuclear power, we settled for less

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than the power we disposed of, under that strong wind? Inside the cut, we were hailed, and I brought Sealestial alongside the indicated dock. Van and I jumped ashore and extended a hand of greeting to a lieutenant colonel, a trim gentleman in his early forties who turned out to be the base commander, and to two civilian aides by his side. We exchanged banter. Allan, Noddy, and Reg were tying up the bow, stern, and spring lines when I asked our host whether this was the slip where Sealestial would be spending the night. This, it became obvious, was the colonel's big moment.

"No, sir, you can't spend the night here."

Van's smile ended. "I thought you knew we were coming?" he said.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Ambassador, but you can't stay. In fact, we intended to bring you the fuel and the ice offshore, but the winds were too heavy."

"When," I asked slowly, "are we expected to leave?"

"Preferably before nightfall, sir."

I signalled to Van, and we wandered briefly out of earshot. He was truly astonished. There was no penetrable security problem. We had aboard our gas masks (none of the dozen civilians we saw walking about were wearing them), prearrangements had been carefully made. Worth making a scene? No, I said, and Van agreed: the hell with Johnston Atoll. But there were a few amenities reasonably to be requested. I returned to the colonel and told him that, besides the fuel and ice, we would appreciate some fruit and fresh vegetables.

The colonel nodded, an aide taking notes.

And we would need to make telephone calls.

He said that the telephone was not entirely reliable, dependent, as it was, on Hawaiian traffic, but that we could go to the recreation quarter. He pointed to the second floor of a barracks-type building nearby.

And we needed a doctor: Noddy's hand should be checked, Christo's dentistry was failing inside Reggie's mouth, and Van had an infection on his forehead, where he had had a skin cancer removed in Paris.

The colonel would direct them to the clinic.

And, finally, I said, we would like the opportunity to shower.

The colonel pointed to a building alongside.

We passed the word around the boat, and there was a low moan of disappointment, followed by what I call the Sealestial Stiff Upper Lip. We succeeded in getting brief personal calls through, and ascertaining, in order of importance, three things. The first was that Vice-President Bush's advance man earnestly hoped that Van would be back in Paris in time to be with the Vice-President on the second of July, when Mr. Bush would be spending the night at Van's residence. The second was that my wife, Pat, had not left on a trip, as had been planned for the night before, because Nancy Reagan had called. The conversation had evidently gone about as follows:

Nancy: You know, dear, I can't stay at the Waldorf because of the strike? [The New York hotel workers were on strike.]

Pat: Ah, but you can stay at the Plaza Athénée—the employees there aren't union!

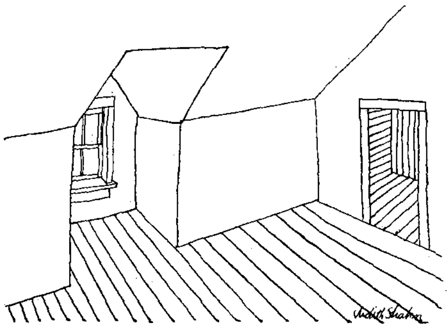
Nancy: Dear, I *can't* stay at a non-union hotel when there's a strike on. [*Pause.*]

Pat: Do you want to stay at our place?

Nancy: Would that really be convenient? . . .

So Pat's trip was delayed a day while she prepared our apartment for the First Lady.

The third item of interest was a notice on the bulletin board, spotted by Christopher Little while he was waiting to use what had become, in effect, a public telephone. (There was no booth, and therefore no privacy.) On the sheet of paper was typed "Sealestial Due at 1700/ Perhaps. Major Will Decide." From this we deduced that there had been an intramural struggle: Would we be permitted to spend the night at a security island, or would we not? The whole thing, in context, was a locus classicus of the kind of intellectual anemia brought on by bureaucratic inbreeding. Simultaneously, (1) strict exclusionary security rules were being applied against (2) a crew two members of which were simultaneously engaged in adjusting schedules to accommodate the Vice-President and the wife of the Commander-in-Chief. Late that evening, the boys would hoot a little at the piquancies.



After phoning and showering, I invited the colonel on board, but he continued to stand, always with his aides, rather stiffly on the dock, as if o'er the ramparts to watch. It was only when, a few minutes later, I thought to ask him if he and his aides would care to come below, look at our vessel, *and have a Diet Coke* that he stepped down onto our deck from his dock. With the offer of Diet Coke I had come up with something that could never be confused with the tender of subornation. Van, back from the clinic (where the doctor discovered that Van's doctor in Paris had left a part of the suture in his skin), joined us, and asked conversationally how long a tour of duty was on Johnston Atoll, to which the answer was one year.

"No breaks?" Van asked.

"Yes, sir. They go back to Honolulu for stress seminars."

"For what?"

"Stress seminars."

These, he explained, were conducted under the leadership of chaplains. "In the future," Christo wrote in his journal, "I plan to take no more vacations, only 'stress seminars.' " Christo, having joined us after his shower, told the colonel that we had on board a formidable baby shotgun with which to defend ourselves. The colonel ho-ho-hoed over that one, and said, modestly, that in any firefight between the resources of Sealestial and the resources of Johnston Atoll he would bet on the latter, you bet.

We were all aboard. I paid the bill, and the commissary officer winked and said he was not going to charge me for the sweet rolls and the squash and fruit, and I thanked him. Suddenly, the prospect of going back out to sea palpably disappointed no one—in fact, exhilarated us all. I decided to depart smartly. I maneuvered the boat away from the dock, we hoisted the mainsail and, rounding the channel buoy, raised the genoa, and sailed briskly away. Drinks were served, and we listened to twenty minutes of David Niven. Dick, after the Niven interlude, thought it would be amusing to examine hypothetical alternatives at Johnston. He listed them methodically. Suppose—just to begin—that we had politely declined to leave. Just stayed there at the dock. What in fact would they have done? Dick upped the stakes. Suppose, he said, that I had put in a call to the President of the United States. (Here Dick had me confused with L. B. Mayer.) Third possibility: Suppose that we had shoved off from the dock, gone poutfully out into the channel a couple of hundred yards—then dropped anchor and started cooking a steak on the outdoor grill. What in fact would they have done? Poison-gassed us?

For a few hours, the wind and the boat performed like troopers. Christopher wrote:

> Thus de-sutured and re-veged, we set off again after our two-hour R & R among the nerve-warfare guys. The odd thing was how good it felt to be back on the road again. We set our sails wing and wing for Majuro, thirteen hundred miles away, and crested the twilight swells, and pretty soon Johnston was just a yellow glow sinking under the horizon.
>
> I went aft to the after cockpit. I lay back for another four hours. All the stars were there, plus Jupiter, the blue mother planet. I really can't discern the mythological beasts in these constellations: to me, Leo might as well be a giant spider or a Midas muffler. Resolve to start designating some of my own constellations.
>
> I suggested to Dick we start with C.E.O., pronounced "see-oh." . . . I think we may be onto something here. We should have a Herpes Constellation, incidentally.
>
> [*Christopher was in the mood to give Dick his due.*] As a matter of fact, Dick was steering a tolerably good course, "tolerably good," in Dick's case, being less than fifty degrees off course. But after a half hour of this exemplary helmsmanship, he got bored; and soon we were doing turns and Immelmanns in the troughs of the increasingly frothy seas. This causing Danny's and my heads to bash repeatedly against the cockpit coaming.
>
> "Reg," I snarled from my cockpit bunk aft, "would you please take the helm?"
>
> After three hours of bracing myself and trying various Houdini-combinations, I drifted into something very much like sleep.

At 3:30 A.M. the proud genoa surrendered. Surrendered totally. This was done in style. In a matter of moments it was a mass of chaotic ribbons. The huge headsail became a register of xylophonic sounding boards, bringing half a dozen of us on deck. I headed toward the helm, looked up, and saw, to my dismay, the moon through a slit in the mainsail above a seam on top of the spreader. The split had not yet reached the leech. If it did, we would face thirteen hundred miles without a mainsail. Danny and Reg were officially on duty when it happened. "It blew!" Danny had shouted to Christopher. "I need you forward!"

Christopher's journal:

> *Yes,* I thought, *but pants. Gotta have my pants. Don't relish having my goodies sheared off by an amok weather sheet.* Fi-

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"No, I don't," he lied.

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nally found them. Allan and I and Christopher Little spent the next 45 minutes doing an inverted Mount Suribachi on the genoa. The deck was tossing, and in these seas falling overboard is not recommended. Then we batter-rammed the spinnaker pole out of its fitting. By the time we got back to the cockpit, we were good and beat, but at least we'd gotten the remains of the genoa in, without major incident. As we were reflecting on our good fortune, W.F.B. looked up at the mainsail. "Oh, God!"

At spreader level, the sail was ripped from luff to leech. It wouldn't have been smart to try to bring it down at night in these seas, but it would have been equally imprudent to jibe with the sail in that condition. It might well sever completely at the rip line, causing a whole lot of unfortunateness. For the rest of the night, we would try to keep the wind on the port quarter to avoid the jibe. Trouble was that so doing caused a night of guaranteed roller-coastering. I left Dan and Christopher Little to return to the after cockpit, nicely awake and heated up. I heard a loud crash from down below and came back forward to see what had happened, though by the sound of it I figured a dinner service for twelve had just been propelled to the deck. I shone my flashlight down below. Its beam caught Maureen hunched over the galley floor. I have to hand it to Maureen: she smiles amidst the most trying circumstances. She explained, squatting there among the shards, that the large serving-tray platter had entered the galley steeplechase and not made it past the first jump.

I returned once again to the after cockpit. My bag was now even more moist. I slammed myself in and looked up at the stars again. They looked less detached than they had before: as if they shared in these events. As if they were culpable. Nonsense—but then the transom dipped into the ocean and with one efficient *slurp* the aft deck was under eight inches of sea.

Oh, now, come *on,* I said to myself, hunching behind the rim of the cockpit. *Why isn't it draining?* The water coursed around my cockpit, slurping and swishing. Nothing I can do here, I said.

It was a good watch. (Watches with Van are always so.) But dicey, on account of the four-foot-long gash in the main. One jibe and we might find ourselves with zero sails. The only recourse was to steer a Mr. Toad's Wild Ride course through these 10-foot seas, keeping our bum to the following seas. It was a no-sleeper course, 35-degree heels every four, five minutes. I asked Van if he'd slept.

"A bit," he said. "I woke up twice. First time because there was a lot of noise. It sounded pretty far advanced, so I didn't do anything about it. Second time I was being walked on. I thought I was in Japan. It was your father, attaching the leeboards."

The sun rose, obscuring C.E.O. and Herpes and the others. The moon hung in there while the sky bleached itself pale.

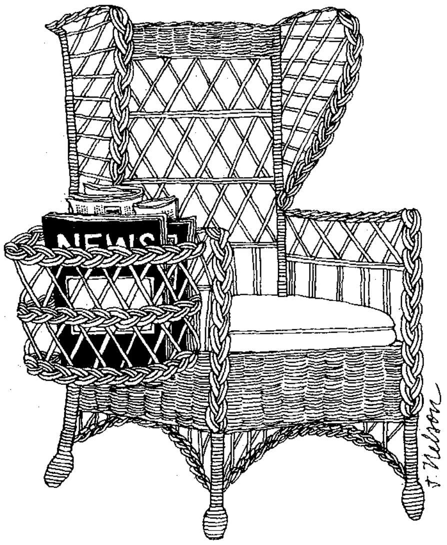
Another evening in our luxury passenger cruise across the Pacific, I thought, lying on my bunk attempting sleep. It wasn't easy, even in the master cabin, which is one of the two that have fans. The sheer number of things that needed now to be fixed . . . We were without a genoa, and the mainsail was crippled. The mind boggled. Was the sextant damaged? The timepieces? In the incoherence of drugged somnambulism, I found myself giving orders. *Christo,* I said solemnly, *I think we are without watches! Start counting! Right now! One Mississippi, two Mississippi, three Mississippi. And tell me what time it is—never mind your other duties as Entertainment Officer—every time I'm with the sextant and say: Mark!*

But, in my dream, somehow I couldn't engage his attention. Christo just sat there in the saloon, writing away in his journal, hour after hour, day after day, and he was a small child now, six years old, and I was telling him that "How now, brown cow" was the first English sentence I had ever learned, and could *he* write it out, and he said, looking up, clearly skeptical that I had ever engaged in so primitive an endeavor, Of *course* he could write "How now, brown cow"—why, he could write "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog," and I embraced him, and he embraced me. And it hasn't, really, changed between us in the years since.

IT was a sweaty business the following morning. Traces of the genoa clinging to the mast and related chaos needed to be attended to. The mainsail had to be taken down, the two splits sewn together. After this, the spreaders needed to be insulated in some way, so as not to aggravate the chafing problem.

Christopher's journal:

> At 7:30 Allan appeared and said, Let's do it. W.F.B. at the wheel, we spent the next hour and a half uncranking the genoa, perched on the pulpit above a school of dolphin whose dorsals suggested what else might be under there, and sawing away at the leech with my knife. That sail was *wrapped,* let me tell you. We hauled in the Yankee, hoisted a #3 genny the thickness of flagstone (good—harder to blow). There were the usual screwups —in this case, a sheet wound around a stay. I coffee-grinded until my arms started to feel like rigatoni. Getting the damaged main down was trickier, but it was while doing this, hugging the boom with my legs, high above the deck, swinging madly, grunting the sail down its track, that I had a little epiphany: *"This is it,"* the voice said. *"This is the point of it."*



Yes. In a sense, Christopher was right, because if such points aren't chanced neither is that impalpable other thing assured, about which Christopher would in due course sing most sweetly, though never innocently: the pains of childbirth remain painful, and they have a safe-deposit box in the memory.

The electric sail-stitching machine, of course, wasn't working—or, rather, wasn't strong enough to penetrate the tough Dacron of the mainsail. Which meant that Allan Jouning, assisted by Reggie, spent upward of eight hours, half inch by half inch, sailor's palm and needle in hand, working on the sail. The preliminaries done, the wind was blowing at almost twenty knots, so we reefed the mainsail, intending to reduce the strain against the spreaders at the sensitive seams. Danny spent a half hour suspended at the spreaders, fastening tapes and spreading on emollients of various kinds—anything that would cushion the sail's sawing against the wood. Late in the afternoon, we were sailing fully again, and, speaking of epiphanies, I now experienced one: The large genoa had given us a good ride, wing and wing, but the sail was always too large for the spinnaker pole, making the belly too concave. The Yankee, half the genoa's area, was *exactly* right. The mainsail, slightly reduced in area by the reef, was, in turn, just the right amount of sail. The boom was tightly vanged down (i.e., held rigid), the jibe-preventer secured, and what then happened was quite remarkable: We didn't deviate from course by more than a swing of five or six degrees. Even incipient jibes quickly corrected themselves. And I saw now, for the first time in an oceangoing boat, what a proper whisker pole (designed to do for a jib what a spinnaker pole does for a spinnaker; i.e., hold it, staid, firm, to windward), with which I was so familiar from sailing and racing a seventeen-foot boat as a boy, would actually do at sea. It had never worked the two or three times I tried, on Cyrano, to wing and wing, using the main staysail swung over to windward. In a schooner, the mainmast is situated well aft, and my impression is that therefore, because of its location, it is harder to guard downwind balance, the leverage being wrong. On a ketch, when the sails are well measured and absolutely secure on either side, the boat's own tendency is self-righting, with or without the mizzen sail. The final test came when we tried out the autopilot: we used it with total success. The autopilot is not recommended when the wind is fractious, or becomes too strong. But up to a point—one we had not yet overrun—it is entirely reliable, and, indeed, less likely to accommodate or to protract a jibe than is a helmsman who has been at the wheel for an hour and whose attention, however momentarily, flags. We were doing just fine, and a sense of honed tightness in the vessel, notwithstanding the attrition (no more genoa, a fragile main), gave the impression of a tight ship well aimed, sailing in total harmony with the wind, transcending the curse of downwind waywardness.

I spent an hour with Allan in the foredeck, and he spoke about Freedom, the new vessel whose construction he was supervising for the sometime Secretary of the Treasury, William Simon, in Italy, and whose captain he would become. He gave abundant details. I asked him later in the afternoon, when we were getting ready for David Niven time, to tell my companions something about the boat we had discussed. "Tell them about the sails, Allan." Well, he said, put it this way: To get any of the sails to do anything—to go up or to come down; to contract in size to exactly the desired area or to expand—"all you'll have to do on Freedom is press a button." Danny, sipping a beer and wearing dark glasses to mute his insolence, observed, "What's so new about that? Press a button is all Bill ever has to do to get sails changed on this boat." I unhappily record that everybody found this senseless, juvenile comment quite funny, Christopher in particular.

Dick Clurman wrote:

> Danny and Christopher are like two porpoises cavorting, on deck and below. Danny is truly sui generis. Although he

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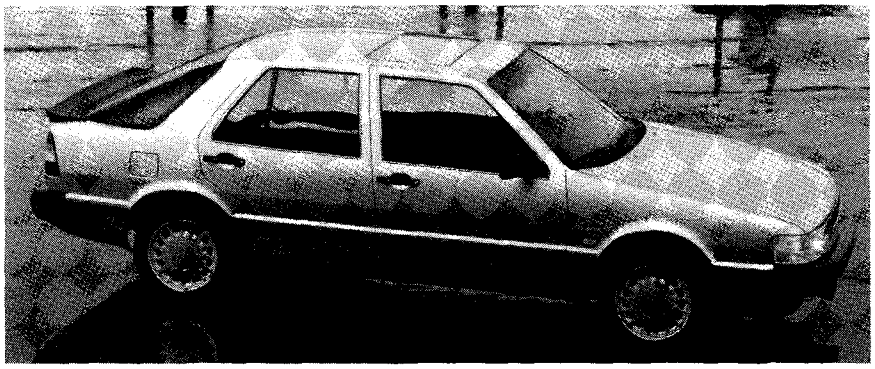

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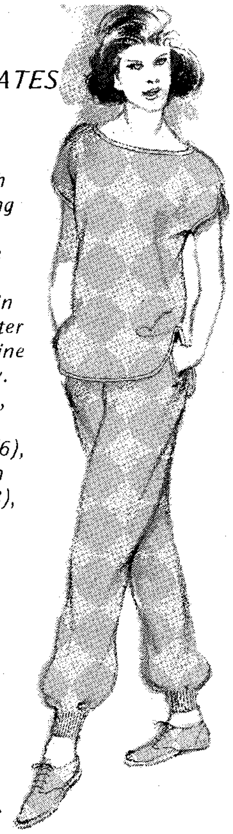

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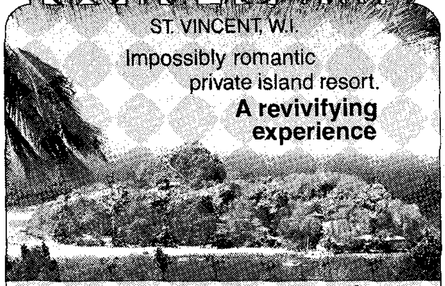

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It's hard to believe he is thirty-five, a determined entrepreneur who wants to make it for him and his family. Hard to think of him as anything but the youthful bouncing ball he always is. I can't envision a 50-year-old Danny, despite his keen intelligence, ravenous appetite to learn, and devotion to the Buckleys, who unfailingly return that affection. I think he looks slightly askance at me (although he would never betray it for a moment), perhaps because I have a hard time being one of the Buckley gang—or of any gang, for that matter.

The next morning was Sunday, and, as we had done on Sundays ten years earlier on the B.O., Christopher, Danny, and I retreated to my cabin to recite the Mass. Later that afternoon, Dick made casual mention of our religious exercise and asked Danny whether he was a practicing Catholic. Danny said yes, he was, but he was reborn—he had slipped away from the Church for a few years after college. Dick clutched into his "Meet the Press" mode, and asked why. I intervened to say that Danny and the Church had different points of view on certain questions involving Danny's first marriage, and we got into the whole business of marriages and divorces and annulments. Experience has forced me to be much less dogmatic than I was many years ago on the question of divorce, though divorce for trivial incompatibilities continues to offend. Only Christopher Little, Christo, and I, in our company, were still wed to our original spouses. Dick's attitude toward religion is very relaxed. He has not the least interest in it but is very tolerant of it. It is widely ignored by most intellectuals that religion is, among other things, a prodigious intellectual discipline. People who would faint if they could not instantly put their finger on Basutoland on the map would faint if they were asked the meaning of the Immaculate Conception. But we had asked the Lord's blessings and felt better for having done so; and, not at all inconceivably, so did the Lord.

CHRISTOPHER wrote of a creeping acedia, which I detected but didn't know he himself had been aware of until I saw his journal:

> I have reached a new height (or depth) of listlessness, and am indulging my ennui

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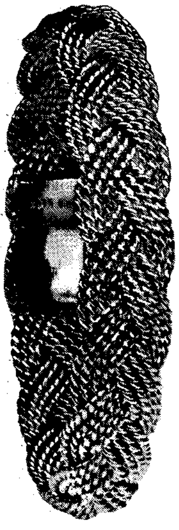

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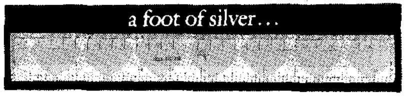

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by eating more or less everything put in front of me and a good deal of what isn't put in front of me.

It's just past 3 in the P.M. So far my intake consists of:

- 2 bowls of Cocoa Krispies
- 1 bowl of Sugar Pops
- 1 Lite Beer (at 11 A.M.)
- 3 helpings of Liz's (fantastic) hot sesame noodles
- 5 buttered crackers
- 1 GooGoo Cluster
- 3 of Liz's (incredible) chocolate-chip cookies

By the time I get home I'll look like Jabba the Hutt.

What's truly revolting about this display of piggery is doing it while reading the life of Edmund Campion. You really want to feel degenerate, try doing that. (Something like cramming your face with bonbons and watching news reports of starving Ethiopians.) Here was a man who, condemned to be butchered at Tyburn by Elizabeth's Privy Council, *fasted* in his airless dungeon and remained, praying, on his knees for two days. I began to see why the lives of the saints and martyrs have a hold on us far greater than doctrinal abstractions.

"O God," said Augustine, "let me be good—but not yet."

I think I am getting closer to Yet.

You get accustomed, at sea, to very beautiful sights, but sometimes something comes along that just breaks all the rules. We ran tonight into the most extraordinary sunset, stretches of brilliant reds, each hue distinctive. It gave the impression of an artist returning to a huge canvas time after time, with great swaths of paint, trying out different colors, comparing them. Everyone was silent staring at it, and it seemed almost permanently there: it lasted a full ten minutes in its transfiguring glory. Christopher Little tried to capture it. I haven't seen the print, but I doubt if any lens could succeed in doing so. Liz was seduced from her galley to look. She is always neat, always delicately framed, however gruelling her undertaking. She paused in rapt admiration, as did Maureen and Noddy. Allan needs to be prodded to express pleasure or satisfaction, so Dick wrenched it out of him: He had never seen the skies behave quite like that, Allan said.

How one cherishes these contrasts.

Dick complains of Christo's contumacious behavior:

The hatch could rarely be opened without taking on cascades of rain or seawater. But that could be refreshing, inasmuch as often I am occupying the hot, sweaty berth that Christo has just evacuated to go on watch. It was so bad that, after some reflection, I decided I didn't mind it. I have always hated mediocre experiences. But incontrovertibly bad ones are memorable. The sailors in "Das Boot" were no more confined. If submariners could take it, so could I. We won the war, after all.

Christo, replacing me on watch at 0500, comes bleary-eyed and unshaven on deck. In the mock jousting that we engage in all the time, he says imperiously, "Now, I wish to point out a thing or two, Clurman. Number One: There will be no more stepping on me while I'm asleep. Number Two: That blue ditty bag of yours has got to go. Number Three: Give up smoking."

—WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

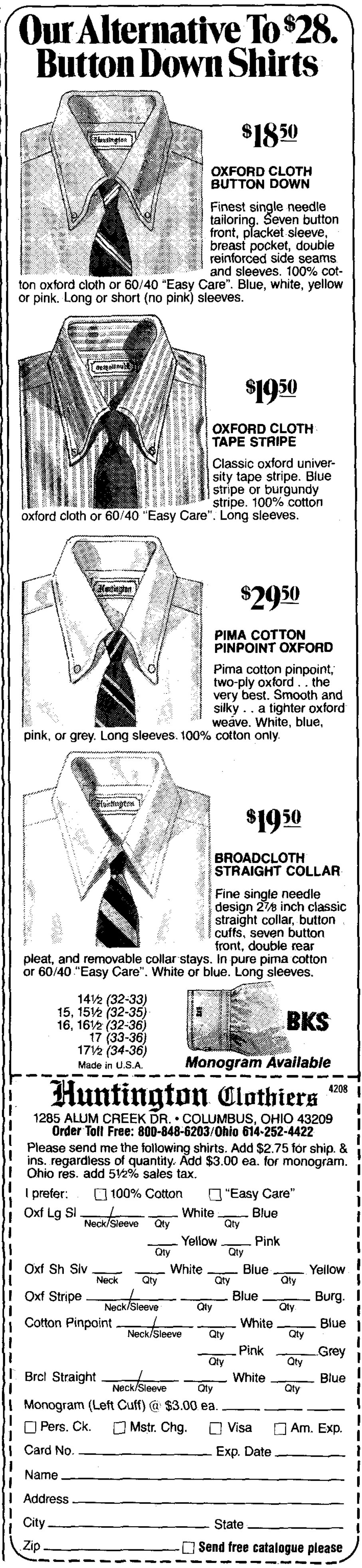
• •

NIGHTSCAPE WITH DOVES

New snow in the clearing.
Blank as a page,
the field remains unmarred,
obscure cuneiform of doves' feet
as yet unprinted,
though you hear the cry of birds,
the clay-colored mourners,
in a nearby margin of trees.
Because it is dusk
you cannot see their shapes
in the enveloping blackness.

The great night falls
and you are nearer wherever the end is,
but right now meaning is a sound
inexpressibly itself,
a trick much like the trick of happiness,
a completeness which knows
that the end of the book
is the last white page
you go on revising forever.

—WILLIAM COLLINS WATTERSON



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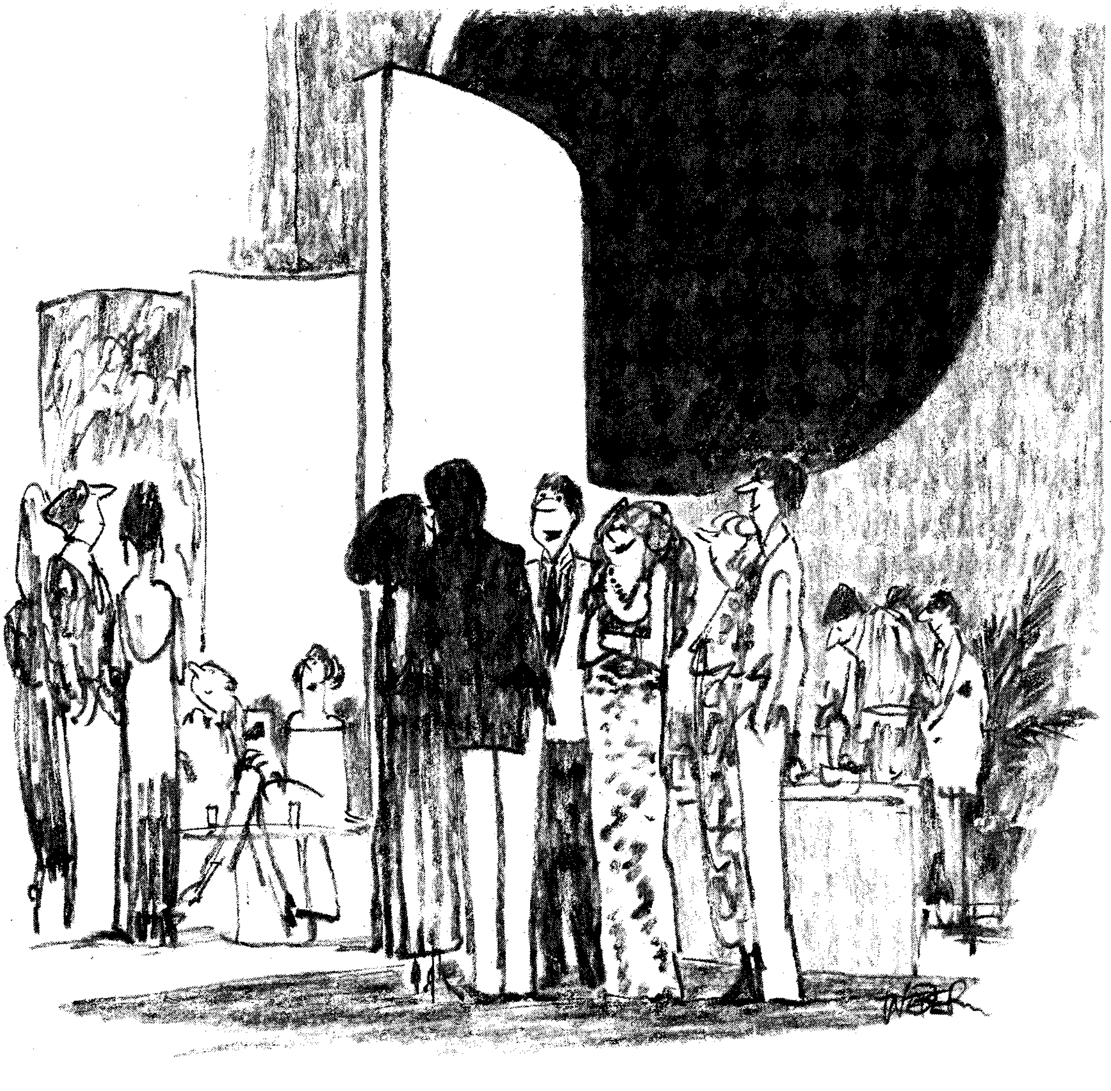
JAZZ

The Keynotes

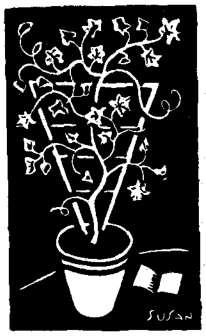
Supervising jazz recordings in the days of the 78-r.p.m. recording was delicate and demanding. The A. & R. (artists and repertoire) man, as the recording director is called, was responsible for choosing congenial musicians, for getting them into the studio on time, for helping them pick apposite material, for somehow softening the notoriously frigid atmosphere of most recording studios, for making the musicians' improvisations fit the three- or five-minute time limit of the 78 without deflating them, and, most difficult of all, for deciding immediately just how good a take was. (Mediocre music has a perverse way of sounding exhilarating in studio playbacks, while excellent music sounds flat and uninspired.) One of the sharpest of the old A. & R. men was Harry Lim, a mysteriously gifted Javanese jazz fan and organizer of jam sessions in Chicago and New York, who, in the mid-forties, supervised fifty or so small-band sessions for the Keynote label, nearly a third of which are among the greatest of all jazz recordings. (Keynote, begun in 1940 by Eric Bernay as a left-wing folk-music operation, became in Lim's hands the equal of such other pioneer independent jazz labels as Milt Gabler's Commodore and Alfred Lion's Blue Note.) All but two or three of Lim's classic sessions were done in 1944, when he was in his mid-twenties. Small-band swing had suddenly risen to a kind of pre-bebop climax, and recording companies were frenetically attempting to fill the vacuum left by the just ended sixteen-month union-imposed recording ban. Lim directed no fewer than twenty-one sessions between the end of 1943 and the end of 1944, five of them in a two-week burst in late spring. He had an unerring and daring sense of whom to record and in what combinations. He put Lester Young, who was at the height of his powers, with the sparkling, chameleon pianist Johnny Guarnieri (who could do swinging paraphrases of Teddy Wilson, Count Basie, and Fats Waller), the humming bassist Slam Stewart, and Big Sid Catlett. He put three trumpeters (Roy Eldridge, Joe Thomas, Emmett Berry), four trombonists (Benny Morton, Vic Dickenson, Bill Harris, Claude Jones), and four saxophonists (Coleman Hawkins, Tab Smith, Don Byas, Harry Carney) with rhythm sections. He put Coleman Hawkins and Teddy Wilson together four times (both were at the height of their powers), and mixed them, on two of the sessions, with either Roy Eldridge or Buck Clayton. He put Joe Thomas with the ex-Lunceford trombonist Trummy Young and with the still imperious Earl Hines. He turned eight times to Thomas, a beautiful, epigrammatic, little-known player, mixing him also with the huge, jumping alto saxophonist Pete Brown, with Red Norvo and Vic Dickenson, and with Jack Teagarden and the pianist Herman Chittison. He used small groups from the big bands of Cab Calloway, Count Basie, Duke Ellington, and Woody Herman. The Basie session turned out to be the best small-band date the pianist ever made. Lim went West and recorded Nat Cole and Benny Carter. He recorded George Barnes' sleek sextet in Chicago and the sumptuous New Orleans clarinettist Irving Fazola.

Very little that Lim did in 1944 went wrong, but early in 1945 he began to change direction. Always attentive to little-known players, he became obsessed by them. He recorded



"This has always been Kathy's and my dream—to live in a contemporary house, surrounded by our contemporaries."

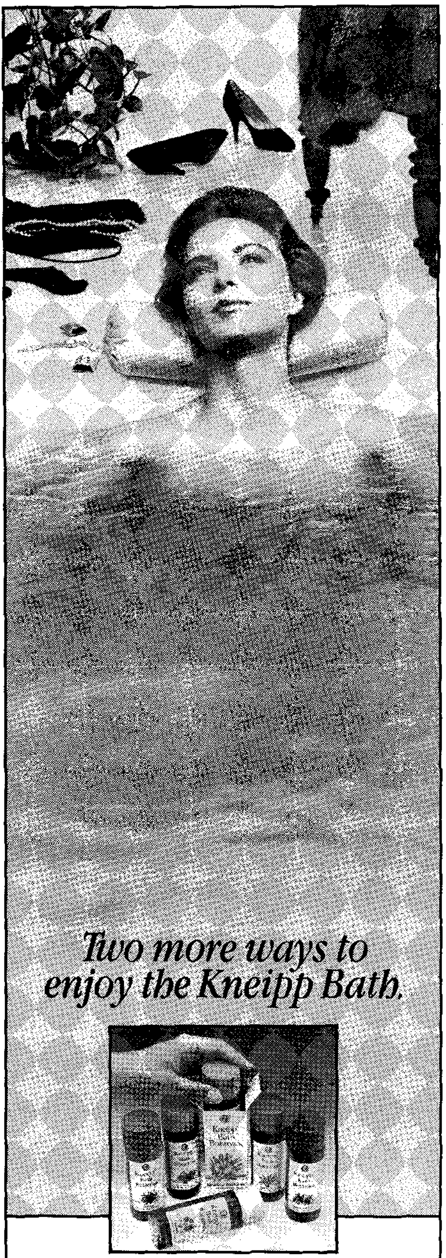
saxophonists like Herbie Haymer and Babe Russin and Corky Corcoran, and trumpeters like Clyde Hurley and Manny Klein and Dick Cathcart. He used pianists like Bernie Leighton and Tommy Todd and Skitch Henderson. He made his first second-rate recordings. There were notable exceptions: the Nat Cole date; a couple of sessions with Bill Harris, who, in this time of histrionic trombonists, sounds almost calm; Joe Thomas's elegant, peerless "Black Butterfly" session; and Lennie Tristano's first recording date under his own name. In 1946, the label got into financial difficulties, and the next year Lim quit, leaving his invaluable masters behind. Keynote was bought by Mercury Records, which in time was absorbed by Phonogram, which became PolyGram. Mercury reissued some of the Keynotes in helter-skelter fashion in the fifties, and some came out on the Trip label in the seventies. Then, for a long time, nothing happened, and it began to seem that the great early Keynotes, like the great early Blue Notes (finally and intelligently reissued during the past three years by Mosaic Records), had disappeared.



But now the Japanese jazz expert Kioshi Koyama, working in conjunction with PolyGram and with the Japanese branch of Phonogram, has brought forth the entire Keynote catalogue in a boxed set of twenty-one L.P.s, as "The Complete Keynote Collection." The reissue includes almost three hundred and fifty performances, a third of them alternate takes and previously unreleased masters. The first twelve L.P.s, which go through 1944, are essential, and the bright spots carry most of the remainder. Here are four classic numbers from the early sessions. The first is the fast blues "Afternoon of a Basie-ite," recorded on December 28, 1943, by the Lester Young Quartet. Johnny Guarnieri, doing his Basie, plays three choruses, backed by tight, pushing Catlett high hat. (High hat of this kind is invariably associated with Jo Jones, but Catlett recorded it in 1933, when Jones was still to be heard from.) Young takes five choruses, using every swinging trick he knew: honks; lazy nasal figures; marvellous short, tucking runs; half-time swoops. Catlett backs him with a panoply of snare and bass-drum accents that the early bebop drummers must have listened to closely. Slam Stewart appears for two choruses, and on the first of the two takes of the number Guarnieri spices Stewart's solo with some wild upper-register figures. Catlett solos for one chorus, using his high hat and snare on the first take and mainly snare figures on the second. Both solos crackle and jump. Young returns for two more choruses, and the number ends. Young and Catlett recorded together only twice, which is a pity. They worked like birds and air.

The second number, recorded a month later, is "Fiesta in Brass," by Little Jazz and His Trumpet Ensemble—Eldridge, Thomas, and Emmett Berry, joined by Guarnieri, Israel Crosby on bass, and Cozy Cole on drums. It is a study in brass textures. Eldridge, though muted, is rough-toned and hurrying; Berry is querulous and patient; the gentle Thomas soars and ponders. The number is a medium blues, and consists of identical opening-and-closing unison annunciatory ensembles enclosing two-chorus solos by Guarnieri, doing his Basie, and Eldridge, Thomas, and Berry. Thomas, with his ballooning tone and his exquisite choice of notes, takes the honors.

The third and fourth numbers are part of the Joe Thomas–Trummy Young–Coleman Hawkins–Earl Hines date, on February 22, 1944. Sam Coslow's "Just One More Chance" is built around Hawkins, who plays a chorus of embellished melody (backed by lovely ascending organ chords), gives way to a chorus of Earl Hines (with a bridge by the guitarist Teddy Walters), and returns for a closing twenty-four bars of improvisation. There are two takes, and both match the best of Hawkins' recorded ballads. He sounds as though he had finally decided to wipe out all those impinging Lester Youngs and Ben Websters and Don Byases with one majestic, obliterating number. His tone is enormous, his vibrato surging. He plays with power and great delicacy and unfailing lyricism. "Thru' for the Night" is the fourth number. Its attractive melody, written by Trummy Young, is based on "Honeysuckle Rose." The band does the melody in a swinging, medium-slow tempo, with Hines providing icing. Then, cushioned on a repeat of the melody, he splits a



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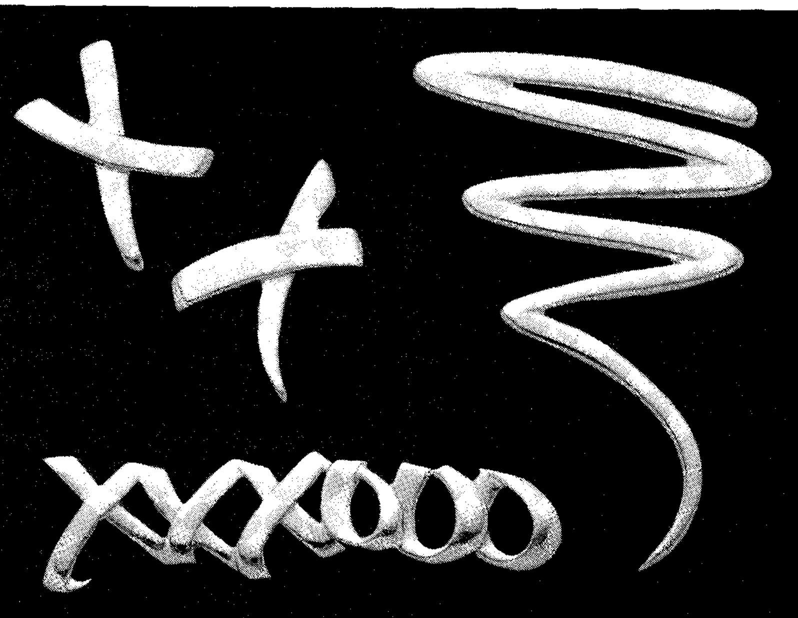

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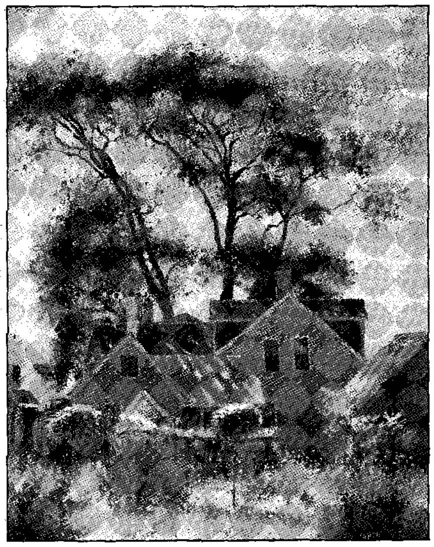

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chorus with Walters. Hines' solo is full of tricky tremolos and glisses and runs, topped by upper-register diamonds. His dynamics are the breezes presaging a storm. Thomas takes an empyrean half chorus, and Trummy Young, very delicate and nasal, takes the other half. Hawkins plays twenty-four resounding bars, and there are eight measures of closing ensemble. The two takes are flawless.

The Keynote reissue includes a thirty-nine-page booklet with exemplary, exhaustive, novella-length notes by Dan Morgenstern, a model discography by Koyama, and indexes of the musicians and their tunes. The list price is $209.58. Beware of getting the records out of order—they are not numbered.

Mosaic Records has reissued the last of the early Blue Notes (1939-46), under the title "The Benny Morton and Jimmy Hamilton Blue Note Swingtets." Included are four numbers apiece by Benny Morton's All-Stars (Morton, Barney Bigard, Ben Webster, Sammy Benskin on piano, Israel Crosby, and Eddie Dougherty on drums), Jimmy Hamilton and the Duke's Men (Hamilton, Ray Nance, Henderson Chambers on trombone, Otto Hardwicke on alto saxophone, Jimmy Jones on piano, Oscar Pettiford on bass, and Sidney Catlett), and the Sammy Benskin Trio (Benskin, Billy Taylor on bass, and Specs Powell on drums). Although none of the three sessions are first-rate, there is fine work throughout. These include Morton's rare bravura open-horn blues chorus on the slow "Conversing in Blue," and the closing ensemble, in which the horns nod and whisper and consult; the same group's flying, lissome "Limehouse Blues;" Catlett's ringing, relentless let's-get-this-going accompaniment all through Hamilton's boppish "Slapstick;" and Benskin's light, pleasant Marlowe Morris solos on his trio numbers. Despite its weaknesses (overarranging on the Hamilton date, Bigard's clichés), the album nicely closes Mosaic's invaluable early Blue Note reissues.

—Whitney Balliett

•

The toughest quote for her was one from "The Odyssey" by Homer. "I'm ashamed to say it," she laughs, "because I took four years of Latin."—*Pacific Grove/Pebble Beach (Calif.) Tribune.*

Well, it sounds different in Latin.

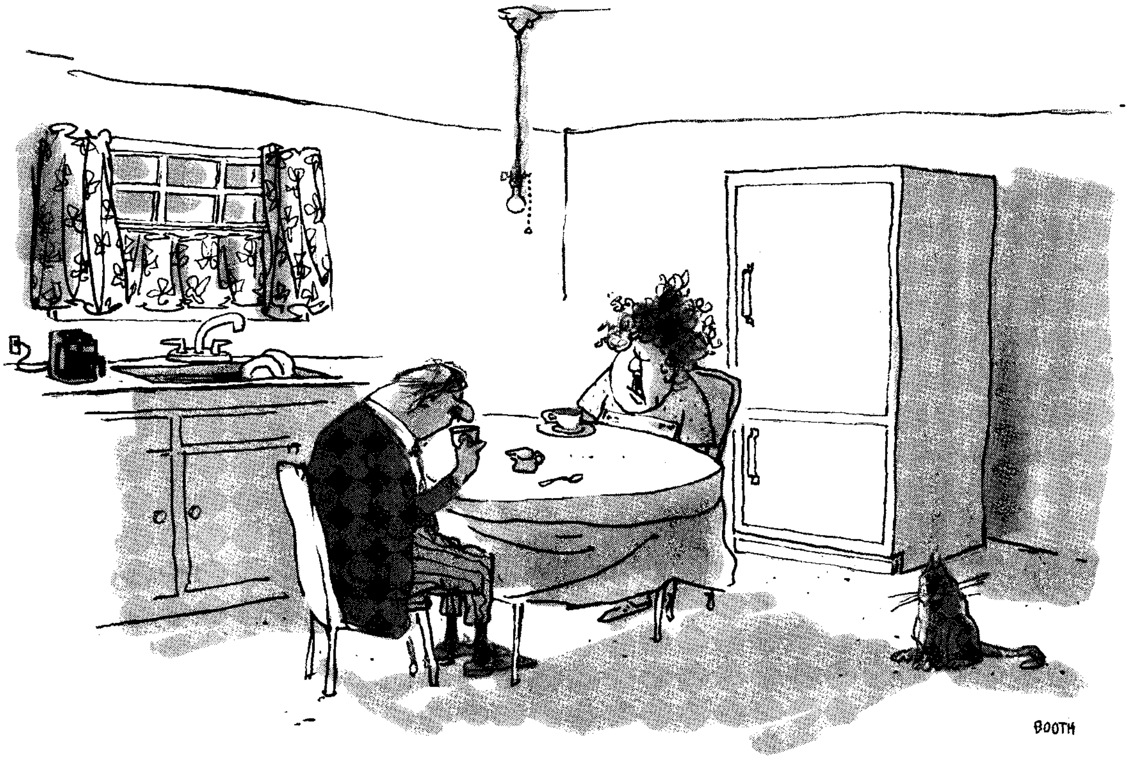
AROUND CITY HALL

STORMY WEATHER

IN December, 1968, during his first term as mayor of this city, John Lindsay left with his wife and children for a week's vacation in the Bahamas, a family holiday that, his wife explained later, had been planned for a year. Four days before the Mayor left, a strike involving private fuel-oil companies which had kept many local apartment houses without heat had been settled, but oil had not yet reached all consumers. Though the weather here was mild for December, the temperature was even more pleasant in the Bahamas. It seemed for a time that some New Yorkers would never let Lindsay forget what they considered his dereliction of duty. Nearly a year later, during his second mayoral campaign, one local resident ran, at regular intervals, a personal notice in the *Times* which started out, "WANTED for desertion: John Lindsay, who treacherously abandoned the city in its hour of need on December 26th, 1968." And a good fifteen months after the trip the annual satirical revue of the Inner Circle, the fraternity of City Hall reporters, featured a skit whose theme song, to the tune of "How Are Things in Glocca Morra?," was "How Are Things in the Bahamas?" ("Are the snow drifts more than five feet high?")

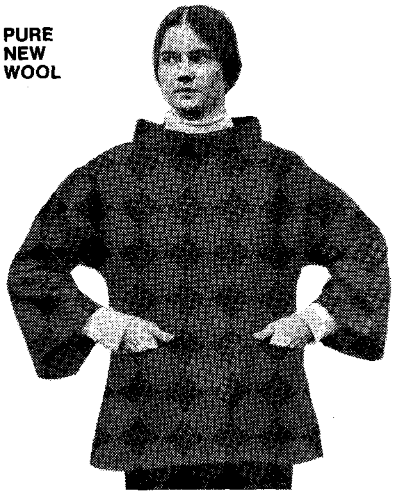
On January 23rd of this year, Mayor Edward Koch flew out of Kennedy Airport accompanied by five friends, his press secretary, his chief of staff, three representatives of the local media, and one of the three bodyguards who were making the trip. (Mayors—like other heads of government—don't travel as light as they used to.) He was off on what his office called "a working vacation." Meanwhile, a strike of the Long Island Rail Road which had been called on January 18th was disrupting the lives of the hundred and ten thousand Long Island commuters that the railroad normally brings into the city each working day and the local businesses they work for, but, then, the railroad is run by a state agency, the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, and most of the commuters are not Koch constituents. His constituents were affected, however, by the heavy snowstorm that hit the city on the morning of January 22nd. Koch's political rivals complain that he is extraordinarily lucky—a claim that he would surely now deny, in view of the scandals that (through no fault of his own, he often implies) have threatened to engulf his administration since January of last year. One of the pieces of luck that his rivals point to is the relatively benign weather that has prevailed during his ten winters in office. There have been only three substantial snowstorms, two of them within a few weeks of each other in late January and early February of 1978, just after he took office. "What are you sending next, locusts?" asked the new Mayor, posing with his hands lifted upward, and he added—like many politicians, he tends to take all events personally—"I believe that God is testing me!" The only other major snowfall was in February, 1983. A week later, Lindsay, who, once he'd decided not to run for a third term in 1973, had returned to his old law firm, where he practices international law, called Koch, by prearrangement, from London, having gone there as the Mayor's emissary to work out certain beneficial trade deals for the city. The present and former mayors and various British trade officials were scheduled to hold a transatlantic telephone conversation on how negotiations were going, and reporters were encouraged to listen in. Koch began the international discussion by saying, "John, I want to give you a snow report," and announced that all the snow had been cleared away in Queens. Lindsay's polite response, after a startled moment, was "Bravo!" Koch was harking back to a crippling snowstorm in February, 1969, when the slowness of Lindsay's Sanitation Department trucks in plowing the streets of Queens enraged almost to the point of violence many residents of what is the most heavily voting of the city's boroughs. This political gaffe has taken its place in some circles as a blunder of a magnitude only a little below that of Fred Merkle's failure to touch second base in a late-season 1908 game between the Giants and the Cubs, thus indirectly depriving the Giants, then the New York Giants—that is, the *baseball* Giants—of the pennant.

In the years since, almost any mention here of snow and City Hall has led ineluctably to references to Lindsay and Queens, on occasion with the parenthetical—and inaccurate—embellishment that the bad feelings stirred



"Not right this second, but I'm very unhappy with that refrigerator."

PURE
NEW
WOOL



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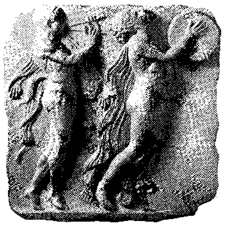

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up in Queens ended Lindsay's political career. A large share of the residents of Queens are now up in arms at Koch over his handling of the recent violent events in the borough's Howard Beach community. Many New Yorkers and many people elsewhere now know the Howard Beach story by heart (just as, for more than two years now, they have been able to recite the details of Bernhard Goetz's bloody subway encounter with four young blacks): how three blacks, their car having broken down, stopped for a pizza, shortly after midnight on December 20th, in Howard Beach, which is ninety-nine per cent white; how when they left the pizzeria they were set upon and beaten with baseball bats and a tree limb by a gang of young Howard Beach whites, who shouted (according to police reports), "Get the niggers!;" and how one of the blacks, twenty-three-year-old Michael Griffith, ran out onto a highway to escape the attackers and was killed by a passing car. Within the next few days, the Mayor described the event as "a racial lynching," "murder," and "the most horrendous incident" since he had become mayor. The last description was at one point amended to "the most horrendous incident in modern times." This city, famous for such geographical sites as Times Square, Ellis Island, and Shea Stadium, was suddenly also famous—or infamous—around the world for Howard Beach. This development has bitterly angered the residents not only of that community but of the rest of Queens, who keep saying that because of what many of them regard as Koch's excessive rhetoric their civic reputation has been forever sullied as a result of the behavior of a handful of bad characters. The present mayor would presumably be heartened by a reminder that when Lindsay was re-elected in the fall after the big 1969 snowstorm he carried Queens.

ON the morning of January 23rd, the front-page *Post* headline, above a picture of a man skiing along Houston Street, was "SUPERSTORM!" (The January 25th Super Bowl being imminent, the word "super" then loomed large in the local and national consciousness.) A *Times* editorial that day, which the paper denied was the same one it runs every year after the first substantial snowfall, said, "No one has ever found two snowflakes that are exactly alike," and was entitled "Infinity in a Flake." All local airports had been closed the day before, but the Mayor and his party, who had expected to leave on the night of the 22nd, got off the following morning. He resisted all suggestions that he might be judged derelict for abandoning his fellow New Yorkers in the midst of a snowstorm. For one thing, he did not make the mistake of departing the frigid scene for some sun-drenched beach—which would not have been his choice anyhow. ("I cannot spend more than forty-eight hours on the beach," he said the week before he left. "I happen to like chill.") His destination was Europe, which was gripped by its coldest winter in decades—and specifically Hungary and Poland, where terrible winters are the rule. In the past, the Mayor has taken a couple of working vacations annually, but in this era of municipal scandals friendly advisers have urged on him the prudence of staying close to City Hall in case another indictment breaks. A few days before he left this time, he told reporters that a planned trip to Brazil in November, the only one he had scheduled last year, had been called off at the request of the Brazilian government. The government's explanation, he said, was that Brazil had a critical election campaign going on and "they didn't know what I might say." Shaking his head, Koch said, "Honest to God, I didn't know what they were talking about." The reasons he cited for his working vacation in Poland were statesmanlike: he hoped to meet with General Wojciech Jaruzelski, and with the Solidarity leader, Lech Walesa, and use his good offices to try to work out the differences between them—certainly a worthy goal. However, the would-be conciliator among dissident elements in a foreign land is also the political leader who, as the *Times* noted in a news story about the Brazilian government's uneasiness over his prospective visit, "in September . . . told a group of visiting Soviet youngsters that their Government was 'the pits,' has called the United Nations General Assembly 'a cesspool' and recently labeled the Mexican Government 'corrupt.' "

Three days after the Mayor left, there was a second snowstorm here, but this time he was not on hand to ask if God was testing him. Even some New Yorkers who were exhausted from digging themselves out might not have begrudged Koch a brief change of scene if they thought about all the problems awaiting him on his return.

THE day before he was scheduled to fly to Europe, some four thousand blacks marched in a demonstration "of outrage and mourning" to protest the Howard Beach incident, its handling by the local criminal-justice system, and what they saw as the oppression of blacks in this city by the white establishment, including the Mayor—giving him little credit for his denunciation of the Queens attack as a racial lynching. The march began at the Martinique Hotel, in Herald Square, one of the welfare hotels where families, predominantly black, are put up at huge public expense in so-called emergency housing. Unfortunately, emergencies may last for years. These families are crowded into rooms with no cooking facilities, in areas, such as Herald Square and Times Square, that are far from schools or parks. For recreation, the children roam through the hotel corridors or the surrounding streets, or, in the case of Herald Square, the nearby department stores, thereby raising the painful question of what can be expected of the next generation of the city's poor. An example of the current resolution of the homeless-family problem here was brought up by President Reagan at his November press conference. Reagan, who is understandably eager to direct attention to foulups in other governmental jurisdictions these days, told of a story in the papers about a homeless family, living in two small rooms, for which, so he had read, a New York welfare hotel received thirty-seven thousand dollars a year. The Mayor, in turn, followed the local custom of blaming the Reagan Administration, pointing out that it was willing to provide money (half the cost) for emergency housing for the homeless but none for permanent arrangements. The blacks' January 21st march ended just off Washington Square, in front of 14 Washington Place, the address of Koch's rent-controlled apartment, which he has held onto since his pre-mayoral days, and which is usually empty, since he spends most nights in far more spacious quarters at Gracie Mansion. The protesters were deliberately calling attention to the contrast between the plight of the city's growing number of homeless families and the housing available to the bachelor mayor. As they marched, the blacks chanted, "Mayor Koch, you can't hide! We charge you with genocide!" In recent weeks, after his strong public statements on the Howard Beach incident, the Mayor has met with and been commended by a number of onetime black adversaries, such as Manhattan Representative Charles Rangel and David Dinkins, the borough president of Manhattan. (Koch did not support Dinkins when he ran for that office in the Democratic primary, although his election would make him the first black member of the Board of Estimate since 1977 and give local blacks a sense that they were not shut out of the City Hall power structure.) After the death at Howard Beach, when there was speculation among some blacks that Koch's fiery language on the subject was an effort to ease his long-standing problems with local minority groups, Dinkins' comment was "When someone does something people know is right, they ought not to question his motivation." At a meeting with prominent local blacks which the Mayor held on the last day of the year at City Hall, Rangel, who, some years back, had once described Koch's insensitivity toward blacks as "a character defect," quoted Dinkins' judgment with approval.

None of these older members of the black establishment took part in the January 21st march, but the protesters did include a number of black leaders, such as the Reverend Calvin Butts, the pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem, Adam Clayton Powell's old church; the Reverend Herbert Daughtry, of the House of the Lord Pentecostal Church in Brooklyn; Roger Green, a Brooklyn assemblyman; and C. Vernon Mason, the lawyer for one of the blacks who were beaten at Howard Beach. In his ceremonial public conferences with blacks on the Howard Beach incident, the Mayor had met with none of these men. Most of the January 21st marchers were young, and gave the impression of being highly disciplined as well as terribly angry. They carried signs demanding justice for the death not only of Michael Griffith but of other blacks whom they saw as having been victims of the local criminal-justice system in recent years, including Eleanor Bumpurs, an elderly woman who was killed by police in the course of an eviction, and Michael Stewart, who, having been arrested by eleven transit policemen for drawing some figures on the wall of a subway station, was beaten into a coma and died thirteen days later. The signs they carried were out of another era: "People Power!"

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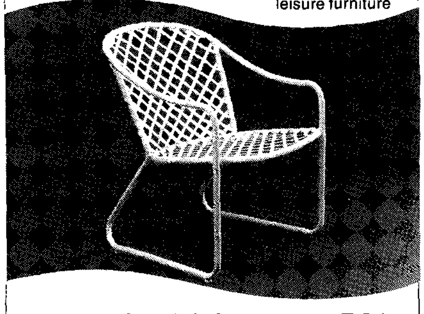

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and "Black Power!" It seemed clear that a city government hoping to resolve its differences with local members of minority groups would have to pay attention to these younger, more militant, and less forgiving blacks.

Another development that the Mayor will have to adjust to on his return is the significance of a *Times*–WCBS-TV News poll that was released in the second week in January. Most of the questions concerned how the Mayor had dealt with the corruption scandals. Thirty-eight per cent of those polled approved of the way he had handled them while forty-eight per cent disapproved. Fifty-five per cent said that it was time to "give a new person a chance" to run the city.

DURING most of 1986, the headlines in New York papers about matters of concern to local government dwelt heavily on the corruption scandals, which began on January 10th with the attempted suicide of Donald Manes, the borough president of Queens and the Democratic boss of that borough. (Manes succeeded in killing himself two months later.) That was the first signal to most New Yorkers that there was something very wrong with their city government. In the months since, some three dozen indictments of City Hall regulars and of figures from the private sector accused of being their partners in corruption have been handed up by federal and state grand juries. The first major trial resulting from the charges is usually referred to as the Friedman trial, Stanley Friedman being the Democratic boss of the Bronx, a former deputy mayor of the city, in the nineteen-seventies, and a close friend and political ally of Koch. During these proceedings, United States Attorney Rudolph Giuliani frequently mentioned that the primary motivation in the case was greed. Among the other defendants in that trial, which began September 22nd, was Lester Shafran, the former head of the city's Parking Violations Bureau. On the stand, in mid-November, Friedman testified that his family income the year before had been nine hundred and fourteen thousand dollars. Trial-watchers pointed out that the annual salary of the least affluent of the principals connected with the case, that of the P.V.B. deputy director, Geoffrey Lindenauer, had been seventy-one thousand dollars. Last year was also, of course, the year of the trials of the Wall Street insiders and of the guilty plea of Ivan Boesky, who in 1985 was applauded when, speaking at the University of California School of Business Administration, he said, "Greed is healthy. You can be greedy and still feel good about yourself." On November 25th, the note often struck by the Mayor's office that the municipal scandal came down to relatively minor infractions that had been blown out of proportion by the press was abruptly silenced when all four defendants in the Friedman trial were convicted on charges that amounted to their having turned a city agency—the P.V.B.—into a racketeering enterprise for their own enrichment.

None of those accused in that trial or in other indictments so far handed up in the local scandals fit the picture of the criminal type—young, black, poor—that is favored by many residents of middle-class communities such as Howard Beach. Not only have the accused all been well fixed financially but they have been white and middle-aged, and, for that matter, all have been male. The fact that the men convicted in New Haven (to which the Friedman trial was removed at the request of the defense, on the ground that the immense publicity the case had received would make a fair trial impossible here) were also all Jewish came to public attention, if it hadn't before, when the defense complained that Giuliani was deliberately trying to keep people with Jewish names off the jury. In recent weeks, this special aspect of the corruption story, with its possibilities for intensifying local racial differences, which the city surely did not need, no longer signified, because of the indictments on corruption-related matters of such figures as the former city commissioner of transportation Anthony Ameruso and the former Brooklyn Democratic boss Meade Esposito. The fact that no blacks have been cited in the local graft scandals continues to be a popular subject of discussion in the black community. Week after week since early last year, the *Amsterdam News*, the largest local black paper, has run an editorial, starting on its front page, under the heading "KOCH MUST RESIGN." His departure is required, the paper argues, because of his government's involvement in corruption and what the paper alleges to be his own discrimination against blacks. The editorial in its issue of January 24th quoted a complaint about the Mayor by a prominent black leader. The complaint, however, didn't seem to promise that the ethical climate would have been any better if the racial background of those charged with corruption had been different. Mentioning such names as Manes, Friedman, and Esposito, the black leader was quoted as saying, "Hell no. You're not going to see any black of consequence indicted in this corruption scandal. We never got invited to the table when the pie was being divided up. We didn't even know there was a pie. . . . Candidly, Koch didn't even give us an equal opportunity to steal."

Last year's series of headlines about the crimes of political figures motivated by greed were in sharp contrast to the big local news stories of the year before, which, month after month, concerned more violent kinds of crimes—crimes that, at least in the view of the black community, were motivated largely by race. It was on January 1, 1985, just over a year before the Manes suicide attempt, that New Yorkers first heard the name of Bernhard Goetz, who on New Year's Eve had turned himself in for the attack, nine days earlier, on the four blacks on the I.R.T. subway. Thereafter, the official headlines about the Goetz case had to do with the failure of members of a grand jury to indict him for attempted murder (for which they were praised by the Mayor), his indictment by a second grand jury on what was described as new evidence, and the overturning of that indictment by a State Supreme Court judge, which was appealed to the state's highest court, the Court of Appeals. In the case of Eleanor Bumpurs, headlines reported the manslaughter indictment of Officer Stephen Sullivan, who is white. The Mayor described Sullivan as a superb officer, who he hoped would be acquitted. After that indictment was handed up, in the Bronx, seven thousand members of the police force converged on the Bronx County Courthouse for a protest rally. Since most members of the police force live outside the city, the *News* columnist Jimmy Breslin called it "the largest gathering of suburban whites seen in the Bronx since the football Giants

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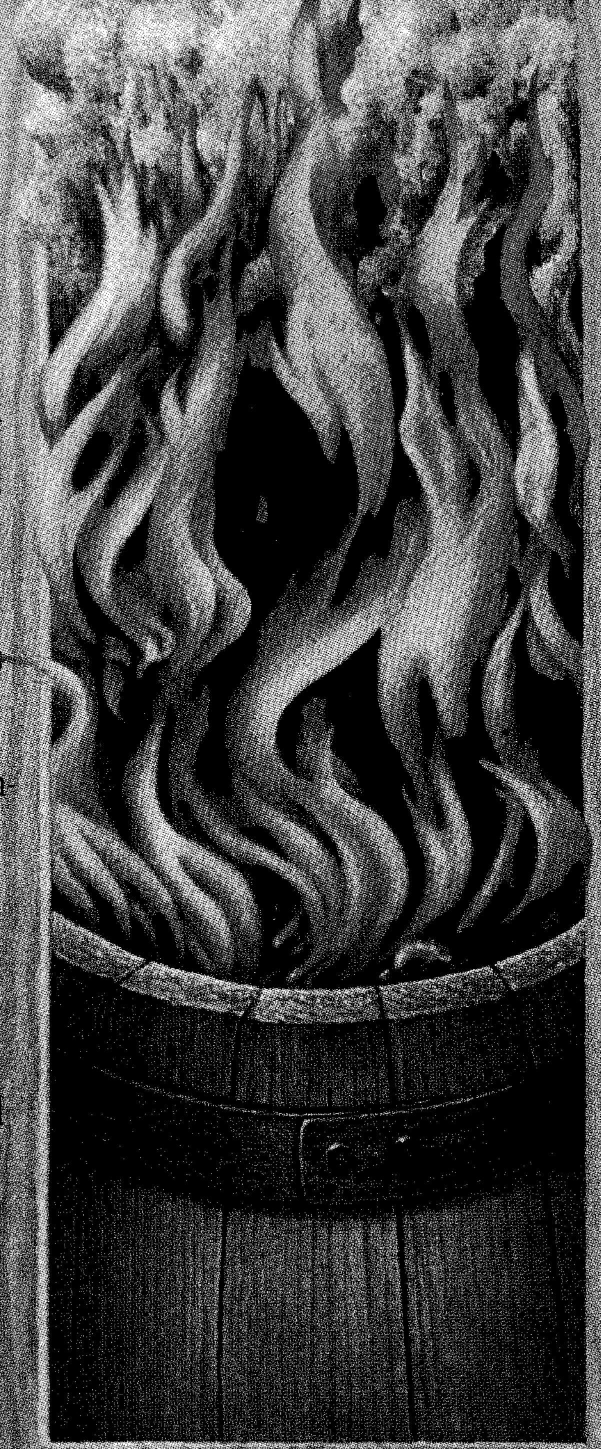

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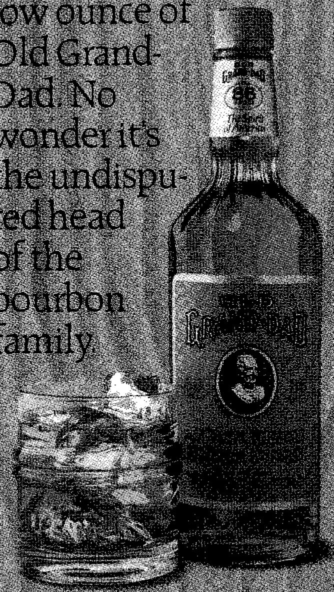

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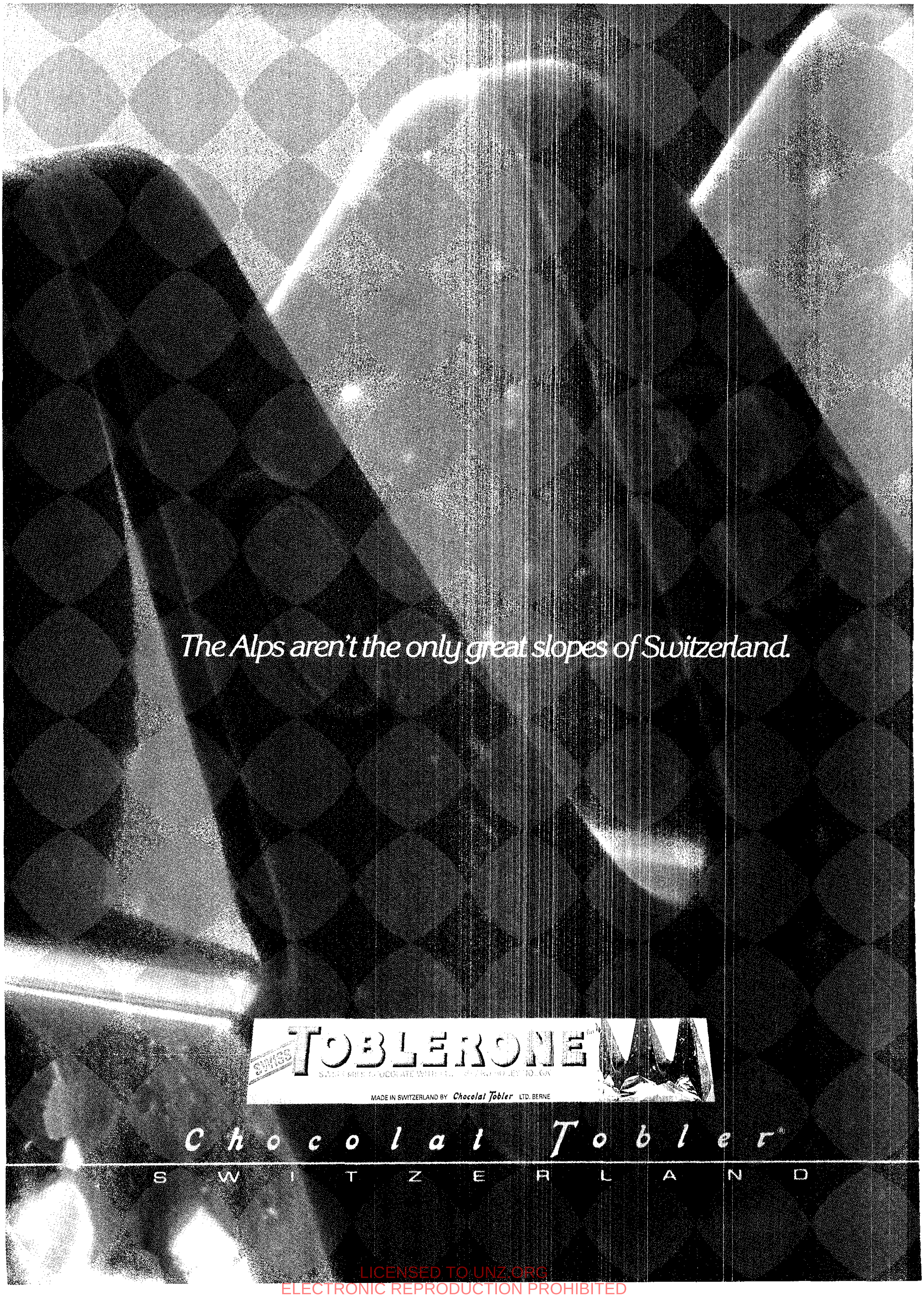
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went to New Jersey." The indictment was later dismissed by a State Supreme Court judge—a decision that was also appealed to the highest state court. Six of the transit-police officers who were present when Michael Stewart, the graffiti artist, somehow received his fatal injuries were acquitted in November, 1985—a verdict that caused intense anger among local blacks, and led the Mayor to ask a former federal judge, Harold R. Tyler, Jr., to investigate the handling of the case by the city's transit police.

ALTHOUGH Queens has the smallest percentage of blacks of any of the city's larger boroughs—eighteen per cent—even in Queens few neighborhoods are as segregated as Howard Beach, which has been content with this circumstance for a long time. Back in 1970, the Lindsay administration planned to use vacant city land on the edge of that community to build a housing development for low-income—that is, largely black—families. When the proposal for the project (which was never built) came before the Board of Estimate, in February of that year, witnesses from Howard Beach described a petition in which thirty-five hundred residents were against the project and three in favor. Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, the last black member of the board before Dinkins took office, a year ago, asked if the presence of the low-income residence would itself induce hostility. A woman witness said that the community didn't have the facilities "for such people." A local rabbi testified that because of the threatened project "panic and fear have settled across the hearts and minds of homeowners." Sutton, a man of elegant diction, asked him, "But where are they to go—these people who want and need to get out of the ghettos?" The rabbi suggested that the neighborhoods they were then living in should be "rehabilitated." Sutton said softly, "You would therefore keep them in the ghettos?" The rabbi's answer was "Of course, I am sorry that there are ghettos, but that is the way it is."

A few days after denouncing the attack on the black intruders by Howard Beach residents, Mayor Koch—who has been highly popular in Queens, and carried it in the 1982 Democratic gubernatorial primary even though it was the home borough of Mario Cuomo, his opponent in that race—took the courageous step of asking to be allowed to speak from the pulpit of Our Lady of Grace Church in Howard Beach. During the half hour he spent talking to the parishioners, many of those present booed him, yelled at him, and walked out on him. At some points, his usually loud, penetrating voice couldn't be heard over the cries of "Go home!" and "Resign!" He was accused of making the racial situation in the city worse, of trying to return to the nineteen-sixties (when, in fact, he was a liberal participant in the civil-rights struggle), of representing only some, and not all, New Yorkers, of besmirching the name of an entire community, and of political grandstanding in an effort to distract attention from the municipal scandals. In the following weeks, he shifted his attention from attacking white racism in Howard Beach to addressing the need to combat racism generally, including black racism. He labelled as racism a proposal by some militant blacks for a one-day boycott of local white merchants—although the Reverend Jesse Jackson, who was in town at the time, noted that this had been considered an appropriate tactic in Alabama in the nineteen-sixties. The Mayor also decried other tactics of local blacks, describing the refusal of the lawyers for the two surviving blacks who were beaten up to let them testify against their white attackers (on the ground that they could not get fair treatment in the criminal-justice system) as a worse crime than the original beating. Within a few days of the Howard Beach incident, there were half a dozen reported occasions when blacks surrounded whites and roughed them up, shouting "Howard Beach! Howard Beach!" The attacks took place in Brooklyn, Staten Island, and the Jamaica section of Queens. Fastening on the last of these, the Mayor announced that thereafter, in his crusade against racism generally, he would refer not to the Howard Beach problem but to the Howard Beach–Jamaica problem—causing some Queens residents to accuse him of besmirching the name of an entire borough. In an interview here on January 22nd, Jesse Jackson, recalling John Lindsay's coalition of blacks and white liberals in his time as mayor, said, "A black kid who is twenty in New York today does not know of a Lindsay coalition on race. . . . He has grown up in a period of race consciousness . . . and divisive behavior from the [national] leadership." On January 25th, a *Newsday*

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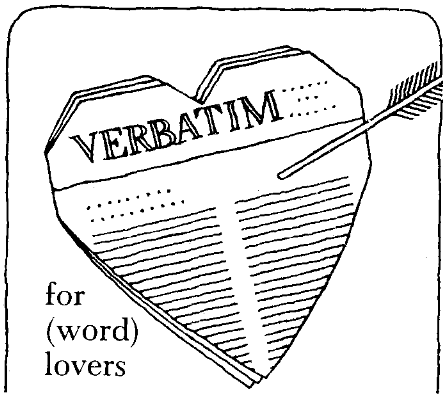

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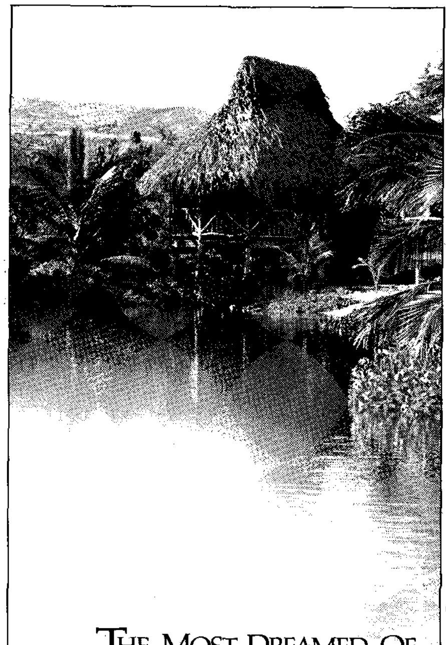

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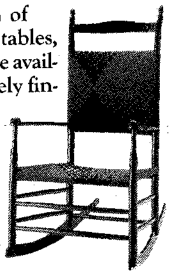

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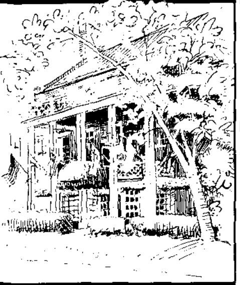

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poll reported that sixty-five per cent of the blacks and fifty-two per cent of the whites in the city viewed Koch's actions in the Howard Beach incident more unfavorably than favorably. The same poll showed that seventy-two per cent of New Yorkers generally and seventy-eight per cent of blacks considered racial relations here to range from fair to poor.

On the other hand, there is recent evidence to counter the claim of some black leaders that the local legal system is entirely heedless of the need to bring to justice whites who are involved in violence against blacks in this city. On July 8th, the Court of Appeals unanimously reinstated the attempted-murder charges against Bernhard Goetz. The jury selection was set for December 12th, but the prosecution and defense are still in the process of trying to assemble a panel of jurors who haven't made up their minds in the case. On November 25th, the day of the guilty verdicts in the Friedman trial, the state's highest court reversed the dismissal of the indictment of Officer Sullivan for the shooting of Eleanor Bumpurs; the case is being tried before a Bronx judge, Sullivan having opted not to have it heard by a jury of his peers. And on January 24th the report by Judge Tyler on the Transit Police Department's handling of the Michael Stewart case was released, over a year after it was commissioned. The arresting officer was declared to have been guilty of giving false testimony and of dereliction of duty. The chief of the Transit Police, James Meehan, was accused of having failed to investigate the case properly, even though by a few hours after the arrest "it was obvious that a major and extraordinary tragedy had occurred." Although the transit police are funded by the city and are under the over-all control of the New York City Police Department, and although the study had been requested by the Mayor, it was released not by City Hall but by the Metropolitan Transportation Authority. Nevertheless, the manner in which the report was made public followed the City Hall pattern when bad news is involved: it was released on a Friday afternoon, so that it would appear in the Saturday papers, which are the least read of the week.

THE Mayor's last day at City Hall before he flew off to Poland began with a consultation with Brendan Sexton, his sanitation commissioner, on the handling of the big snowstorm.

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In midmorning, a piano, wrapped in a blanket to protect it from the cold and the snow, appeared at the top of City Hall's steps. Security forces finally allowed it to be taken inside at about the time a dozen stars of stage and screen—among them Kitty Carlisle Hart, Mary Tyler Moore, Tony Randall, and Jonathan Silverman, the young star of Neil Simon's "Broadway Bound"—arrived at the rotunda. They had come all the way downtown in the snow to express their support of a resolution that the Board of Estimate was scheduled to vote on that day (in the end, the vote was put off for two weeks) which would require developers involved in the rehabilitation of Times Square to provide setbacks for some buildings and to encourage, and in some cases mandate, the use of huge illuminated signs that have given it its special character—its "razzmatazz," as one of the architects present put it. The stars stood around the piano in the rotunda for a half hour or so, singing about giving their regards to Broadway, remembering them to Herald Square, listening to the lullaby of old Broadway, and following Cole Porter's suggestion in "Don't Monkey with Broadway" ("I suggest up you go to the City Fathers and say 'Whoa!' "). The Mayor had to miss the show, what with the snow crisis, and having to keep, among other appointments, a luncheon date with the State District Attorneys. On his way out of the luncheon, reporters asked him about the progress in clearing the city's streets. The Mayor said he had told the sanitation commissioner to make sure there were no problems with Queens—"à la Lindsay."

On that morning, word reached City Hall that Carl Capasso, a construction contractor in the city, had surprised the authorities in federal court by pleading guilty to all nine counts of an indictment for tax fraud which had been handed up against him on January 14th—pleas that, in theory, could lead to his being sentenced to as much as thirty-seven years in jail and the payment of a million and a half dollars in fines. The speculation was that he had pleaded guilty in the hope of discouraging further federal investigation into his construction business, which had received a hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of city contracts in recent years. However, the United States Attorney's office said that the investigation would continue, and would look into such questions as whether any of the con-

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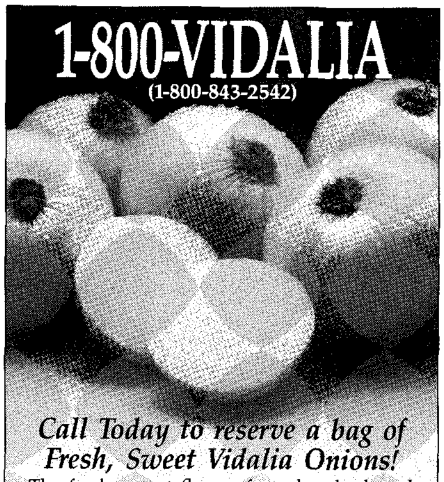
tracts had been won through the influence of a woman friend of Capasso's, a city commissioner close to the Mayor, who in 1983 had been named as the corespondent in Capasso's divorce suit. The news that some prosecutor was investigating the possible improper influence in the awarding of city contracts of someone close to the Mayor has, unfortunately, not been an unfamiliar event lately. One difference in this case was that, for the first time, a woman had been singled out as a possible principal in the corruption scandal, and another was that the woman was Bess Myerson, the first Jewish Miss America. Miss Myerson came into government in 1969 as Lindsay's commissioner of consumer affairs. The following year, a number sung in the annual Inner Circle show to the tune of "Mrs. Robinson," from "The Graduate," had a chorus of consumer-regulation offenders complaining "Hey, what's with you, Bessie Myerson? All we get from you is lots of woe—woe, woe, woe." According to Koch's media adviser, David Garth, her constant appearances with Koch in 1977, during his first mayoral campaign—which Jimmy Breslin said later gave the impression that they were joined at the hip—helped dispel the false accusation that Koch was homosexual. In 1983, he named her as his commissioner of cultural affairs. Although they appeared together publicly once in a while after 1977, it was always known that she had romantic interests elsewhere. For the last seven years, the interest has been Capasso. Miss Myerson is sixty-two. Capasso is forty-one, having been born the year she was named Miss America. Last May, when reporters asked the Mayor about rumors that the United States Attorney's office was looking into her use of her office for Capasso's benefit, the Mayor accused the reporters of "McCarthyism." On January 9th, he learned that, without telling him about it, she had pleaded the Fifth Amendment before a federal grand jury investigating Capasso's affairs. After a conference with the city corporation counsel, she took a ninety-day unpaid leave of absence from her cultural-affairs post, and Koch asked Judge Tyler to conduct an inquiry to decide whether the leave of absence had better be made permanent. A few days later, Robert Reno, *Newsday's* economics columnist, discoursed on the prevalence of greed on Wall Street and "the sheer gall and numbers of the crooks who turned out to inhabit the Koch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administration," and then said of Bess Myerson, "Who of us . . . would have wished more for her than that she would, at an age when most of us would be preparing for our dotage, win the besotted heart of a virile young contractor?" He wrote, however, that, having taken the Fifth, "the housepainter's daughter, the housepainter's dark-haired daughter, must join that wretched and, for her, entirely inappropriate, gallery of disgraced friends of Ed Koch" adding, "She is in the purest tradition of that other Bess, the landlord's daughter of Alfred Noyes' poem. . . . She did it for love."

ALTHOUGH travel is always enlightening, the Mayor's efforts at high-level diplomacy during his working vacation did not go well. General Jaruzelski would not give him an audience. He did have a brief visit, in Gdansk, with Lech Walesa, whom he compared to Gandhi and called "a monumental force for good," which, reporters with him noted, was not the way he talked about labor leaders back home. The fact that he was less than a success as a great conciliator in far places did not surprise those who know of his personal border wars with the state of New Jersey. The New York Giants' many thousands of fans here evidently do not hold it against the team that, despite its name, it left the city in 1976 and now plays in the New Jersey Meadowlands. The Mayor does. In early January, he announced that if the Giants, for the first time since 1956, won the championship of professional football—as, of course, they did—the city would provide no expensive ticker-tape parade up Broadway for "a foreign team." After the American Express company offered to foot the bill, the Giants' owners huffily said that they would celebrate across the river in their own stadium. While he was in Poland, the team's effrontery seemed to be constantly on the mind of the Mayor, who spoke of the Giants—saying, for example, that they won because they learned how to play football in this city—nearly every day, to the confusion of his Polish hosts. On his visit with the mayor of Cracow, however, the two officials found a subject they could both discuss. In a meeting reported in the *News* under the headline "POLISH MAYOR GETS ED'S DRIFT," they had a nice talk—through an interpreter—about snow removal.

—ANDY LOGAN

They applauded the part about liberty and death, but they gave the guy who chose the meeting room a standing ovation.

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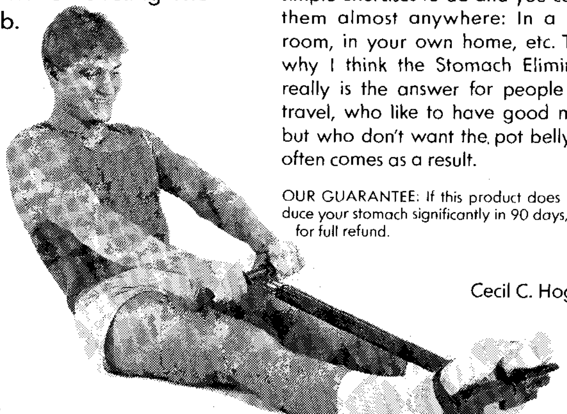

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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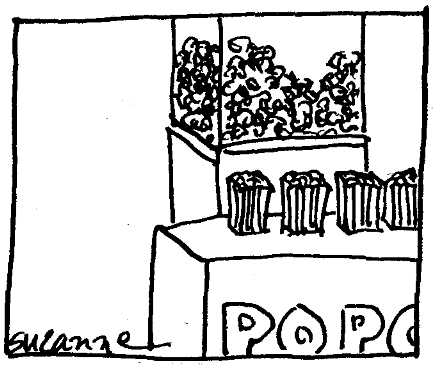
YOUNG kids often think that a lunatic is a horrible-looking bogeyman coming at them out of the darkness. But as you get older the psychopaths who plague your imagination are the smooth-faced Ted Bundys and the bland ones, like John List, the New Jersey accountant and Sunday-school teacher who arranged his 1971 disappearance so fastidiously that the five members of his family whom he left dead in his house weren't discovered for a month. He himself was described in "Wanted" posters as "6-1, 185 lbs Caucasian male, with no distinguishing features." The imagined scene of carnage at the List home provides the starting point for "The Stepfather," which Joseph Ruben directed, from a dandy screenplay by the crime novelist Donald E. Westlake that devises a logic for the killer and follows him as he goes on his way to a new life. Jerry Blake, as he calls himself in the town he moves to, wants to be the head of an ideal family. He's an obsessive conformist, who's attracted to widows with children, in picture-postcard houses. As Terry O'Quinn plays the part, Blake has a waxen handsome ordinariness; a realtor now, he could be your trustworthy realtor in a TV commercial. But with any strain in the middle-class surface of his life—the troubles that his sixteen-year-old stepdaughter (Jill Schoelen) gets into at school, the unexpected willfulness of his wife (Shelley Hack)—his idealized vision is imperilled. And since he's a perfectionist who sees anything less than the ideal as total failure, if he can't restore an even tenor he's furiously, self-righteously angry. And he prepares to move on.

"The Stepfather" is a cunning, shapely thriller—a beautiful piece of construction. But it could easily be overlooked, because it has a placid surface that resembles B-picture banality. Ruben—his last film was the 1984 "Dreamscape," with Dennis Quaid—is a craftsman, who uses this banality for a purpose. The movie is all implication: everything that's going on is held in check, and the restraint is menacing, with each scene moving quietly into the next. Jerry Blake's persona has a narrowly limited capacity for expressiveness. Ruben presents this subject by making what could be said to be a repressed movie; the excitement here is deep down—and the fun of the movie is deep down, too. Nothing is withheld from you, yet nothing happens quite as you expect. (The surprises all fit together, though.) The atmosphere suggests a Joyce Carol Oates twist on the American dream. Jerry the model citizen who's out in the open whistling "Camptown Races" becomes more frightening the more we see of him. The horror is there waiting all the time. It's in what's missing from the man we see, and the skill of the picture is that it keeps us creepily conscious of what's missing.

Ruben, whose first movies after he'd taken theatre and film courses at Michigan and got a degree at Brandeis included "The Pom-Pom Girls," still has his affinity with teen-agers, and the sixteen-year-old girl who recoils from her stepfather's touch on her arm has healthy instincts that she can't explain. She knows right down to her toes that he's got some kind of fix on her and that he doesn't love her bamboozled mother. The scenes between the girl and smarmy Jerry have a special tension, because of her not covering up the revulsion she feels for him and because of his soft-soaping attempts to win her over. She stands between him and his dream of a perfect family life. It's a battle to the death.

They're the two main characters, and I didn't see a hitch in either performance. Jill Schoelen, a spirited, dark young beauty, has been acting since she was a child and has appeared in lots of TV and in several movies; O'Quinn has put in his time on and off Broadway as well as in TV and films. She comes through with the right raw freshness, and he with hypercontrol. We become so familiar with Jerry's steady gray-blue eyes and his eerie intuitiveness that if he momentarily flips out and loses track of which identity he's using it's like a crazy crack in a frozen lake. We're shocked: we know—just as he knows—that it can't be sealed up again. At one point, when a fissure appears he grins so foolishly it's like a giggle. At moments, he parodies his own unctuousness: strapping a corpse behind the wheel of a car, he says, "Buckle up for safety," as if he were a grammar-school traffic officer.



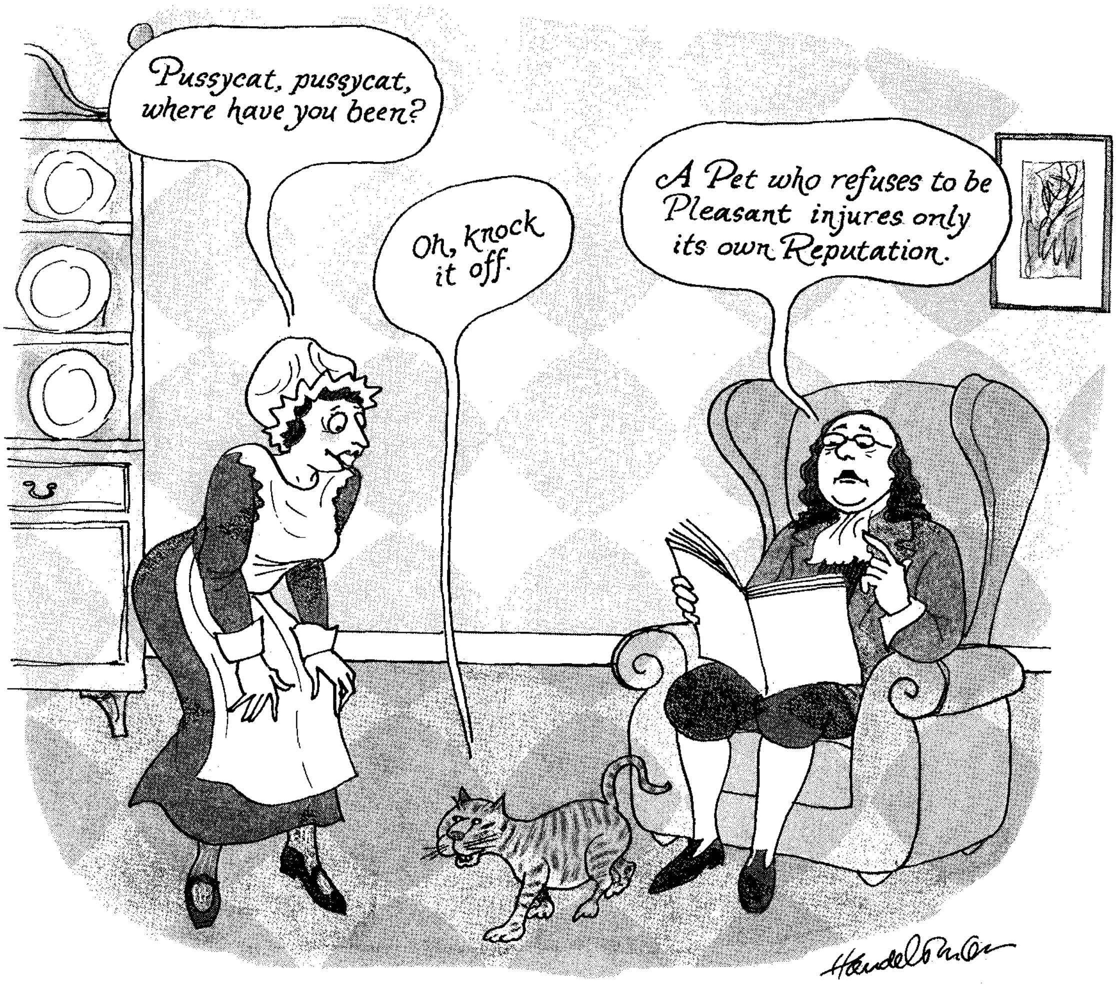
Jerry attempts to win his stepdaughter's affection by giving her a puppy; he's doing what the father figures on the old *SatEvePost* covers would do. His hobby is building birdhouses that are painted and divided like doll houses—he evidently intends them for birds who live respectable family lives. His carpentry tools are arranged methodically in his good-manly-dad shop in the basement. That's a *SatEvePost* cover, too, although not when he's incensed about the girl's suspiciousness and talks to himself about what a sweet little girl she is while he handles those lethal instruments. And when we get a look at a practically identical arrangement of tools in the basement of the house he lived in earlier, everything important about him seems to be buried. He seems to be alive only in these dark areas—in what's underneath "no distinguishing features."

Westlake's way of using the carnage at the start—to foreshadow what may happen—is a daring stunt. And he introduces the girl's therapist (Charles Lanyer) and Jerry's previous wife's brother (Stephen Shellen)—characters you expect will serve mechanical plot functions—and then throws you curves. (He has written a pip of a meeting between Jerry and the therapist in an empty house, and a quick collision between Jerry and the brother that's even better.) Working with this sharp script, Ruben sets up a scene between the mother and the daughter so that we see the solidity of their affection for each other and understand how muddled they both get when Jerry comes between them. Ruben uses the girl's boyfriend (Jeff Schultz) to demonstrate how sound of head the two kids are, in contrast with the fantasy-driven Jerry, who catches them in a chaste goodnight kiss and yells rape.

"The Stepfather" doesn't have the cocky zest of "Dreamscape;" the subject doesn't allow for it. This is closer to the genre of the Hitchcock–Thornton Wilder "Shadow of a

)oubt" (though the iller here isn't a harmer, like the Joseph Cotten character, nd the mood is very ifferent). With the 'ancouver area doubling for Seattle in the pening section, and hen for the fictitious owns nearby, Ruben ses everyday settings. They could be called lain, but they're well ighted (by John W. Lindley), and this oung director turns lain into precise—the ppurtenances of midle-class life become a it crawly. And the icture's submerged exual content goes vay beyond the usual care movie. "The Stepfather" is almost ruelly plausible; luckly, Ruben and Westake are entertainers.

A LATE ENTRY FOR "POOR RICHARD'S ALMANACK"


Pussycat, pussycat, where have you been?
Oh, knock it off.
A Pet who refuses to be Pleasant injures only its own Reputation.
Handelsman

• •

'TOUCH AND GO," which just pened in New York, vas made so long ago hat Michael Keaton still has some hair in ront, and there's a general tendency for reviewers to dismiss a movie when they know that the company (Tri-Star, in this case) hasn't been eager to release it. What's wrong with the picture is pretty obvious, and it was there right from the start, when the executive producer, Harry Colomby, watched a commercial that showed a retarded youngster being helped by a professional athlete, and thought he had the idea for a movie. Mercifully, the retardation was dropped, but the story was "developed" (by Alan Ormsby and Bob Sand, with Colomby) into that of a tough eleven-year-old "ethnic" boy (Ajay Naidu), who's economically handicapped, and the career-centered all-star forward (Keaton) of a Chicago hockey team, and how they change each other's lives. It's a terribly virtuous idea. But the director, Robert Mandel, who finished the film in 1984 (after his first, "Independence Day," and before his third, "F/X"), doesn't allow it to become a tearjerker. Mandel was directing plays in New York before he went to the American Film Institute in the late seventies to learn filmmaking, and he has a gift for modulating performances. He's an honest director; he takes the drivelling story and turns it into something that has moments of likable, believable emotion.

Keaton's performance is easily the best acting he's done on the screen. I retain an affection for the wound-up idea man he played in his first movie, "Night Shift," but that was stand-up impishness—an inspired routine—rather than the kind of straight acting he's doing here: a grownup-male performance of a kind you don't often see. As the hockey star Bobby Barbato, a local boy from the South Side who is known as the Hornet, he's in fighting trim, and he's quick and impudent in conversation. He gets up early and works out, and, high up in his expensive lakefront apartment, he watches the VCR, studying replays of his moves. He's a real pro, and Keaton's on top of the role. He got into shape for it, and it's obviously he, and not a double, in most of the scenes on the ice—you see his concentration and his excited interplay with his teammates. And the physical confidence that Keaton gained from the exercise makes him different from the rather limp fellow of movies like "Mr. Mom." Keaton shows a wider range here. Bobby's impatience and cool, light-blue-eyed irritability seem earned: they're the consequence of all his training to keep at his peak. He doesn't have time for extra words; he's proud of his athletic ability—he radiates pleasure in it—and he wants to stay a star as long as he can. Bobby's no hypocrite: he likes his Jaguar, he enjoys the one-night stands with glitzy groupies and being unencumbered. And the movie isn't preachy about his single life. But when Bobby is ready to change, Keaton shows us the deepening of his feelings.

If the kid were a heartwarming, dear little tyke (or if the cinematographer, Richard H. Kline, had lighted him to soften his features), we wouldn't understand why Bobby would be drawn to help him. But Ajay Naidu isn't childlike—in movie terms,

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that is. He already has a man's mug. And this kid, who fronts for a gang of street hoods that try to rob Bobby, is a bold, grubby little con whose inventiveness has a fascination. He knows the trick of making himself seem the injured party—Bobby is sucked in to find out how much of his tale of hardship is true. And when Bobby meets the kid's mother, in the person of the volatile Maria Conchita Alonso, he meets a just about irrepressible force of nature. Alonso, the Venezuelan beauty who played opposite Robin Williams in "Moscow on the Hudson," isn't like any other comedienne on the screen. She has wild, impulsive fingers that are always moving and dark eyes that click like castanets. I've heard her on television telling David Letterman that she "could be a grreat movie star," and she's right. She brings a happy sizzle to the role of the open-hearted single mother who's never been able to make a decent living but knows how to enjoy life; she's so eager for experience that she walks tilted forward, almost at a run. Alonso has the uninhibited sexiness of the young Sophia Loren (and she's a better actress). A performer with her vim and momentum should never have to play the kind of stretched-out-in-the-hospital scene she has here, but she and Keaton aren't degraded, because you can feel that the director appreciates what they're gifted at. Their funny scenes have a lovely, spinning rapport. "Touch and Go" is stuck with its bad idea and with plot turns manufactured to give it an action finale that brings the lovers together, but it has real sensibility.

Curtis Hanson, the writer-director of "The Bedroom Window," started with a good premise (adapted from the English novel "The Witnesses," by Anne Holden). A young architect (Steve Guttenberg), who works for the leading construction-and-restoration firm in Baltimore, is visited late at night in his Mt. Vernon Place apartment by his boss's wife, Sylvia (Isabelle Huppert). While he's in the bathroom, she hears screams, gets out of bed, and goes to the window, from which she has a clear view of a tall, carrot-haired man beating a young woman and trying to drag her into the park. She pounds on the window while staring at the attacker, and he stares back at her (she's naked); then the victim yells some more, and he's frightened off. But the next day the two lovers discover that another young woman was raped and strangled close by just a short time afterward, and they worry about whether they should get Sylvia's description of the man to the police, as it could reveal their affair. She won't take the risk, so her lover goes to the police, reporting all the details she has given him but pretending that he was the observer.

Hanson, who wrote the script for the 1978 Canadian film "The Silent Partner," a tip-top nasty thriller starring Elliott Gould and Christopher Plummer, and did a pleasant, unaffected piece of work as director of the 1983 Tom Cruise–Shelley Long picture "Losin' It," is so surefooted in some scenes that the film's patchy surface suggests that he didn't have the control he needed. The leading part is written as that of a man-about-town, a ladies' man who wears Italian suits and drives a chic 1963 Mercury Comet convertible, so it doesn't seem likely that Hanson had anyone like Guttenberg (a specialist in smirking, fatuous comedy roles) in mind. Guttenberg brings about as much to a sophisticated thriller as Robert Cummings did in the forties. His going to the police seems to be his way of acting smart, of grandstanding; his puerility serves a purpose in the first third of the story, but then Guttenberg simply can't work up enough sex appeal to distract us from the holes in the plot and enable the picture to have the adroitness and dazzle it needs. When the architect meets the girl who was attacked, a cocktail waitress (Elizabeth McGovern), and she tells him that he's "either a romantic fool or an idiot," you think, Fool, yes, idiot, yes, but romantic, no. And surely Hanson couldn't have meant Sylvia—the sort of shallow, bitchy woman who used to be called "a woman of the world"—to be played with Huppert's flat, phonetic readings. Huppert can play a cuddle-bug (she's delectable when she goes to the bedroom window), but her cool, hard petulance has no authority, no style. (She's so inert that the audience might have cheered when she's kissed off if Hanson had pointed it up a bit more.) With two of his three leads miscast, Hanson is in trouble, and there are all sorts of other oddities. As the socially prominent cuckolded boss, Paul Shenar starts out with suggestions of power and an overly amiable, egotistical manner; he's almost lewd in his teasing of the younger man. But his position in the community and the hints that he has unusual standing with the Police Department are never filled in—the role just dwindles away. The cinematography, by Gilbert Taylor (who also shot "Losin' It"), has a snazzy verve; the Baltimore locations, and the scenes in Wilmington and Winston-Salem, North Carolina, doubling for Baltimore, provide a colorful architectural mix, and we can gather that all this relates to the husband's prosperity and the lover's slightly awed treatment of him. But the murder mystery itself seems to be taking place in a void, as if the movie had been put together before it was really finished.

It's an erratic and, finally, disappointing picture (it loses its snap), yet you keep rooting for it, because of that premise, and because it has some visual life to it, and some clever ideas, too. For example, there's the lover's confusion when he's asked to pick the attacker out of a police lineup. And there's the high point of the movie, which, unfortunately, comes fairly early, when the attacker is on trial, and the lover, who is the prosecution's chief witness, has his credibility demolished by the defense attorney—a part played by Wallace Shawn with a witty suavity he hasn't had a chance to demonstrate onscreen until now. The courtroom sequence has an amusing texture, because Sylvia, who is among the spectators, tries to coach her lover when he's on the witness stand faltering in his answers. Her signals are spotted by the two people who care the most about the trial: the pale-faced, carrot-top defendant (the chilling, well-cast Brad Greenquist) and McGovern's cocktail waitress, who grasps immediately that it was Sylvia who was the witness. McGovern is playing a straightforward, no-nonsense girl, and when she's disgusted with the deception and tells off the Guttenberg character she's so much the stronger actor that poor Guttenberg seems to wilt before our eyes. McGovern's performance takes over the second half of the movie. Possibly the scene in the poolhall-barroom, where she's disguised as a seductress in a wig, a skimpy black leather halter, and purple spike shoes, is played a little too slowly and deliberately to be hot fun, but by then she's all that the picture has left. "The Bedroom Window" is almost over before you become aware that Hanson has brought off a little trick that demonstrates a real flair for the suspense genre: the pale, ghoulish killer speaks only one word in the entire movie.

—Pauline Kael

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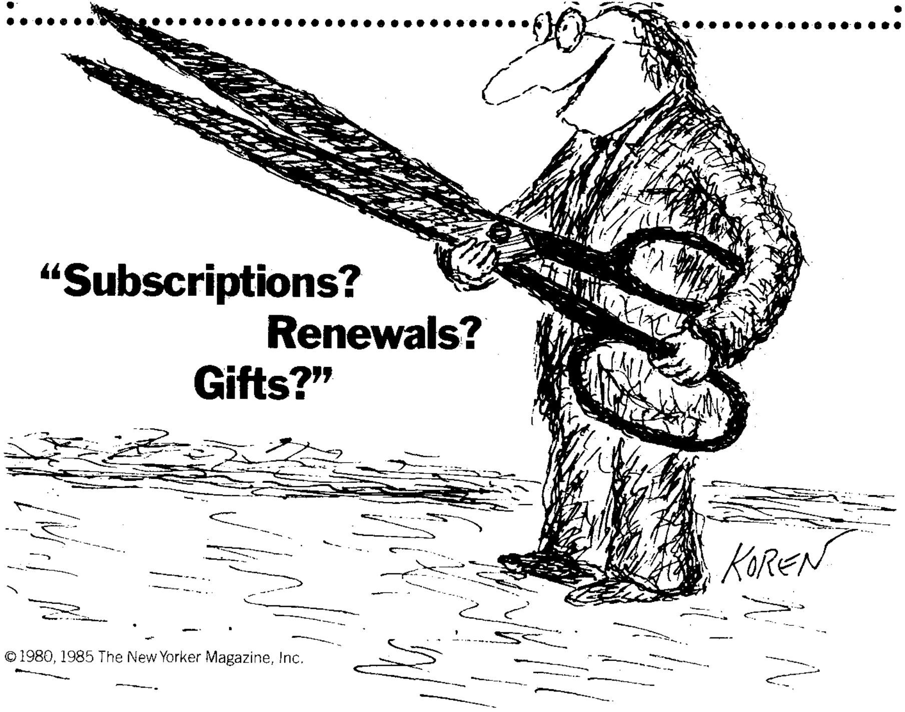
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Fiery Entertainment

SPECULUM MUSICAE began its Manhattan season, last month, with a bill of three works, from Hungary, Denmark, and Britain, that have been very successful—much admired and often performed—in Europe: György Kurtág's "Scenes from a Novel," in its New York première, and Poul Ruders's Four Compositions and Harrison Birtwistle's "Secret Theatre," in American premières. Merkin Hall was filled; the applause for all three pieces was loud and long.

"Scenes from a Novel" (1982) followed Kurtág's "Messages of the Late R. V. Trussova," and is another cycle of small, charged songs, the text haikulike fragments by the poet Rimma Dalos, who lives in Hungary and writes in Russian:

> I cover my soul
> with a fig-leaf
> and flee paradise.

Or

> I'm waiting for you again.
> How slowly comes
> tomorrow.

Both works are monodramas: concert-hall successors to Schoenberg's "Erwartung" and Poulenc's "La Voix Humaine," outpourings of passion, pain, despair, poignant memories, reproach, self-reproach, lit (in the Kurtág cycles) by intelligence and sparks of wry humor. The soprano of "Messages" is accompanied by thirteen players, who cover a huge spectrum of strange, new sonorities—icy, searing, gentle as soft rainfall, fiercely tempestuous—in the course of twenty-one songs. The soprano of "Scenes" is accompanied by violin, cimbalom, and double-bass. Her line does not call for the wild floridities, the Expressionist gamut from whispers to screams, or the three-octave range employed in "Messages." The cycle is less flamboyant and spectacular than its predecessor, but not less intense or impressive. "Messages" was already a refined, chiselled, intimately chased composition. (Metaphors from fine metalwork seem inevitable; the materials, for all their variety, are pure, the working is precise, and each nuance of volume and line tells.) In "Scenes" Kurtág works with fewer and simpler materials. Another cycle, "Attila József Fragments," composed at the same time as "Scenes," is pared down still further, being for unaccompanied soprano. (Kurtág's latest cycle, "Kafka Fragments," which has its first performance in April, in Germany, is fo soprano and violin.) There are fifteen songs in "Scenes from a Novel." Al but two are worked each from a singl motif. The seventh, "Rondo," introduces an erratic waltz as a centra section, and the tenth, "Tale," begin dreamily ("I wanted you to see me lik some goddess in the glory of the starr sky") but leaps into a rude Russian Dance at "But then I opened the door all ragged, a broom in my dirty hand."

All three cycles were first sung by—and the second and third are dedicated to—Adrienne Csengery. Boosey & Hawkes, in its Musik der Zeit series has published a small collection of essays on Kurtág. In one of them Miss Csengery recalls coaching sessions with the composer. She would sing a single note fifty times without finding for it exactly the tone he wanted Schubert songs, Schumann songs, "La Traviata" were tried. A passage of "Messages" fell into place when she sang Pamina's "Tamino mein," and he said, "Yes, you see, that's just what is needed here." Miss Csengery's electric performances of "Messages" (conducted by Boulez) and "Scenes" are now available coupled on a Hungaroton disk. The Speculum soloist was Jan DeGaetani. She is a wonderful artist. She compassed the music securely, weighting and shaping the phrases eloquently, in well-formed, rounded tones, purely pitched. But she is not an operatic artist, and the woman Dalos and Kurtág created didn't really stand before us. The approach was calmly assured; the timbre and the words were not forward, nervous, vivid. Miss DeGaetani read from a score; when she has the text and the music more nearly by heart, she may be stunning. Benjamin Hudson played the violin, Donald Palma the double-bass, and James Earl Barnes—who needed a bit more gypsy fire at times—the cimbalom. It was an accomplished first performance.

"A word to the wise, Louise. Mr. Herrick is a miracle of protective coloration."

Ruders's Four Compositions (1980) is a set of pieces—Variations, Scherzo, Plain-Song, and Sortie—making up what the composer calls a chamber concerto for nine instruments. Each movement is dedicated to a composer: Hans Abrahamsen, Oliver Knussen, Ruders himself, and his teacher Ib Nørholm. It is a happy example of his

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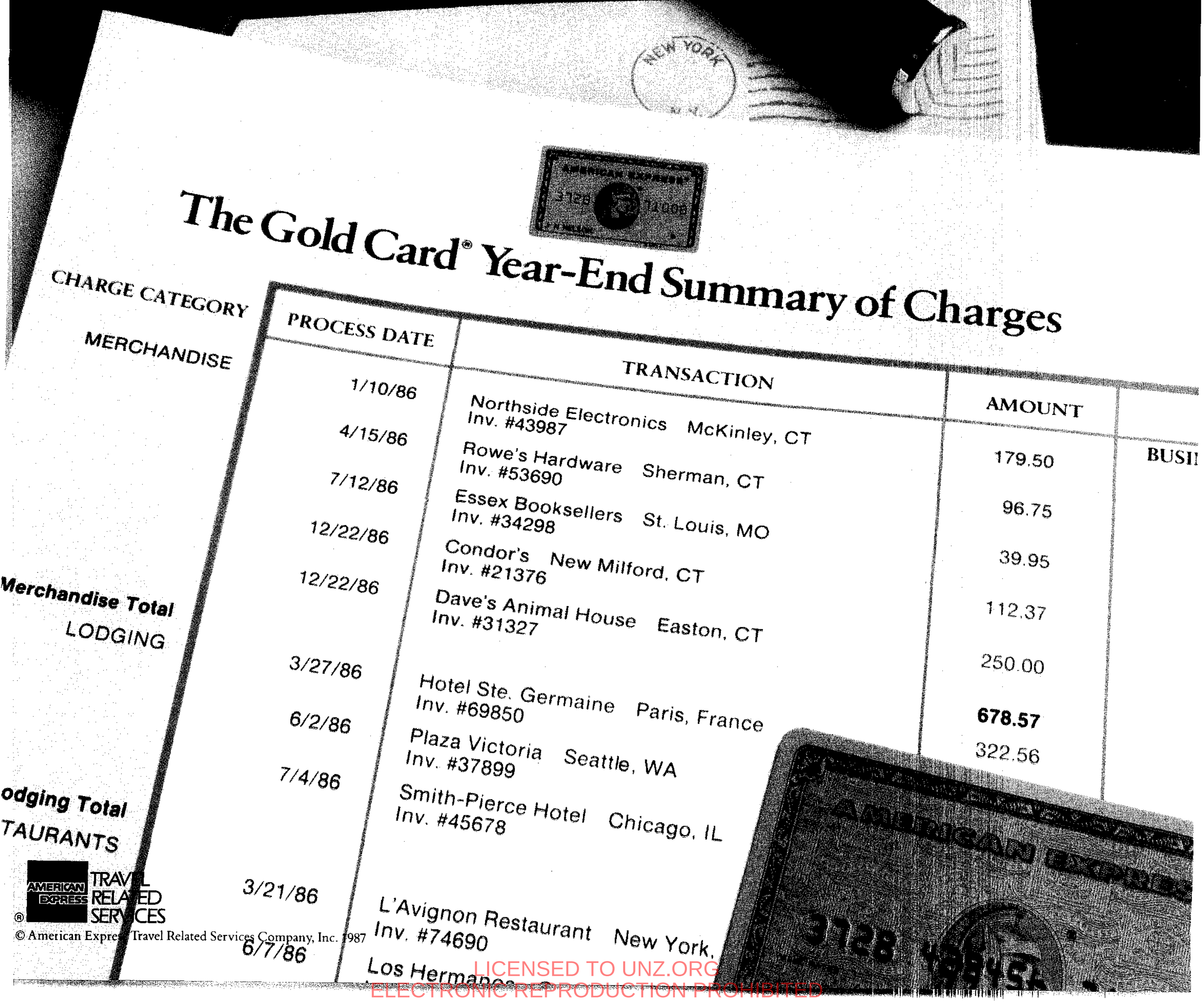

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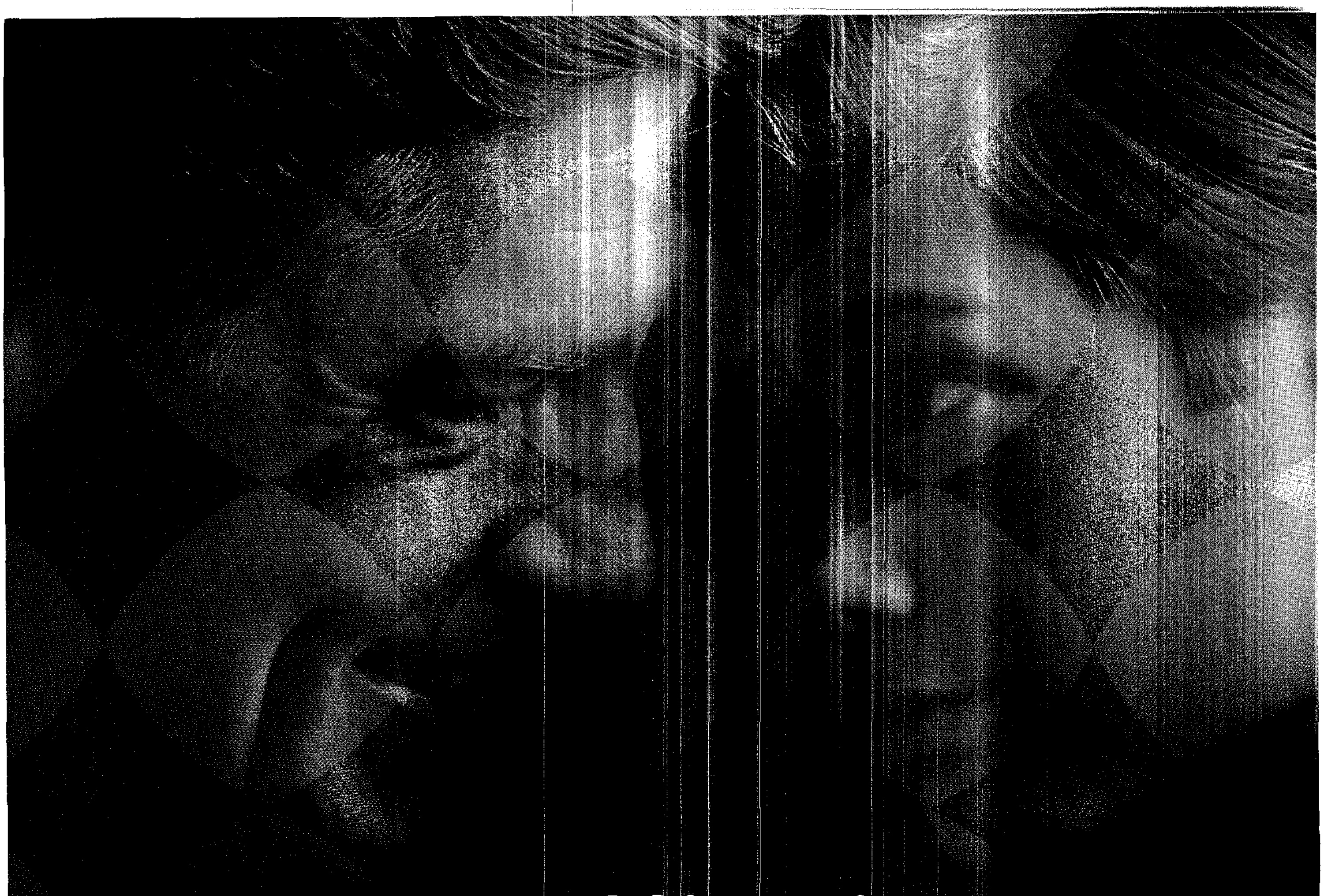

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work, in which playfulness and poetry regularly combine. Variations springs from a unison theme scattered in bright colors through the ensemble, yielding harmonies as an occasional note gets "stuck" on some instrument or other. The texture grows more intricate; the lines break into flourishes, divisions, sudden fanfares. Scherzo is a wondrously intricate mesh of diverse themes, rhythms, and manners. A half-remembered chant threads its way through Plain-Song, in a calm haze of blurred harmonies and smoky, glinting timbres. In Sortie, cross-accents dance through a regular metre, a piano cadenza forms the middle section, and the work ends with a joyous chime as of bells. The Speculum performance, conducted by David Starobin, was brilliant—even crisper, fresher, more precise than the London Sinfonietta performance, conducted by Knussen, that is recorded on the Paula label.

"Secret Theatre" is one of the many Birtwistle pieces first played by the London Sinfonietta. It had its first performance at a Birtwistle fiftieth-birthday concert in 1984, and had about its thirtieth performance two days before the New York première, during a Sinfonietta weekend of children's workshops and performances, and three popular concerts, with Birtwistle, Messiaen, Xenakis, and Henze in attendance. The title is also that of a poem by Robert Graves which promises "an unforeseen and fiery entertainment." An ensemble of fourteen players divides itself into a cantus, of which flute, oboe, and clarinet are usually members, joined by trumpet and horn near the start and by first and second violins in the closing stretch, and a continuum. The piece brings together elements of two earlier works created by the Sinfonietta, "Verses for Ensembles" (1969) and "Silbury Air" (1977). In a program note for a 1985 Prom performance of "Secret Theatre" Paul Griffiths proposed that if "Verses for Ensembles" is a ritual and "Silbury Air" "an imaginary landscape" (the title of another Birtwistle composition), then "Secret Theatre" can be likened to a ritual taking place in a landscape. The cantus is a long, flexible melody, sung in unisons or heterophony by players standing forward of the continuum group. The continuum is a fantastic construction of elaborate, lapped ostinatos, recalling another Birtwistle piece for the Sinfonietta, "Carmen Arcadiae Mechanicae Perpetuum" (1977), which was inspired by Paul Klee's "Twittering Machine." Any suggestion of soloists with accompaniment or of actors before a backdrop is too simple. The fascination of the piece lies in the interaction of two kinds of music, and the "backdrop" is capable of answering back. The bassoon, though a member of the continuum, has important lyrical solos; it seems to play the role of mediator between the two groups while offering yet a third kind of music.

The melodiousness of "Secret Theatre" and the allure of its sounds—"textures like shot-silk, like enamels, like Dubuffet 'earths,' " wrote a colleague—have helped to make it Birtwistle's most popular work. (It has been played in Budapest, Florence, Frankfurt, Moscow, Paris, Rome, Tokyo, Vienna.) The Speculum players, conducted by Robert Black, are musical adepts but had not quite attained to the confidence, the familiarity with the work, and the consequent freedom that bring it to life as a "fiery entertainment"—as a drama in which the players know their lines so well that the conductor's role seems to become subsidiary. The Merkin platform is not large; even so, the performance did not use all of it. The players were closer-huddled than they need have been, and the cantus principals did not stand well clear of the continuum. Speculum must keep "Secret Theatre" in its repertory and build something wonderful on the foundation of this first performance. The contributions of Anand Devendra (clarinet), Donald MacCourt (bassoon), and Raymond Mase (trumpet) were especially eloquent.

In Britain, the Arts Council Contemporary Music Network sent the Sinfonietta and "Secret Theatre" (along with works by Toru Takemitsu and Kurt Weill) on an eight-city tour last February. In the fall, on another Network tour, Miss Csengery sang "Scenes from a Novel" (crowning a program with five other Kurtág pieces) in six British cities. The Network is not narrowly nationalistic: the January tour this year (through six cities) was made by Anthony Davis's Episteme; this month's (through eleven cities) is being given by Steve Reich and Musicians. If the United States government took music seriously, it would be sending this Speculum concert the length and breadth of the country, and would long since have insured that Speculum performances of Elliott Carter's "A Mirror on Which to Dwell," "In Sleep, in Thunder," Triple Duo—and much, much else—had been widely heard. (Speculum toured the "Mirror" through Britain in 1977; the Sinfonietta toured "In Sleep" and the Fires of London toured Triple Duo in 1984.)

"SECRET THEATRE" is most keenly heard in context: as a work distilled from the musical rituals and landscapes created in Birtwistle's opera "The Mask of Orpheus" (which I wrote about last June), related to those of his opera "Yan Tan Tethera," and pointing to those of his big-orchestra piece "Earth Dances." "Yan Tan Tethera" had its première in London last August. Commissioned by BBC Television, it was in the event done by Opera Factory London Sinfonietta—a union of a music-theatre ensemble directed by David Freeman and the Sinfonietta, first effected in 1984 for productions of Tippett's "The Knot Garden" and Cavalli's "Calisto." The plot of "Yan Tan Tethera" is a folktale. The libretto, by Tony Harrison, appears in his "Theatre Works 1973-1985" (Penguin), which also includes the "Oresteia"—music by Birtwistle—translated for the National Theatre, and the "Medea" that Jacob Druckman is composing for the Met. The title is "One Two Three" in an old system of numeration used by shepherds counting their sheep, fishermen tallying a catch, and knitting women keeping track of their stitches:

1. Yan
2. Tan
3. Tethera
4. Methera
5. Pimp
6. Sethera
7. Lethera
8. Hovera
9. Dovera
10. Dik
11. Yan dik
12. Tan dik
13. Tethera dik
14. Methera dik
15. Bumfit
16. Yan-a-bumfit
17. Tan-a-bumfit
18. Tethera bumfit
19. Methera bumfit
20. Jiggit.

At Jiggit, transfer a pebble from one pocket to another and begin again.

Alan, a shepherd from the north, has come south, to Wiltshire, with his pair of black-faced Cheviot sheep. They multiply far more swiftly than the horned Wiltshire sheep of the Wiltshire shepherd Caleb Raven. Caleb, who with the help of the Bad'un has already stolen the church bell and melted it into sheep bells for his flock, grows jealous. In league with the Bad'un, he entraps Alan and, later, his newborn twin sons in a hill. Seven years they stay there, while Caleb tries to seduce Alan's wife, Hannah, with golden treasures he has dug from grave mounds. Hannah repulses him with an old shepherd charm, and at length it releases Alan and the twins. Caleb, trying to master the charm, gets stuck at tethera dik—thirteen—and is himself imprisoned in the hill. It's a simple, satisfying tale, providing Birtwistle with spells, songs, counting games, dances, small carillons that he builds into reticulate rhythmic structures and strong, simple melodies. There is an orchestra of fifteen players. Alan is a light baritone, Caleb a dark baritone, the Bad'un a bright tenor, and Hannah a soprano. A chorus of thirteen—twelve soprano or mezzo ewes and a baritone ram—plays both flocks, changing masks. The Wiltshire sheep sing in thirteen-syllable lines—"tethera-dik-a-syllabics":

This is the sound of the bells folk hear in
the valley . . .
When I run with a dry throat to drink
from the dewpond . . .
When the thick grass of the downs is flooded with sunshine.

Even today, Wiltshire remains numinous. My responses to "Yan Tan Tethera" were probably heightened by memories of being on a hill above Warminster while mysterious lights moved through the sky; lying on the top of Silbury Hill—the thick grass flooded with sunshine—listening to ecstatic larksong; tracing Avebury's stone circle by moonlight.

Composer and librettist term their piece "a mechanical pastoral." Freeman's production was probably a shade less formal, more lyrical than what they had in mind (the chorus had spent long days on the downs, learning to move like sheep), but it was controlled and beautiful. The performance was given in the Queen Elizabeth Hall—London's equivalent, roughly, of Alice Tully Hall—where the concert platform had been much enlarged and batteries of theatrical lighting had been installed. (The stage was temporary, an experiment, but a permanent music-theatre installation is now being built.) It was part of Summerscope, on the South Bank—a month of music, mostly contemporary, in the Elizabeth Hall and the Purcell Room, with two, three, four events a day. Seven performances of "Yan Tan Tethera" alternated with nine of "Così Fan Tutte" in a lively but, I thought, rather coarse "modern" production, set on a beach, directed by Mr. Freeman. Glyndebourne brought its "Albert Herring." Esa-Pekka Salonen conducted Falla's "Master Peter's Puppet Show," with the Sinfonietta. Diego Masson conducted the Sinfonietta in a program of music by young British composers: Dominic Muldowney, Steve Martland, Mark-Anthony Turnage, Simon Holt, and George Benjamin. The Kronos Quartet and Electric Phoenix joined forces to do Philip Glass, Terry Riley, Berio. The Lindsay String Quartet played Kurtág and Tippett. The theatrical lights were deployed to give each group, each concert, an appropriate presentation. There was a festival air. The riverside halls' bars, cafés, restaurants, bookshops, record shops did good business. The exhilarating programs assembled by Michael Vyner, the artistic director, and effective advertising by the South Bank Centre conspired to make a joyful success of Summerscope. Despite nightly competition from the Proms, pretty well everything that I attended had drawn a full house.

—ANDREW PORTER

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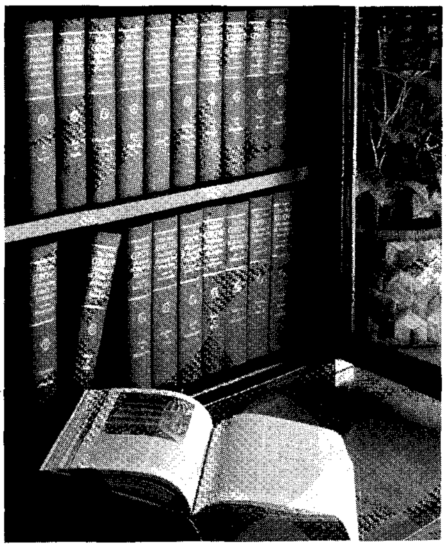

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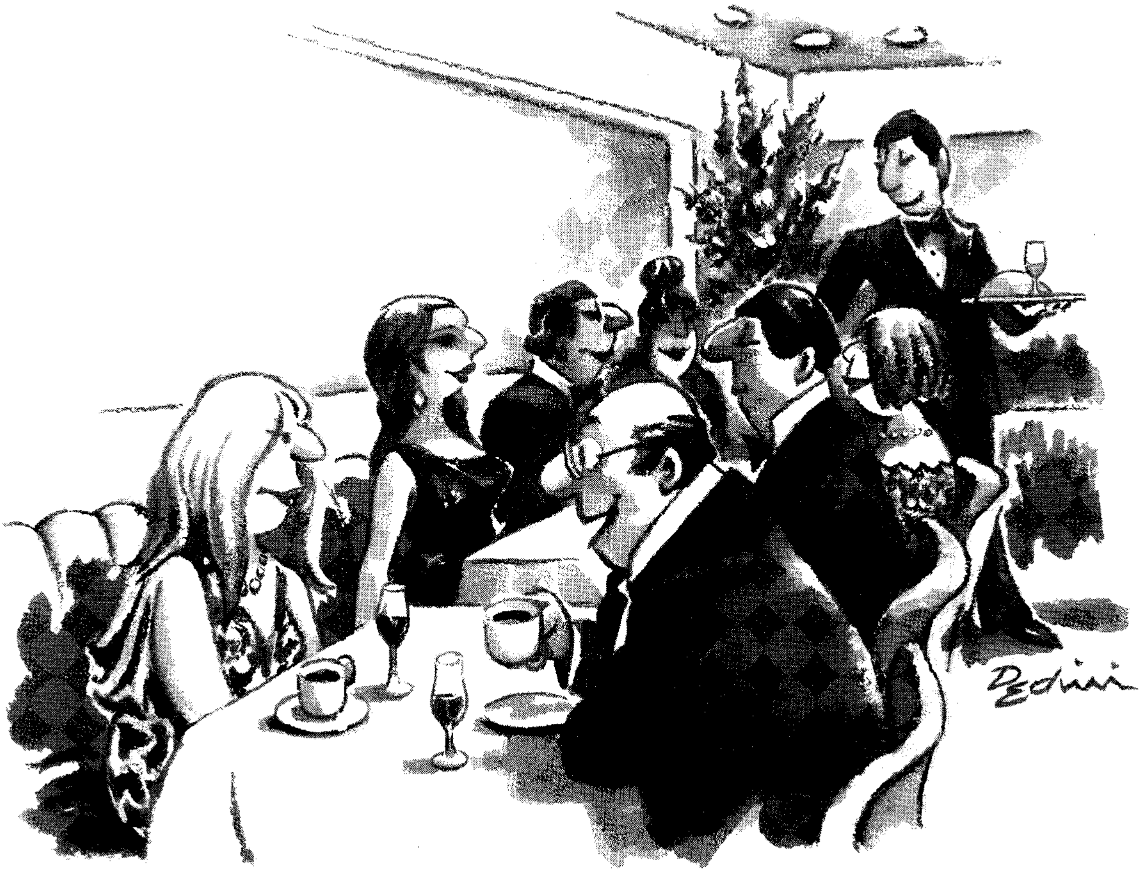
BOOKS

The Maestro from Glasgow

SOMEBODY once said that few things can be more nearly fatal to a man's reputation than the accolade of his likeness on the cover of *Time*—that once he has been celebrated as an angel the only way he can go is down to the status of a fallen angel. It could be worse than that. A *Time* cover story announces to the American people, as surely as an electoral mandate, that the chosen one is the new hero—for the time being. For the American electoral system is based on the understanding that the people's choice of their Moses has a four-year time limit. After that, they take the gamble either that the Promised Land, though still unoccupied, is in sight, and the leader must be given another chance to take us there, or that they have to look around for another Moses. It is much the same with the chosen occupants of *Time's* cover. In the moment of their coronation, they are presumed to be in the first flush or at the peak of their powers: they are the best there is. Pretty soon, there will be another best, and the fate of the last hero is worse than an active rejection. It is the awful fate of being taken for granted.

James Reston, who has just put out a new collection of his newspaper columns, "Washington" (Macmillan; $17.95), was on the cover of *Time* I don't know how many years ago. He was hailed, rightly, as the most agile filcher of confidential agreements, the most alert, the most probing, the most knowledgeable—the best—of all Washington correspondents. But the years went by, and there came a time, not so long ago, when a distinguished senator mentioned to me that "nobody reads Reston anymore." The distinguished senator was wrong—a standard victim of the quadrennial itch for another, better Moses. Since then, *Time* has crowned quite a few journalists, each of them deserving of the throne. All the ones I can think of have suffered the same fate—to be taken for granted as former heroes. Of course, they are still to be respected, as William Dean Howells, James Branch Cabell, and Joseph Hergesheimer are to be respected, but their collected works, like the books of those writers, go on acquiring more dust on the unreachable shelf to which they are consigned. I expect any day to have to write a note of condolence to William Safire on his elevation to the pantheon.

Luckily, the proprietors of the New York *Times* do not appear to share the national anxiety to know who's in, who's out. Nor, it is demonstrable, do the readers of the three hundred-odd papers that carry the *Times'* syndication service and the columns of James Reston. He has been at the reporting game now for half a century, and his promotion to writing a column never signified his graduation from the reporter's trade. It is his continuing strength, in his rude old age, that on both big and little issues of the day he does his own digging: he gets to the characters in the play, and finds out at first hand what they think and what they did. Only then does he sit back and, like a veteran drama critic, compare the plot and its treatment with a clutch of plays remembered from the past. This is Mr. Reston's notable distinction. He has been there before, and has pretty much total recall of the way the protagonists handled similar problems of government in the past forty or fifty years; he rarely fails to see today in the light of yesterday and the day before that. Most of our political columnists, good, bad, and brilliant, can reach for a plausible analogy during the reign of Kennedy at the earliest. The short span of their familiarity with the American system is often persuasively stretched by offhand references to aphorisms from Talleyrand or Theodore Roosevelt or Calhoun. But this is not the same as comparing Kissinger's mission to China with Harry Hopkins' mission to Stalin, or—so help us—a Reagan secret agent's mission to a wished-for opposition party in Iran. Or wondering how today's



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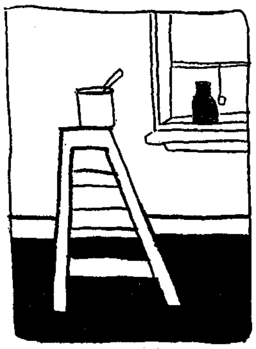
Democrats will break out of their me-too conservatism, as the Republicans broke out of their me-too liberalism of the late thirties and the forties. Mr. Reston is saved from ideological fervor by his historical memory of former Daniels who came to judgment and stayed to fail.

If he appears bland to the young, as oldsters tend to, it could be because, with the best will in the world, he is skeptical of quick fixes and new messiahs and rousing recipes to "get the country moving" or make us "stand tall." He doesn't get overexcited about Lyndon LaRouche or the Reverend Pat Robertson; he surely remembers Father Coughlin and Gerald L. K. Smith. If he is not hot under the collar about the invective fired at Nixon or Carter or Reagan, it's because he knows that "the main difference between today's lamentations and those of the past is that the language is milder and the pay better." Unlike some columnists of an earlier generation—Mark Sullivan, Frank Kent, even Mencken—who were fine in their time but wound up composing mournful apostrophes to their youthful heroes, Mr. Reston is not, I think, about to pray for a Wendell Willkie in the age of Kemp and Bush. (There is a very telling piece on Bush's subservience to Reagan matched against Hubert Humphrey's fatal subservience to L.B.J.) Mr. Reston may have been just as moved as the Convention delegates by Mario Cuomo's blazing début in San Francisco in 1984, but he remembers Adlai Stevenson's similar fireworks display at Chicago in 1952: it was enough for the delegates but not for the voters.

All this may suggest that Mr. Reston's twice-weekly labor is the unemotional one of an accountant performing what the bankers call a trial balance: weighing Reagan's "truly needy" against Roosevelt's "one-third of a nation;" measuring, for moral slippage, the "covert disaster" of the Bay of Pigs against the current covert disaster in Iran. (I wonder, incidentally, what the media and Congress would be saying if Reagan had simply reiterated Jefferson's excuse for secretly purchasing one-third of a continent by skipping what he called "metaphysical subtleties," such as telling Congress or abiding by the Constitution: "I suppose [both Houses] must then appeal to the nation for an additional article to the Constitution, approving and confirming an act which the nation had not previously authorized . . . I did this for your good; I pretend to no right to bind you; you may disavow me and I must get out of the scrape as I can.") But, like the good sportswriter he used to be, Mr. Reston is well aware how often the game has not been played by the rules, let alone by the etiquette. He wishes it were not so. And if there is one note he sounds fairly frequently, a moral note beyond the normal calling of a reporter, it is a note of warning: that representative government is becoming more and more "distorted" in the executive's favor by the "dominance of television," which "tends to evade the doubts of Congress by theatrical appeals to the people on the theory that what's popular is right."



As the book's title implies, it is almost wholly about Washington. But when Mr. Reston wanders into the hinterland he reveals a touching frailty, very common among people brought up in the Midwest, as he was, and one that, in him, exhibits the soft side of a tough Calvinist: it is his fondness for imagining life out there, beyond the wicked capital city, as a series of splendid virgin landscapes punctuated by Sandburg's big-shouldered cities alternating with hundreds of small towns that are a macrocosm of the swimming-hole boyhood in Ohio which he came to from Scotland —just as that city upon a hill to which President Reagan so movingly invites us is Dixon, Illinois, imagined as a restoration project by Norman Rockwell.

I have one complaint over the arrangement of the columns. They are corralled into nine sections, beginning with "Reflections" and going through "Power and Politics," "Sports and Politics," "The Press," "The Presidents," "The Communist Powers," "Portraits," "Campuses in Upheaval," and ending with "Perspective." This looks very neat and judicious. However, all but two of the sections begin in the sixties and follow Mr. Reston's musings through to the eighties. It means that you have to track back, instead of forward, seven times through a career or an Administration. It is like reading a series of commentaries on the conviction of various criminals before you learn what each was guilty of. A piece on Senator Edward Kennedy dominating the Democratic opposition to President Nixon precedes an obituary of Robert Kennedy. President Reagan is seen confronting a peace march on page 34, whereas on page 215 he is Mr. Reagan "promising to stamp out wickedness at Berkeley" if he's elected governor. After the last piece on Watergate, we have to wait over a hundred pages to pick up the useful information that the H. R. Haldeman who appears in the University of California Regents' rumpus, on page 216, was president of the University of California Alumni Association. And so on. The sectional division is, indeed, quite arbitrary. The whole book is about "power and politics." And one's awareness of Mr. Reston's impressive ability to chart the continuous movement of American life and politics would have been greatly sharpened by printing everything—even the memorable Letters from China—in chronological order.

Still, it remains a worthy testament to the historical acumen, the steady shrewdness, and the uncommon common sense with which the old maestro watches the American procession of similar problems faced by dissimilar egos. The sagacity of the author is nicely capped on the jacket flap by a photograph that tells much about the immigrant Scot: a bulky but compact figure, ready for the prairie or the Pentagon, affable, unfooled, and sly.

—ALISTAIR COOKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BAD GUYS, by Elizabeth Arthur (Knopf; $16.95). Literally outlandish—set on and around a small Alaskan island housing a small correctional camp for boys—this inspired tragicomedy skirts some literary shallows (cute musings, for instance, at the end of a lesson about evolution) but steers clear every time. The plot features an incorrigible loser for whom the camp, about fifteen years before, was just a stepping stone to prison. As the novel begins, he gulls a fat, saintly fool and his skeletal daughter into a scheme that soon has them decked out like commandos and commandeering an Eskimo's canoe. Most of the rest of the novel treats of one long day that lands one character in the Anchorage jail and another in the Anchorage morgue, and that leads the story's heroine—the camp's young director—to a new theory of history, if not of evolution: "She had thought, she guessed, that the world could be beaten into submission if only there were more people like her in it . . . Now she saw that the world demanded a certain deference, and that events had to be coaxed, even coerced toward grace."

DELIRIUM ECLIPSE AND OTHER STORIES, by James Lasdun (Harper & Row; $15.95). Nine disturbing stories about secrets and surprises. All nine deserve better titles—and none more than the title story, set in India, about an arrogant Englishman's first taste of his own medicine. James Lasdun, a Londoner currently at work (according to the dust jacket) on his first novel, reverses the fortunes of a number of his protagonists: from the spoiled and wronged orphan in "England's Finest," who goes the boy who cried wolf one better, to the black professor in "Escapes," whose night on the town turns into a wild-goose chase through the Paris Métro. Mr. Lasdun's old-fashioned ingenuity brings to mind O. Henry and Roald Dahl, but there is nothing derivative about his nicely menacing details: in "Property," for instance, the "slackened cradle of string" in the fingers of the narrator's grandmother as she struggles with a mysterious package; and, in "Dead Labor," the "bruise of turquoise mold" on a cup of coffee, auguring ill for a greedy, forgetful young man.

NOVEMBER, by Janet Hobhouse (Random House/Vintage; $6.95 paper). Zach, an unhappy divorced New Yorker, visits his happily married brother in London in September and his happily unmarried sister in Florence in November. "Was there no community here," he asks himself in October, "that might be less than a dishonest proposition?" But he remains confident that happiness cannot be found in New York. Much of this tedious, earnest novel consists of Zach's incoherent conversations with women who have learned to live with dishonesty without giving in to despair. His sister-in-law advises him to "give up the death squeeze on the whole issue." His ex-wife sends him intimate "snippets of diary" along with news of their daughter's anxiety attacks. Janet Hobhouse, a New

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Yorker whose last novel was "Dancing in the Dark" (1984), may have meant her English to sound like that of Henry James, but much of it sounds like a translation from a very foreign language. Zach, sitting with a friend in a restaurant, is "disturbed by the idea of his own disappointing nonplurality." Later, he discovers that he does not like the kind of women "that can read your thoughts and make you guilty before they've registered home."

GENERAL

Muir Among the Animals: The Wildlife Writings of John Muir, edited by Lisa Mighetto (Sierra Club; $17.95). The black-tailed deer and the grizzly, the "slow-going" porcupine and the Douglas squirrel ("merriest of all the hairy tribe"), the water ouzel on the stream bank ("No wonder he sings well, since all the air about him is music"), the grasshopper "brimful of glad, hilarious energy," and even the fierce black ant spring, waddle, fly, and crawl through this volume of newly collected essays. Man, sadly, stomps through—Muir saw the world too clearly for his own peace of mind, and writes too well for ours. His descriptions of the great "bee-pastures" of California looted, of the jackrabbit clubbed, of the passenger pigeon ensnared lead him to a convincing (if still controversial) defense of the intrinsic worth of animals, and to the bittersweet conclusion that it is a "great comfort" to learn from the fossil record that "vast multitudes of creatures, great and small and infinite in number, lived and had a good time in God's love before man was created."

The Beckett Country, by Eoin O'Brien (Black Cat/Faber; $60). This huge volume is a geography of Samuel Beckett's childhood, youth, and early manhood—encompassing the Dublin Mountains and the coast of Dublin Bay, with the city of Dublin at its center. In descriptive passages, in quotations from Beckett's poems, stories, and plays, and in hundreds of illustrations, most of them photographs, Mr. O'Brien points out things that informed or stimulated Beckett's art. Beckett, who deserted his native land for another country and another language more than fifty years ago, seems of all Irish writers the least concerned with place. His work, as he once said of "Finnegans Wake," is "not *about* something; it is that something itself." Nevertheless, this thorough study uncovers—in allusion after allusion to Dublin people, places, and events, in wisps of childhood remembrance, in the idiom of the characters of the plays and the fiction—evidence of the strong impact that his physical surroundings had on the maturing writer. All this may sound somewhat esoteric. It is not; it is down to earth, and wholly absorbing.

The Myriad Faces of War: Britain and the Great War, 1914-1918, by Trevor Wilson (Blackwell; $24.95). A superb history, this volume opens by explaining why the majority of Britons felt it necessary to go to war in 1914 and closes with a balanced judgment of what the war won. In between, it recounts military and naval actions, domestic political events, and the social changes wrought by mobilization. The author uses primary sources to convey how an unmilitaristic society discovered the realities of modern war. He shows what the Englishmen of the time sought—in the case of military leaders, for example, the definitive battle—and what they did when their expectations were not met. He thus provides an intellectual frame for a war that has often seemed incomprehensible. His account of the social structure—the misunderstandings between classes and between the sexes—carries conviction, as does his portrayal of the workings of a democracy under stress, and particularly the evolution of public opinion and its reflection in Parliament. He helps us understand why Asquith was probably the only Prime Minister who could have led a united Britain into the war, and why by 1916 both public and Parliament decided that Lloyd George had to replace him.

Moscow Diary, by Walter Benjamin, edited by Gary Smith, and translated from the German by Richard Sieburth, with a preface by Gershom Scholem (Harvard; $25 cloth, $8.95 paper). The German critic, author, and translator visited Moscow during December of 1926 and January of 1927. He hoped to answer the question "How does the intelligentsia fare in a nation in which the proletariat is the employer?" A former lover of Benjamin's had moved to Moscow and was recovering from a nervous breakdown; her current lover,

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whom Benjamin knew, served as his guide and chaperon in exploring the city's avant-garde. The complications of this triangle involved politics as well as personality. In one entry, Benjamin's grand hotel room was reduced to candlelight by a short circuit while his inamorata lectured him about "revolutionary work," which was, she said, "electrification, canal construction, creation of factories." Benjamin's purely visual observations are striking: "Nowhere does Moscow really look like the city it is, rather it more resembles the outskirts of itself." Photographs are included, and show Moscow at this time as something other than a European capital—a frontier settlement, but of what frontier it is hard to say.

MY MOTHER'S SABBATH DAYS: A MEMOIR, by Chaim Grade, translated from the Yiddish by Channa Kleinerman Goldstein and Inna Hecker Grade (Knopf; $19.95). Although the Jewish poet and novelist Chaim Grade (1910-82) is not widely known in this country, many critics, Elie Wiesel among them, consider him one of the greatest Yiddish writers of our time. This book shows us why. It is a recapturing of his youth and young manhood in the ghetto of Vilna—"the Jerusalem of Lithuania"—in the years before the Second World War, of his precipitate flight from the Nazis into Russia, and of his subsequent wanderings. The most important personage of the book is not Grade but his mother, Vella, a devout and desperately poor fruit seller, whose husband, a rabbi, had died, and who remained behind when her son fled the Nazis. The memory of the loved mother, his "little gray dove," and of her courage in facing a pitiful life stays with him during his travels, on foot and in freight trains, through the vastness of Central Asia. Her parting words to him were "Never forget you are a Jew. Keep the Sabbath." It is to her abandoned house, its doorway covered with cobwebs, that he returns after four years, to stand and reflect on the fathomless evil that has crushed his people: "I do not understand, then, how the sun can continue to shine."

PORTRAITS, by Inge Morath, with an introduction by Arthur Miller (Aperture; $29.95). Inge Morath's special gift as a photographer is her ability to present to the viewer the

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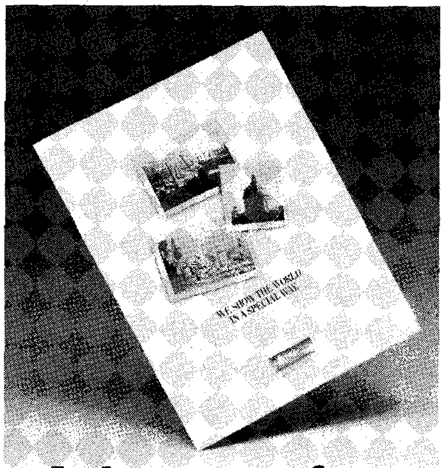

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essence of the personality of her subjects—their quiddity. The people in this gallery—many of them her friends—would admittedly stand out in any kind of photograph: Anaïs Nin, Jean Cocteau, Eleanor Roosevelt, Alberto Giacometti, Victoria Sackville-West, Igor Stravinsky, Janet Flanner. Morath's portraits, however, seem to penetrate to the inner self. Notable in the collection are a closeup of a rumpled Alexander Calder, taken three days before he died; a full-length picture of Marilyn Monroe walking alone in the country and apparently talking to herself; and a series of shots of nameless people with Saul Steinberg's paper-bag masks for faces.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

GOOD AND DEAD, by Jane Langton (St. Martin's; $15.95). "What's a church for?" is the unofficial motto of Ed Bell, the unofficial saint of Old West Church in Nashoba, a Boston suburb. His fellow-parishioners have reason to wonder if *their church is for anything but* funerals as the congregation's number is reduced by twelve over the course of half as many months. Homer Kelly, the Thoreau scholar and ex-detective who has starred in Jane Langton's five previous mystery novels, knows no more than the reader this time; both of them soon see that Ed Bell is not the only Nashoban asking for trouble by trying to play God. This is not Jane Langton's best book as far as mystery is concerned, but it contains some of her best illustrations (mostly of relevant real estate) and some of her best prose. There is, for instance, a fine early passage in which she defines transcendentalism in terms of some clothes drying on the parsonage clothesline.

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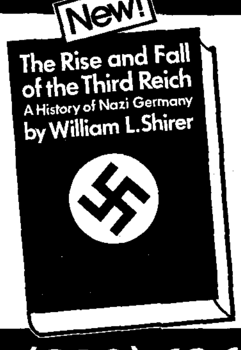

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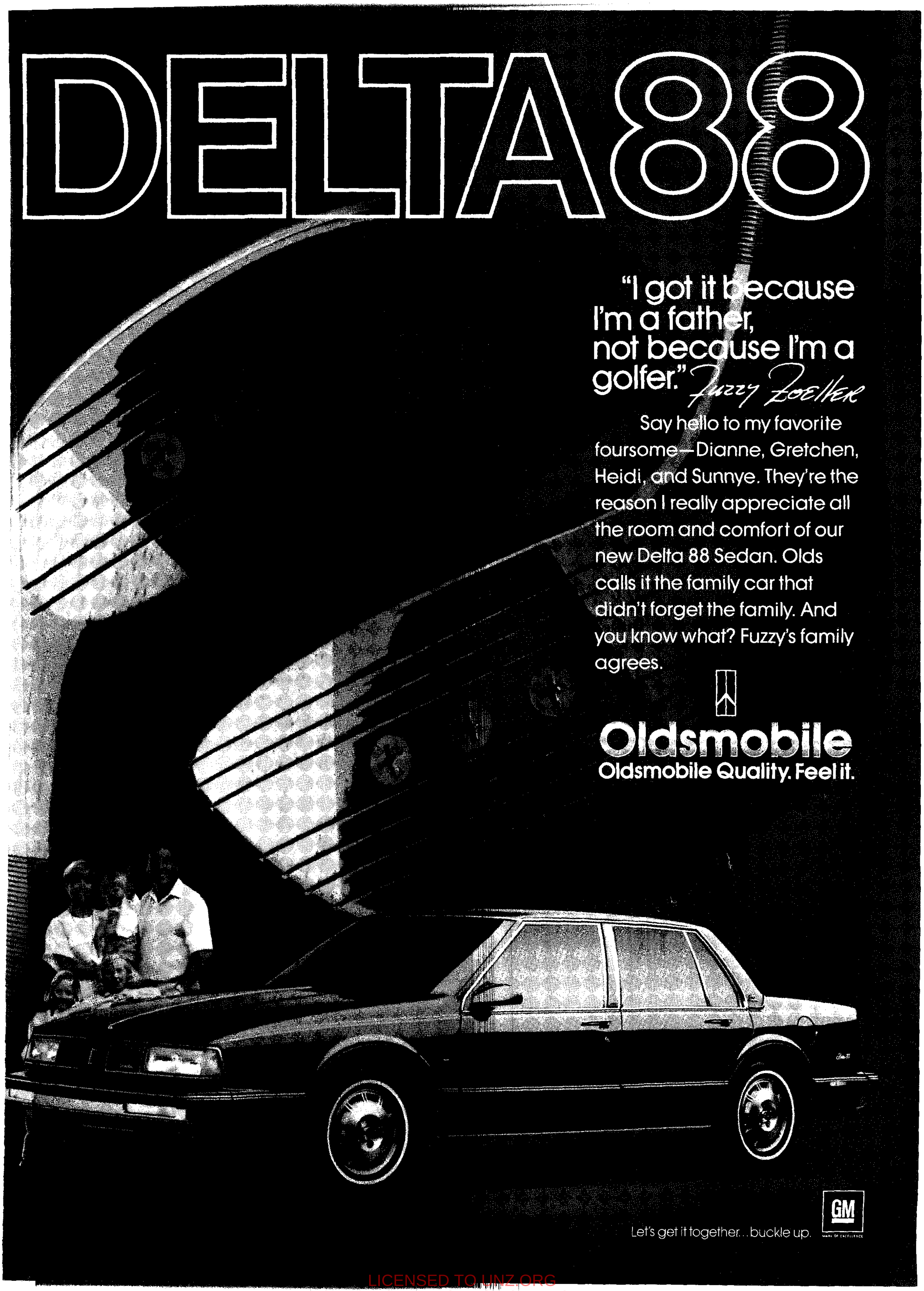

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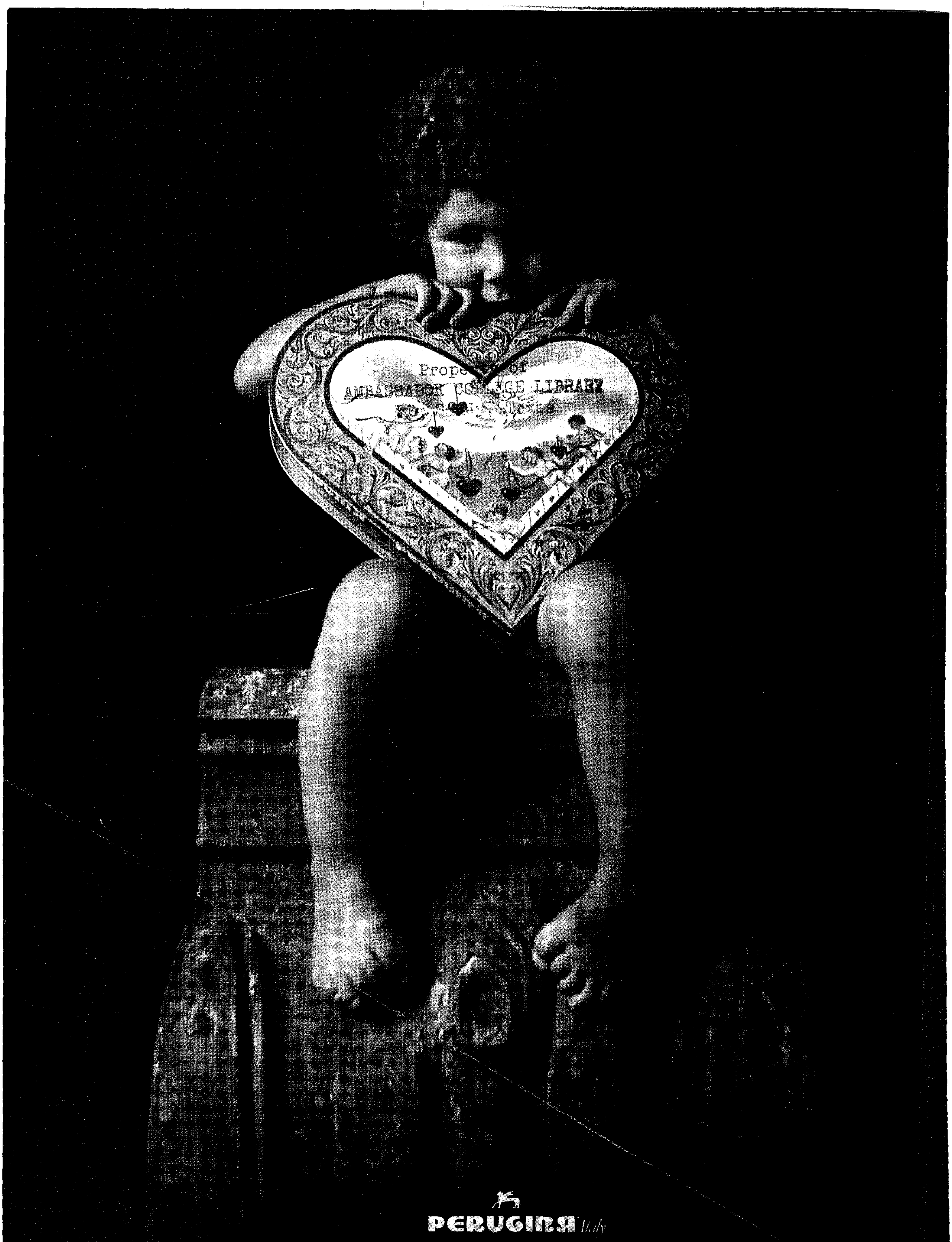

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